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THE PHILIPPINES BY WAY OF INDIA

BY H. FIELDING-HALL

THE Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* has been good enough to ask me if there is anything I can say about the task of the United States in the Philippines—the difficulties that arise from such a relationship between a Western democracy and an Eastern people, and in what way they can be surmounted.¹

I have never been to the Philippines. The nearest I have been is Hong Kong, and the only Filipinos I have seen are the quartermasters on the P. & O. boats running from Hong Kong to Japan. Neither have I been to the United States, though I have many friends there. Of first-hand knowledge, therefore, I have none. Yet I think there are some things I can say.

The Filipinos are an Eastern people, not so very far removed, according to what I hear, from some other Eastern peoples whom I know well; the United States holds a people which is cousin to my own, removed in distance and in circumstance, yet akin, and the task before the United States and the Philippines—how mutually to aid in the task of creating a stable and a good government in those Islands—is the

same task that has confronted, and that still confronts, us in India. In greater things, therefore, there is a similarity between the English in India and the Americans in the Philippines, and the differences are only of local circumstances of time and place and persons. The objective and the principles are the same.

I will therefore ask the reader to come with me first to India and to Burma, to see somewhat of things there: how the same problems which confront America in the Philippines confront us there; what lies below those problems; and the only possible solution there is for them. We may so acquire some principles and some ideas which are not merely local, but are universal; not temporary, but permanent; not true only of the English in India, but of the Americans in the Philippines. They would require adaptation in method and in detail, but that is little. When you know what to aim at, you will find out how to hit it.

The first knowledge to acquire is, not that of forms, institutions, customs, habits, conventions, parties, but that of humanity itself. For that includes all things, and conventions of all kinds are but garments it endues to keep it warm, or ornaments to render it attractive, or fetters bound upon it by

¹ The request of the *Atlantic* will be readily understood by any one who has had the durable satisfaction of reading Mr. Hall's sympathetic volumes on the Burmese: *The Soul of a People*, and *A People at School*. —THE EDITORS.

circumstance or fate. Let us therefore look at humanity in the East.

When you go there, the first impression it gives you is of its apartness. All seems so different from what you are accustomed to at home. It is not only that the setting — of blue skies, of palms and tropic flora, of a strange architecture, all bathed in sunlight — is so strange; it is the people. Their skins are black or brown; their faces, their hair, their clothes, their voices, are quite different. Their ways are not our ways; even their walk is different. It cannot be, we think, that any common humanity binds us two. Theirs is a life apart; within their skins there is a soul apart, an Eastern soul, unlike the Western, hardly akin to it, a thing divided far from us.

Even when time has brought us a little familiarity with these people the strangeness is not lessened. It grows. All that we observe of them denotes difference, and not likeness, to ourselves. In their ways of life, their marriages, their religions, they are apart from us. We do not understand them.

We cannot understand them. Therefore why try? The Oriental mind is inscrutable. Could you understand it, it were not worth the trouble. Therefore why bother? They are our servants, laborers, we buy and sell for them, we rule them. Enough. Leave it at that. And there for the most it is left.

Yet for him who will not stop there, for whom a barrier exists only to be climbed, who cares to go behind the appearances of things to things themselves, a way soon opens. Gangler, the World-Seeker, went beyond this barrier to the land of Utgard and learned secrets; come with me beyond this deceptive zone of outward things into the heart of the East, and you, too, shall learn secrets. They may be useful. Let us see.

All this apartness is but surface. It is the expression which differs, not the emotion or the thought sought to be expressed. Humanity is one, has the same hopes and fears, moves toward the same ideals, and there is no difference East or West.

Of course this knowledge comes but slowly, and by bits. You note, for instance, that when husband and wife go traveling together, the man walks in front, careless and free, and the woman walks behind, carrying the bundle. Therefore you say, 'The Oriental cares not for his women; he despises his wife and uses her as a beast of burden.' Most Occidentals never get further than that. But if you are observant you go out in the jungle yourself, and you discover things. When you walk abroad there are difficulties and dangers. The paths are overgrown and thorny, creepers must be cut back, there are cattle and buffaloes to be driven off, and buffaloes are ugly creatures; there are snakes. In the villages are village dogs which snarl and snap. You are a man, yet you will be glad of some one to go in front of you with a hatchet to clear your way. No woman would walk in front, and the man must be free. Now you see the reason why the man walks in front. If you want to confirm it you inquire and find that this is true. Thus the Japanese, the Burman, goes in front of his wife for the same reason that the Occidental goes behind — from courtesy. If he continues to do so when it is unnecessary, as in towns where there are roads, it is because a convention once formed is hard to break, East or West.

With this as a clue you can go on and make discovery after discovery, and finally you learn to know this, that East or West the instinctive relationship of the sexes is the same. The ideal is the union of one man and one woman: first, into one flesh, and following

that, into one spirit. Polygamy, infant marriage, and all other deviations, are the result of environment.

Polygamy had its origin in the surplus of women over men due to the loss of the latter by war or the dangers of uncivilized life. Infant marriage and zenanas were barriers raised by subject nations against the lust of conquerors or of priests. Polyandry was due to the necessity of restricting population by killing the female babies; the means of subsistence had reached its limit. Human nature is forced into these channels by circumstance first, and they are perpetuated by convention, because afterwards each child is educated to believe in the ways of its fathers as it grows up. It is convention fossilized. But human nature is not altered; and underneath, the soul is the same. It would burst these bonds if it could; it does when it can.

Read their folk tales, their love stories, those which warm the hearts of boys and girls, of men and women, ay, even of the old; those which, rising from the heart, appeal unto the heart. Their ideals are our ideals. We do not in the West reach very near them yet; they reach less near, perhaps, but that is circumstance and flesh, not soul. It is the hardness of our hearts. It will take us long ages yet to reach our ideals. As it is with love, which is the mother emotion of all the emotions which are life, so with all others. Easterns wish and strive for just what we wish and strive for. The method is different, must be different. 'A cosy fireside' appeals not to them, nor does 'the shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land' appeal to us Northerns, but the ideal is the same. The soul of humanity, the World-Soul, is one. Its infinite variety of expression is due to the different media through which it is exhibited. It strives ever toward the same ideals, to be realized by different meth-

ods, because there is no absolute, but all things are relative, to time, place, and person.

It is the same with governments. The first ideal of every people in its government, in forming or accepting it, is to attain freedom. There is freedom from attack from without, freedom from anarchy within; that is the first necessity. These may be achieved under many forms of government; they accept that which offers the best possibility of individual freedom. A foreign despotism may be the best at the time. But, later on, other necessities manifest themselves, and a people becomes conscious that to develop individually it must develop corporately as well, that an individual is but a cell in the life of a nation. To develop the nation, local government is a necessity, but it is a later necessity than the two first mentioned.

All this was manifested very clearly in India. Long ago there were self-governing communities in India, with a wide degree of individual freedom, sex equality, and a relatively high civilization. These decayed under the stress of various forces, the most powerful of which was religion. Anarchy began to appear, and consequent on anarchy there was the foreign domination of the Moguls. This was accepted as a lesser evil than anarchy. But this rapidly decayed, and anarchy again arose. Then the English appeared, and the country for the most part accepted their rule gladly, because it insured peace, internal and external, and a relatively high system of jurisprudence and administration. India was able to recover from the wars which had desolated it and to draw free breath again. The Mutiny was not, for the most part, a people's war, but an insurrection of mercenary troops who strove for empire. In the whole course of the history of our Indian conquest there was

only one people's war, and that was in Burma in 1885-90.

When we had made our conquests we had to organize a whole system of administration. Of the old indigenous systems of a thousand years ago nothing was left. The Mogul system which we had succeeded disappeared on the defeat of its heads. It was not founded in the soil. It was a government from above. Its local officers were not heads of local organisms; they had not grown up, but stretched down. The heart was not in the people below, but in the emperor or ruler at the top. When he was deposed, all his fabric of government fell with him. It was not indigenous. Nothing remained but innumerable villages, each a community in itself.

We therefore set to work to establish a new system of government. Again, it was not indigenous. It was imported, like the officials who worked it. True, it had strong roots, but they were in England, not in India. It is from England that the government derives its strength. It is a branch of a great tree whose roots are six thousand miles away. It is adapted to the needs of India, but is not Indian. Were we defeated in the North Sea it would disappear as rapidly and completely as the Mogul Empire did; its trunk being felled, it would wither away. It cannot draw any nourishment from India.

Now you can begin to see how the present discontent in India has arisen. For long, India was content. It wanted peace, and we gave it peace; it wanted time to grow, and we gave it time and opportunity. We were, under the circumstances, not only the best available government, but the best conceivable government. I do not say that we acted from altruistic motives, but I do say that the results were admirable.

But things have changed. India has had a hundred years of peace and in-

dividual liberty, it has now begun to realize that life holds more than this. Its various nations are realizing their nationhood, and wishing to express it in more than words. They are also realizing many other things. Our laws are better than no laws at all, but they are defective; our administration is better than anarchy, but it is alien and unsympathetic. Not being rooted in the soil, it does not respond readily to the people's needs. It has to reason out things. Now reason is a very bad substitute for that instinctive knowledge which comes from identity.

Hence the very natural unrest, an unrest which grows, and must grow, because it is in the nature of things for it to grow. India is chafing at her swaddling-bands, and the older and stronger she grows, the more she will chafe.

What is to be done?

Indianize the government, say some. Appoint Indians instead of Englishmen to be administrators. Gradually replace the personnel till India is governed entirely by Indians.

There could not be a more disastrous mistake than to attempt this. The cry is founded on a complete misunderstanding of the nature of governments, their functions and duties, the causes of their stability and health. You cannot Indianize an English institution. You cannot put Indian wine into English bottles.

A government to be strong and healthy must be rooted firmly in some soil. Where would an Indianized government of India be rooted? Not in India. It would not be representative of anything there. It would be responsible to Downing Street, not India. It would take its orders from England; it would look to England for help in difficulties. It is a perfectly impossible thing to imagine a government of India with Indian officers.

Then establish local parliaments, say some.

With what functions?

To rule? They could not rule. The government of India, which is a branch of the Imperial government, could not be controlled, even in details, by any local assembly. How could it?

To advise? There is nothing so absolutely futile as an individual or an assembly whose sole duty is to advise. The only assurance that the advice offered will be reasonable comes from the fact that the adviser accepts the responsibility if it be wrong. But to give these assemblies responsibility would be to give them power. They would be untried, made up of men with no experience of government: lawyers and newspaper editors for the most part. They would rest on nothing. A limited franchise would be useless, and to enfranchise three hundred millions is impossible. They could have no knowledge, nothing behind them. They would simply invite disaster.

What then is to be done?

India cannot go on as it is. Even down to the peasants the unrest is real, if inarticulate. And it is well-founded.

There is only one thing to be done. You must begin at the beginning and cultivate again in India a local tree of self-government. The germs are there. All India is made up of local communities called villages (not necessarily one hamlet). These have had from time immemorial a common life. Each is an organism in itself and accustomed to self-government.

Unfortunately, the village organism has been greatly injured by us. My experience is of Burma and Madras, but what is true of them is true universally. We have weakened and debilitated the self-governing unit by continual interference. This has been done with the best motives, of course. We have sought efficiency and justice. But you

can get neither in this way. The village community itself can alone manage its communal affairs with any efficiency or justice. Interference makes bad worse. I know by much personal experience that there is nothing they dread and hate like this interference. If the villages were maintained on their old basis, no interference would ever be necessary. If it seems so now it is because the organism has been weakened by injudicious and ignorant interference till it sometimes will not work at all. These should be restored to their original status, and helped to develop themselves naturally, to grow and expand. Little by little, greater powers and responsibilities would be given them. Then they would naturally fall into groups,—there were such in old days,—natural groups, not artificial like our districts; and to each group a council and executive—the direct outcome of the village council and executive—could be allowed. To these bodies greater powers could be assigned.

In this way a natural, and therefore efficient, system of self-government could be encouraged. What exact form it might take as it grew, no one can tell. It would become manifest in the working. The principal condition for its health is that it be not interfered with. If rightly constituted, it would require no interference, only encouragement and help. Thus under the shadow of the English Tree of Government, a local tree with a myriad roots would slowly rise, and as it rose the English Tree should retract its shadow. So alone would a firm, a living organism of government be built up, that would be so securely founded as to fear no storm.

How long it will take the English government to see this, I do not know; but it is the only way, and in time it must be seen. It will take time to

succeed. Nations are not made in a day. But it is bound to come.

Now let us see whether from the state of India we cannot deduce principles that will apply equally to the Philippines. I think we can.

The first is that individual liberty must be secured. This is the condition on which all else depends and grows; it can be done only by the American government.

It can be done only by the American government in its own way. It cannot be done in the Philippine way, or by Philippine agency. The American government of the Philippines must be American first. It must be as far as possible in sympathy with the Philippine people, but it must never allow that to affect its efficiency. It can only be efficient by being purely American, drawing its strength, its ideas, and its methods from America. By methods I do not mean methods of constituting a government — election and representation; but methods of administration which should be adapted *mutatis mutandis* to the Philippines. Americans can efficiently work only American methods, just as we in India can efficiently work only English methods.

Therefore do not allow Filipinos, however well-educated and able, to enter your superior service. It has been tried in India, and has failed. The causes of failures are many, and are obvious. The machinery of the higher government being American, only Americans can work it efficiently. An American alone thoroughly understands the object of the laws and can administer them. The American alone has that camaraderie with other officials and with non-officials, merchants, bankers, etcetera, which is so absolutely necessary in order that the machinery may run smoothly. An American alone has the necessary authority; and, moreover, the people dislike and distrust

their fellows who enter what is really a foreign service. This is very noticeable in India. The people at large accept an Englishman's rule because he is an Englishman, and England rules India. But the Indian in our service they regard rather as a traitor. He has left them; he has accepted foreign ideas; he rules his fellow men not by reason of their suffrage, but by reason of foreign appointment. He is, and must be, inefficient. He cannot represent the people before government because he is himself a government official. Therefore keep your higher administration purely American.

But that government must be in sympathy with the people, and make things as easy for them as possible.

It is exactly here that the difficulty begins.

I suppose it is natural for all of us, English or American or German, for every nationality, to think that in its methods it has discovered not merely what is best relatively to itself and its times, but to the absolute. We think our laws approximate to the absolutely right, our courts to the absolutely just, our land and revenue systems to the absolutely efficient. We have only to transplant them as they are, to insure good results. There could be no greater mistake, for there is no absolute in these matters. They are all relative.

To begin with, there are the courts of criminal justice. Do not suppose you can take your codes and apply them in the Philippines as in America. You cannot. Every people has its own ideas on certain matters connected with crime, which differ from those of other peoples. For instance, in English law an assault is little; a theft, no matter how small, is a serious matter. To the Oriental it is the reverse; a theft is a small matter, an assault a great one; he estimates his self-respect and dignity above his pocket.

Again, no Oriental believes in severe punishment for crime. He considers our punishments wickedly severe, therefore he often will not complain, or give evidence, or he gives false evidence. Remember that '*summum jus, summa injuria*,' and where juries do not exist to mitigate and put common sense into law, great harm may be done. It is done in India.

Therefore try to find out how the people at large regard crime; try to get their perspective. You will find that it differs from yours considerably, owing to the difference of circumstances. It is as true a view as yours; as regards the actual circumstances, a much better view. They want to prevent and stop crime quite as much as you do. Therefore get your courts into accordance with the consciences of the people. Otherwise they will become what ours are in India.

It is the same with civil law. Our procedure is far too complicated and too expensive. For all small cases it should be made cheap, expeditious, and sensible. An Oriental wants a case settled. He would far rather have it settled against him than that the case should drag out indefinitely. They have often told me this. Do your best, therefore, to make the first hearing complete, and have no appeals. It is advocates who create the delays. Do not let your courts, and therefore your justice, fall into the hands of barristers, pleaders, or advocates. As matters stand in India, the barristers or advocates are usually the principal parties, the judge is no one. The people hate this; they misuse it and abuse it.

If the people had their way, there would be no one between the judge and the parties. He would have subordinate officials to prepare each case for his hearing under his directions, and there would be no advocates.

Consider now what an enormous

amount of money goes to lawyers and barristers. For what? Mainly to obscure and pervert justice. Do not let the Filipinos be lawyer-ridden as we are in India.

Do not try to reform the people by laws, as we have tried to do by the gambling acts. Law is to preserve public morality, not private morality.

Remember that if you get your courts out of touch with the people you will not only encourage perjury, as in India, but you will make them hated and inefficient.

As to land, bear in mind that the objective is an industrious, independent peasantry. Great estates are injurious, and give rise to political discontent. Therefore so frame the land laws as to tell for the former, and against the latter. To keep the small farmer independent there should be Raiffeisen banks¹ in every village, such as I began in Burma. Their value in every way is great; it is beyond computation, not merely financially, but as an educative force.

And whatever you do, never allow the Filipinos to be exploited by your own people — monopolists, great corporations, and so on. In India we have almost, though not quite, escaped this; and it is greatly to our advantage. In their own places they have great value in encouraging and building up industries. But there is danger. Remember that the people do not differentiate much between a foreign company and a foreign government. They see a connection — even if we do not.

Finally comes education; that is to say, helping the children to develop their powers of observation and intelligence and self-command. That is the only education. Reading, writing, and

¹ A clear account of the working of these banks may be found in the article entitled 'The Farmer and Finance,' by Myron T. Herrick. See the *Atlantic* for February, 1913.—THE EDITORS.

all other matters which are taught are instruction, which is quite different. Instruction has its value, but it is nothing compared to that of education.

Therefore let your schools be secular, because religions of all kinds are more apt to dull the intelligence than to develop it. If the parents want their children to learn religion, let them arrange it. The duty of the American government in the Philippines is, not to any form of religion, but to the intelligence of the children. You will find that the people will like this. They dislike the subsidizing of denominational schools of all sorts, even of their own denomination. They do not like the mixture. It is a Western idea to mix up education and religion. I do not say that it is not done in the East, but I do say that the people do not approve of it.

But of what use to enter into details. If your officers, and therefore your administration, have sympathy, that is to say, understanding, if your administration can look at things as the people do, it will soon see how best to adapt itself to the people. If it be remembered always that the people have common sense, that they think and reason just as you do, only from data which are different because their circumstances are different, the difficulty soon disappears. It requires no special gift to understand an Oriental people; anybody can do it if he will give up his prejudices and self-righteousness and try.

So, having established an administration in sympathy with the people, an administration purely American, strong and living because a branch of the American government at Washington, you can with a clear conscience take the next step. Under the aegis of this administration, a local system of government should be encouraged.

This will be an even greater diffi-

culty. It will require great study, great tact, great self-repression, a sympathy which does not mean being sorry for the Filipinos, but being able to see things with their eyes. It must not be an imported system, but a natural and indigenous system. Unless it is that, it is worth nothing, for it will have no life.

Villages should be granted as much autonomy as possible. Each village should have its council and headman, its village fund, its duties, and its powers. The headman should be considered, not a government official, but the representative of the village before government.

Every village organism should have the power of trying all petty cases of crime, or civil disputes, without appeal. And no advocates or lawyers should be allowed on either side. In small cases the headman and a councilor can discover truth far better without such interference.

Then, villages should be grouped in natural divisions, each group with its council and its fund, for, say, local roads, bridges, and so on, with, again, local jurisdiction in certain matters.

A local government board should be formed at headquarters to supervise this local self-government, and this board should be, if not at first, certainly before long, purely native. This is where your educated and able native will come in; here he will be invaluable.

And so gradually the organism, and the ability of the people for managing it, would grow; and it would become stable. As they grew, more and more duties and powers should be handed over to it. Gradually American protection and direction could be withdrawn, until at length from these local bodies you could draw a truly representative and effective assembly to govern the whole country.

I do not say that it would be easy to do this. It would be most difficult, but it would be worth doing.

Meanwhile have nothing to do with elective assemblies, or assemblies of any kind which would have power of advice without responsibility. They would be fatal. Do not be affected by the discontent of a small educated class. They are not the people.

You must not deliver from one tyranny to raise another, which would be

the worse because it would have America behind it.

So will you establish eventually your principles of no taxation without representation. You will render representation not only possible but true: a representation, not of individuals, but of communities. And when the Philippines have grown to be a nation, they will be a daughter nation to you.

I know no other way in which you can accomplish this.

AMERICAN CONTROL OF THE PHILIPPINES

BY BERNARD MOSES

I

DEPENDENCIES in revolt have sometimes found it advisable to proclaim in their declarations of independence principles which no independent nation would be willing to incorporate in a statement of its national policy. The inhabitants of the British colonies in America affirmed that the consent of the governed is essential to the existence of a just government; but, having become an independent nation, they are no more willing to accept this idea as a principle of national conduct than is the most arbitrary government on earth. If the citizens of California, irritated by the interference of the Federal government in their public schools, or in other matters within their exclusive jurisdiction, should not consent to a further exercise of Federal authority within their territory, the government of the United States would, nevertheless, proceed to perform its functions

in the territory in question without the consent of the governed. The Civil War, between 1861 and 1865, showed with unmistakable clearness the practical attitude of the nation toward this question. Individual persons and political parties are using the notion of the consent of the governed in advocating the independence of the Philippine Islands; but an argument based on this idea does not rest on a solid foundation, and is no more conclusive in this case than it would be in the supposed case of California.

The title under which the United States exercises its sovereign authority in the Philippine Islands is not less valid than that under which this nation assumed control of California. The Philippine Islands have been under American sovereignty about as long as that state had been at the beginning of the Civil War; and when California, at that time, seemed to be on the point of withdrawing her consent to the con-

tinuance of Federal rule within her borders, the government at Washington was not disposed to allow the political future of that region to be determined by the consent, or non-consent, of the governed. It is idle, therefore, for any person or any party, wishing to sever the connection between the United States and the Philippine Islands, to affirm that it is the policy of this nation not to exercise its sovereignty over any of the great districts under its jurisdiction except by the consent of the inhabitants of that district.

The attitude of those persons who would have the United States withdraw from the Philippines is evidently not produced by a desire that the Islands should fall under the domination of some other power, but by a misconception of what would be their fate if they were not connected with some nation of superior civilization. Many of the citizens of the United States are especially liable to error in thinking on a subject like this. They possess the political instinct in a more marked degree than the members of any other nation. A group of Americans of Anglo-Saxon stock, without much education or cultivation, set down in the wilderness, would proceed at once, under the force and guidance of their political instinct, to organize and administer a government, and the government thus inaugurated would have many of the qualities of a good government. This instinct is to such an extent an element of their character that it is difficult for them to conceive that it is not a universal element of human nature. With very little knowledge of other peoples, they are moved by the belief that a group of persons from any one of them would act as they themselves would act under similar circumstances. When they think of independence for the Filipinos, they pre-

sume a people possessed of a political instinct sufficiently powerful to direct them in the organization of a government that would facilitate for them the attainment and preservation of liberty. But in this they fail to take into account the fact that the dominant elements of the Filipino's character have been formed by the traditions of millenniums of barbarism, in which political experience had no place, and by submission to the autocratic rule of Spain.

Some of the Filipinos stand among the most advanced members of the Malay race, but besides these there are representatives of various grades of human cultivation down to the untamed Negritos. Yet even the small minority of persons most advanced in the way of civilization have not been in a position to enjoy an enlightening political experience. Those who lived at the ports or in the principal towns, during the centuries of Spanish domination, were under a politico-ecclesiastical régime, which tended to eliminate their recollection of their ancient tribal relations; but from the absolute political government and the still more absolute church they were not able to derive any idea of liberty or any conception of the principles on which alone it is possible to establish a free government. At the close of Spanish rule, there were not a score of men born in the Islands who had a conception of government comparable with that entertained by the bulk of the citizens of the more liberal Western nations. There were, however, more than a score who wished the Islands to be independent, and by independence they understood the rule of a small body of persons empowered to carry on the only kind of government of which they had any knowledge, a tyrannical oligarchy administered for the good of the governing.

At the time of the formation of the civil government under American authority, the ablest and best educated men in the Islands had an opportunity to express their opinions on all of the important questions of government under consideration; and their utterances furnished an excellent index of the political views and aspirations of the most worthy representatives of the people. Even the idea of political independence was now and then brought into the discussion; and, on one occasion, a Filipino, arguing in favor of it, affirmed the fitness of his people to assume it on the ground that there were as many educated men in the Islands as there would be offices to be filled. On another occasion, when advice was sought from the principal men of the province as to the best method of increasing the provincial revenue, one of the leading men of the province argued in favor of imposing a special tax on what he called the proletariat,—the great mass of the inhabitants with little or no property, who were gaining a precarious living by their daily labor. There were a few persons wiser than these, but a very small number whose fundamental ideas of government differed widely from those which are somewhat vaguely indicated by these illustrations.

This attitude of the leading Filipinos toward questions of government ought not to surprise us, when we reflect on the influences under which their political opinions and political spirit were formed. In the first place, their whole existence, and the existence of their ancestors for uncounted generations, has been passed in the atmosphere, and under influences proceeding from the spirit, of the Orient; and, in the second place, they were dominated for nearly four hundred years by ecclesiastical-secular institutions, the spirit of which laid special

stress on the good of the governing; and it is impossible to conceive as proceeding from these influences any spirit more liberal or generous than that of an oligarchy ruling without much solicitude for the welfare of the great unenlightened and helpless majority.

II

No one is able to form an adequate conception of the task undertaken by the United States in the Philippines without taking account of the racial qualities of the Filipino, the environment under which he had lived, the traditions which had modified his development, and all of the other forces which contributed to make him what he was at the close of Spanish rule.

In attempting to improve the condition of members of one of the less-developed races, whether in America or Asia, the Spaniards, by seeking to change the most fundamental and permanent of all racial ideas,—the idea of religion,—began at the point where success is practically impossible. The Americans, on the other hand, holding that much can be done for the advancement and cultivation of a people without imposing upon it a specific religious creed, have directed their efforts to the task of communicating to the Filipinos a knowledge of the practical achievements of the Western nations. They found, for example, that the inhabitants of the Islands had no common language, and that, consequently, they were divided into a large number of antagonistic groups. The ideas of each group were narrowly confined to their petty provincial affairs. The practical remedy adopted to improve this state of things was to give to the Islanders a knowledge of English, through which social sympathy might be substituted for social antagonism, and means established for

facilitating the creation of an extensive commonwealth. The Americans found, moreover, that all but a small percentage of the Filipinos were ignorant of the language of any civilized people, and that they were consequently unable to acquire any valuable information of the ideas and practices of civilization. Without the assistance of this information, they were doomed to remain in, or to drift toward, the stagnant state of isolated barbarians.

Knowledge of a European language, possessed by at least a considerable part of the inhabitants of the Islands, is thus essential to the progress of the Filipino people. Without it, their fate would be that of the Malay race generally, which, in none of its branches, without foreign assistance, has risen above a low stage of semi-civilization; and, in this day of civilized aggression, the inhabitants of no large and desirable territory can have any security for their integrity or their individual development, except by so organizing their political and social life that the rest of the world will recognize them as belonging in the ranks of civilization.

The gloomy forebodings entertained by many minds forty or fifty years ago — when Mr. Pierson wrote his able book on the wrong side of the question, expressing the views of a large number of persons, that the white race and its cultivation were to be swamped by the colored races — have disappeared before the apparent determination of the white nations to arouse themselves and rule the world. There is now no secure standing-room for an independent semi-civilized people. There is no place for the Filipino people, except as attached to a strong civilized nation.

In opposition to this view it is said that the Philippines should be independent and neutralized. It is possible to neutralize a state that has a well-ordered and approved government

competent to give protection and security to the life and property of aliens within its borders; but, unless this condition is fulfilled, foreign nations will intervene in obedience to the law of self-protection, and the independence of the incompetent state will disappear.

The guaranty of an alien's property rights and of the security of his life by a foreign state, when that state is not responsible for the internal government where the alien resides or where his property exists, is a political absurdity; and the United States will not undertake to furnish such a guaranty for an alien in the Philippines while the American citizens retain their sanity. There is no reason to suppose that the government at Washington will undertake to guarantee the security of life and property in the Philippines, except while the internal government of the Islands is subject to the sovereignty of the United States; and in the present condition and prospects of the Filipinos there is nothing to furnish them a reasonable ground for seeking to place themselves in a situation where an appeal to a foreign state might be necessary. In spite of the possible errors of judgment which may be made by the American members of the Filipino government, the Filipinos at present occupy a position especially favorable for the maintenance of internal peace between the various antagonistic tribes, for the preservation of the integrity of the people, and for the development among them of the ideas and practices of civilized life. They enjoy an exceptional opportunity among dependencies with respect to the acquisition of a European language; and the spirit of the people of the United States, and the nature of their government, offer them a prospect of a larger measure of autonomous existence than is enjoyed by any

other people in the world possessing a similar degree of cultivation.

It was the policy of the Spaniards in the Philippines, and of the Dutch in Java, not to mention other nations, to discourage, if not to prohibit, natives from acquiring and using the language of the dominant nation. By this policy a line of discrimination was drawn, and the native, confined to the use of his own uncultivated speech, was made to feel his inferiority. The determination of the United States not only to permit the Filipinos to use the English language, but also to provide for them the most ample facilities for learning it, was regarded as a concession in favor of equality, and helps to explain the remarkable zeal with which the youth turned to the study of English.

This and other concessions, made to a people who had lived for centuries subjected to the arbitrary and uncompromising domination of the Spaniards, in so far as they were grasped by the dull minds of the poor and oppressed toilers of the country, were regarded as a ray of light in the darkness of their prospects. To a number of mestizo dwellers in the larger towns, who had acquired a little knowledge, uncompromising domination meant real superiority, and, consequently, concessions intended for the welfare of the people indicated weakness on the part of those who made them. The concessions made by the Americans tended, therefore, to belittle them in the eyes of this class, and to lead this small body of ambitious Filipinos to exaggerate their own importance.

For a large part of the American press and for the anti-expansion orators, this conceited and noisy group of superficial persons became the Filipino people. It is to their voice that Congress is asked to listen. The seven millions of workers, who are trying by the rudest means to make a living for

themselves, are nowhere heard; and independence for the Islands would mean complete liberty for a hundred and fifty or two hundred agitators, under the system of *caciqueism*, to dominate and plunder the rest of the inhabitants. The welfare of the *gente*, as they are called, the mass of the common people, has never entered into the plan or purpose of the Filipino advocates of independence; and the establishment of independence, if this were possible, before the inhabitants have obtained a much more effective control over the forces that make for cultivation, would put off indefinitely the civilization of the Islands.

III

It ought not to surprise anybody that some of the Filipinos are opposed to the continuance of American rule in the Islands; for as long as the government of the United States is maintained there, the little oligarchic company of native 'statesmen' will not have the desired opportunity to dispose of the revenues, since these revenues are controlled by a central treasury and provincial treasuries, so arranged that the central treasurer holds a check on the provincial treasurers, and through his agents supervises their accounts. The feature of the financial management which astonished even the more cultivated Filipinos is that, in the expenditure of public funds, the welfare of the *gente* is considered. Moreover, the rule established by the Americans, that the provincial revenues should be expended in, and for the benefit of, the province where they are raised, and not be taken to Manila as heretofore, was a measure of vast importance for the provincials. It meant that the provinces might have good roads, might build bridges over their rivers and con-

struct public buildings for their own use. It meant, in fact, that the common man might have facilities for reaching a market with his products, and have a decent school for his children.

The effect of Spain's politico-ecclesiastical absolutism was to weaken the influence of the tribal bosses, or *caciques*. There was thus prepared the way for a régime which would encourage the development of individuality and personal independence. But the kind of independence that the Filipino agitator demands, is the freedom of the *caciques* to reëstablish their domination over groups of the common people. The kind of independence imperatively needed, in the interests of humanity and progress, is the independence of the common man; and the régime which will secure and guarantee this independence is demanded by a higher authority than the will of any group of professional politicians.

The government which exists in the United States has doubtless weaknesses and imperfections, but the government of no other great nation rests on an equally broad conception of liberty and personal independence. It is clear to any one who knows the Filipinos of all ranks, and has some understanding of their social history, that they have great need of independence, but of the personal independence of the individual man; and it is also clear that this lies nowhere within the horizon of the present, except under the sovereignty of the United States. To reëstablish the power of the *cacique* would be to deprive the mass of the people of a large part of whatever advantage has come to them through their connection with civilization.

The Filipinos have need not only of personal independence but also of peace; in fact, their personal independence can be achieved only under the conditions of peace. When they are at

war the power of the leaders is absolute, and the habit of war would mean that the bulk of the people would remain in a state of subordination. It is apparently supposed by those persons who advocate the withdrawal of American authority, that, in case of the execution of their plan, the ancient antagonisms and tribal ambitions, now suppressed by the presence of a common superior, would be put aside and abandoned. This opinion is evidently held in ignorance of the fact that there are several great sections of the population which are as unlike one another as are the nations of Europe. They occupy different parts of the insular territory; they speak different languages; and they have learned enough about war to know that it is not without its compensations, — that power, distinction, and even respect and honor among their fellows, are often the achievements of battle. If European nations, with all their cultivation and their knowledge of the advantages of permanent international peace, cannot be induced to cease their ruinous preparations for war, it is folly to suppose that the Tagalogs and the Ilocanos, the Visayans and the Moros, will lie down together in peace and harmony, if there be no superior power to disconcert their hostility.

The moral effect of the presence of the American garrison is to strengthen the faith of the Filipinos in the beneficence of peace. The supposition that this faith would thrive without this stimulus leaves out of account the restless and ambitious character of the Tagalogs, who, by their previous conduct, have given a sufficient indication of their desire to dominate the archipelago, while some of the other sections of the population have shown with equal clearness their desire to be free from Tagalog rule. There is no evidence, nor even a probability, that a

subjected tribe would find the rule of the conquering Tagalog, or of any other conquering native, more beneficent than the administration under which all sections of the inhabitants now live in peace, and as equals.

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the state of affairs in the Philippine Islands imposes upon the government of the United States the duty to maintain in the Islands forces making for civilization at least equal to those which have been set aside as a consequence of American occupation. The importance of this obligation will appear when one reflects that practically all of the evidences of civilization in the Islands are the result of their connection with Spain; and that, with a few exceptions, all of the inhabitants who, at the time of the transfer of the sovereignty, appeared as the leaders of civilized life in the various communities, were Spaniards, or mestizos, or foreigners of some other nationality.

The churches, the schools, the banks, the commercial houses, and all of the trading establishments except the petty shops and the produce markets, had been created and were conducted by men who were what they were by reason of their foreign blood. Since the overthrow of the Spanish government by the United States, the increase of mestizos of the first degree has ceased, and the mestizo part of the population tends necessarily toward the elimination of its Spanish blood. In the future, with each succeeding generation, the Spanish strain will be weakened, and this gradual return of the stock to its primitive Malay quality means a gradual diminution of the forces that have introduced into the larger towns certain features of progress. Therefore, in the course of time, if conditions were established that would cause foreign immigration to cease, the Islands would present not a

state of progress, but a state of retrogression; and under these conditions foreign capital would not be invested, except with such arrangements as would enable the capitalists to control the government; but a government thus subject to the dictation of capitalists, many of whom would be non-resident foreigners, would be the worst conceivable government for a people in a low state of social development. A government thus nominally independent, but dominated by industrial corporations, would present the most favorable conditions for merciless exploitation. To abandon the Philippines would be to acquire the discredit of having destroyed the forces that have given the Islanders an impulse toward civilization, and then left them either to become subject to a less liberal power or to drift backward toward barbarism.

IV

In establishing and administering a government in the Philippines, the United States undertook to carry on every branch of beneficent public activity which had been relinquished by the Spaniards, and to lay stress on certain functions which had been neglected by them. The new government, however, confined itself to secular matters, and left the church freedom in the performance of its functions. This removal of all governmental pressure from ecclesiastical affairs was followed by striking religious aberrations on the part of large numbers of the common people. In some districts, hundreds and even thousands abandoned their ordinary occupations to follow self-announced religious leaders, whose strange ideas indicated a reversion to the barbaric notions of their pagan ancestors. Some showed intimations of their Christian instruction when they proclaimed themselves as the Virgin or

the Christ, and under these names obtained a following. The readiness with which these impostors, or self-deluded creatures, gained the adherence of the multitude, indicated that the bulk of the inhabitants of the rural districts had not departed widely from the benighted state of the tribesmen who had preceded them.

The doctrine of the philosophers as to the permanence of racial ideas of religion has found abundant illustration in the Philippines. The Spaniards, in the Philippines and in their American possessions, appeared to think that when the Filipinos or the Indians were baptized and brought into the church, their minds were at once enabled to grasp the fundamental features of that intricate system of thought known as Christian doctrine, and that by this process they were civilized.

It was fortunate that the government of the United States was practically prohibited from becoming a positive teacher of any religion, and was made to rely on secular means for promoting the progress of the Filipinos. But in applying such means as, for example, instruction in a trade-school, or an apprenticeship in the government's printing establishment, it ran counter to the aspirations of a limited middle class, composed chiefly of mestizos resident in the larger towns, and violated their views concerning their capacity and the position they were destined to fill in the world. To a young Filipino of this class, it seemed strange, if not insulting, that one should urge him to learn the proper use of tools, or to enter the printing-office as an apprentice, and become familiar with the operations of the machinery. In his little knowledge and the conceit which often attends it, he felt that he was born for higher things.

In order that Filipinos of this class may become effective contributors to

the advancement of their country, it is necessary that some means should be discovered for eradicating their inordinate conceit, and for making them willing to do what their hands find to do. The members of this class have little or no initiative in practical affairs. The tradition respecting the attitude of a certain class of Spaniards toward work is familiar to them. The teaching which they have received has generally dealt more with the intangible things of heaven than with the material and tangible things of earth. In youth the ambition of each of them is to become an *escribiente*, or clerk; and their ideal occupation, at all ages, is to sit at a desk in a government office. Before the age of disillusionment, they bestow much attention on their personal appearance, and find great satisfaction in being able to wear a clean white suit, a neat straw hat, and patent-leather shoes. In Java, this class of Eurasians has proved to be an embarrassing element in the population. Their European blood has given them a sense of superiority to the natives of pure Malay stock, and made them reluctant to engage in the ordinary occupations of their communities. But, like the great mass of Eurasians everywhere, they have shown themselves incompetent to fill the positions to which they have aspired.

Besides the millions of the common people and this so-called middle class, there is a class very much smaller than either of the others, which is composed of those persons who have acquired a more or less extensive education. This class embraces the men who have studied for a profession, and those who have attained a position in commercial life. Among these, a large part of whom live in Manila, are found men of widely different qualities; there are a few of solid attainments and sober judgment, but their names are not

heard in connection with revolutions or demands for independence. There are others of brilliant minds, who have a certain degree of education, but whose tempers are such that they seem to be incapable of dealing soberly with questions that touch their prejudices or personal interests. In this class, moreover, are found the politicians and all of those persons who, having recently obtained a larger measure of freedom than they had ever enjoyed before, have very naturally moved forward from demanding liberty to demanding political superiority.

With respect to the development of the Islands and the progress of the Filipinos, this group embraces the least useful members of the population as a whole, — the agitators, who, for their own advantage, play upon the ignorance of the common people. Some persons who are disposed to estimate social events everywhere in terms of American life, would measure these disturbers of the public peace by the patriots of the American colonies. But the political situation in which they are involved is as far from that of colonial New England or Virginia as the East is from the West. These are they whom certain American politicians visiting the Islands have flattered and encouraged by calling them the Washingtons and Lincolns of the Philippines.

By the efforts of the United States, order has been established where there was social chaos twelve years ago. The task was difficult, but it was accomplished with so little of the pomp and circumstance of power, that the Filipinos who were interested in the process were apparently convinced that the organizing or the administering of a government was, after all, only a simple matter.

In fact, one of the striking characteristics of the Filipino Eurasian of some education is the facility with which, in

his opinion, he acquires the mastery of a subject. After studying English for a few weeks, he is willing to undertake to defend his views of pronunciation or construction against the world; and at the time of the creation of the existing civil government, as political order gradually supplanted confusion, and one province after another was organized and brought into relation to a central authority, he seemed to see no difficulties in the art of government. His inexperience, his half-knowledge, was the basis of his confidence; but, if the present régime is continued for some generations, the Filipino will acquire a general education of the Western sort, and through this he will acquire also some measure of political knowledge; and what is more hopeful is the fact that habit, established by long practice, will supplement his knowledge, and furnish his certain direction in the conduct of affairs.

But, cut loose from foreign political influences, he would run a very serious risk of lapsing into a state of social confusion relieved only by tribal rule. The Spaniards having departed, the Spanish language would gradually disappear; and the English, only recently introduced and used chiefly by the youth and the children, would be forgotten. Independence within the next forty years, if it were possible, would mean a return of the people to their native dialects, and the abolition of the existing system of instruction. After this, the forces of ancient tradition would have an opportunity to reassert themselves without effective opposition.

v

The preceding statements, which suggest a national duty, have no significance with respect to the future conduct of the United States in relation to the Philippines, unless a nation by

its acts, somewhat after the manner of an individual person, may contract, or place itself under, a moral obligation.

A person might, as an unanticipated result of the pursuit of another end, destroy the sole legitimate guide and protector of a child. He might then, in the absence of any other guardian, assume this office; but, after ten or twelve years, having become tired of his charge, he might cast off the child before he had attained sufficient maturity or sufficient knowledge of the world to enable him to avoid the dangers by which his life would be surrounded. It would be generally held that this person, partly by an unforeseen consequence of one of his acts, and partly by voluntarily assuming the control and guardianship of the child, had placed himself under a moral obligation, the repudiation of which could not but leave a disgraceful stain on his character.

If nations are subject to a moral law, this case represents not unfairly the position of the United States in relation to the Philippine Islands. When we saw that the guardian had been destroyed, we might have left the ward to the wolves,—and there were wolves in those days. But we voluntarily assumed the charge, and placed ourselves under a very grave obligation. The former Spanish ward became our ward; and now,—almost at the beginning of our guardianship,—the demands of a little group of Filipino politicians, without experience in governing, and with no adequate appreciation of the difficulties of their position, do not furnish the United States a sufficient reason for renouncing an obligation, which was assumed under an international treaty, and is rendered more solemn by our relation to millions of people, who, released from the hard rule of Spain, would be in danger of falling under the

more galling rule of a native oligarchy.

The majority of American citizens have an acute appreciation of the moral aspects of public questions; and it is this surviving moral sense in the people which often arouses itself to prevent a false step, when political traders are scheming for material advantage. But, unfortunately, popular judgments, whether involving moral or any other considerations, are important only where the issue is clear. The question of the annexation of territory to the national domain is attended with great difficulties in this connection, because the ordinary man is not in a position to grasp and interpret the multitude of facts that affect the question. Even the simpler side of the case, the problem of material advantage, is seldom seen until after the passage of the years required for adjustment and development under the new conditions. No one at present denies that the bitter opposition to the annexation of Texas and California was short-sighted. Neither those who favored nor those who opposed it had any clear vision of the future. The peculiar advantage which those persons expected who desired the annexation of Texas, has long since disappeared; and the fears which especially moved the opposition, vanished before a score of years had passed.

It is quite as difficult to divine the future now as it was in the middle of the last century. The strong opposition which was aroused by the annexation of Texas and California disappeared in the course of time as the advantages of the connection became clearly manifest. The commissioners who negotiated the purchase of Louisiana, having agreed to pay the price demanded, wished to receive only a comparatively small tract about the mouth of the Mississippi, but they were virtually forced to accept the vast

region west of that river and north of the present State of Louisiana, a tract equal to a dozen states of the Union, which France threw in as a gratuity. We gained an empire, but the acquisition reflects no credit on the wisdom of the commissioners, or on the political provision of their contemporaries.

The advantage which was sought in the Louisiana Purchase was access to the sea through the mouth of the Mississippi; but when railroads running east and west were developed to furnish an outlet to the ocean for the interior of the country, it was seen that this advantage had been greatly overestimated. The real advantage of the purchase was entirely unforeseen; and this is to a very great extent true with respect to every addition that has been made to the national domain. The Philippine Islands, with respect to the time and expense of transportation, are nearer the centre of population of the United States than was California at the time of its annexation; and in view of the vast but undeveloped resources of the Islands, and the unforeseen consequences of the transformation which the Orient is to undergo in this century, there is no wiser course open to the nation, even with reference to its own material advantage, than to adopt a waiting policy unembarrassed by pledges or promises.

Waiting is often less expensive than the consequences of precipitate action; and waiting in this case need not involve the United States in any extraordinary expenditure; for the revenues of the Islands under the control of the United States are sufficient to maintain their government and to carry on the requisite internal improvements. Those persons who look for a better condition of affairs under the supposed state of independence, should keep in mind the fact that the Islands have now the advantage of a public income

which is greater than it would be if they should be left to the domination of a Malay or Eurasian oligarchy, unless new and more burdensome taxes were imposed; for, under native rule, the public revenue might be expected to decline on account of the withdrawal of capital, and by the lessening of imports consequent on the diminution of that part of the population which is accustomed to demand foreign wares; and this decline would make unavoidable the neglect of certain internal improvements, as well as of important departments of the public service—both significant steps backward toward a lower state of society.

Writers who have juggled with the statistics of Philippine revenues and expenditures have sometimes counted the cost of maintaining the American garrison as an item of expense imposed by the Philippines on the Federal treasury. But it is clear that if the soldiers of this garrison were not maintained in the Islands, they would be supported elsewhere, and consequently the only item properly chargeable to the Philippines is the comparatively unimportant cost of transportation over what would be incurred for similar service if these troops were stationed in another part of the United States. For this expense there is a certain compensation in the enlightenment which officers of the army derive from experience outside of the continental limits of the country. Officers have need of some other outlook upon the world than that which may be acquired under the deadly monotony of garrison duty in Arizona, or on some other part of the frontier. With neither adequate opportunity nor sufficient means to enable them to reside for periods of military study in foreign countries, their service in the Philippines, under new conditions, and face to face with unfamiliar problems, gives them the

advantage acquired by the study and solution of these problems.

It is possible that the consequences of victory may be quite as embarrassing temporarily as the consequences of defeat. But whatever embarrassment the United States may have suffered by the acquisition of the Philippines has been to a very great extent set aside by the efforts of the last twelve years. The social chaos of the years of transition has been reduced to order, and a government designed to increase the well-being of the whole population has been established and made effective throughout the archipelago. The public forests, of nearly fifty million acres, have been placed under reg-

ulations which the government of the United States might copy with great advantage to the present and future of this country. Courts have been created before which all cases, by whatever social class presented, may be considered freely and without prejudice. Provision for a revenue sufficient to maintain a proper government has been made without oppressive taxation. Five hundred thousand children and youth have been assembled from year to year in schools under intelligent instruction. In a legislative assembly, representatives of the people have an opportunity to participate in the work of governing, and to learn the meaning of liberty.

RENTON'S MOTHER

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

RENTON's mother stood with one slim hand on the library mantel. Her eyes, which had been fixed on the portrait over it, were narrowed now, looking speculatively into the fire. Renton must be got away to New York. That was clear to her.

Though Renton's mother had idealized her husband; had consulted him on every question, large and small, and had abided by his decision, yet, after his death — and Renton's father died when Renton was a baby — she suddenly developed a genius, or what may have been previously a latent longing, for management. She had arranged and planned her son's life entirely. She

had brought him up to obey her and respect her; yet she gave few commands, one might say none.

The boy grew up sensitive and appreciative of her every wish, swayed by her unspoken desires. You have seen a high-strung horse trained so sensitively; such a horse is called 'bridle-wise.' A mere turn of the bridle, a mere slight touch of the lines on one shoulder or the other, and it goes into the gait desired. It was a little like that. You can imagine with what nicety and firmness of hand, with what kindness and gentleness of touch, such a thing is accomplished.

His boyhood safely past, his mother had arranged for him, on his return from the university, what had the ap-

pearance of a chance meeting with the girl she had had in mind for him ever since he was a slender shock-headed lad of fourteen. The result was what she had hoped, and was indeed hardly to be wondered at. It might be unfair to say that Renton's mother made the match, because the girl's beauty itself might so easily have made it. There was a quiet fawnlike loveliness about her, something aristocratic that matched Renton's own fine high-bred air.

Somewhat later, when he had been engaged a little more than a week, Renton came to his mother one moonlight night and broke to her the news of this thing. Well, she had planned for it during some eight years, and had worked for it definitely, though unsuspected, for some five months or more, but she took it exactly as he gave it to her — as a piece of news that she, as his mother, was entitled to know. He hoped she would understand and approve, but in any case, in matters of this kind a man must be his own master, his own judge, utterly.

Renton's mother made no show of surprise, made no confession that this had long been her wish; instead, she kissed him sedately on the lips, with her two slim, condescending hands hollowed about his fine head.

'In this, as in other things, my son, I trust you — as you know — wholly. You are right. There is one choice of all others that should be a man's own. I pray God may bless you both.'

When he was gone to his room to dream dreams of this girl of his choice, Renton's mother sat in the cretonne chair in her bedroom looking out ahead of her. She was no longer first in her son's affections. But she had met that thought and disposed of it months before. Her thoughts now were glad but careful ones of future years. She was planning already how Renton's children should be raised.

Another woman might have spent some moments on her knees in humble gratitude that her son had selected for a wife a girl of the type of this girl whom Renton loved. Not so Renton's mother. She was a devout woman, but she believed in thanking God for causes, not for effects. So, while Renton lay sleepless, with white fire licking through his veins, and the devotion of a modern knight of the grail coursing through him, she knelt and thanked the Lord that he had given her the brain and judgment to direct her son's life as she had directed it; to make him the clean, sensitive fellow she had made him; and that she had been able to direct him to the love of this woman.

She tasted a little the joy of creation. She had made him what he was. In this world of her making — his world — she had said, 'Let there be light!' and there was light. She had separated the sea and the land for him; set the sun and the moon in his heavens. While he slept, as it were, she had given him a woman for his mate. It was creation, — on a small scale if you like, but it was creation. It had taken her not seven days, but twenty-eight years, altogether, of days and nights, to accomplish it; but it was hers, the work of her hands. That Renton knew nothing of all this, — believed himself to be the master of the beasts and birds of his fields, and of that paradise in which he found himself, — what was that to Renton's mother? Perhaps that was a part of her plan, too. If she could not afford generosity, who indeed could?

The engagement was like many another. Renton's mother was gracious, tactful, and the girl bent easily to her, like a young birch in a warm south wind. If, at times, it seemed to the older woman that this girl carried about her an imperturbable mystery, a kind of sacredness of possession — yet Renton's

mother turned to her own blessings, reassured. Had she not twenty-eight years, the making of his world, and all motherhood, the start of this girl? The girl would be the mother of other men, perhaps (she hoped so, a marriage without children she had always dreaded for him), but never *his* mother; that was her own part, and hers only, in the whole wide world.

When, after six months of unspoiled joy, the girl died, suddenly, Renton's mother found herself with new problems to face; perhaps, an entire world to reconstruct. The sea and land, which she had separated for him, threatened to rush together again. Would the sun and moon keep their places in his heavens? She watched apprehensively the swaying of her system. But after one night of passionate, blinding storm that rocked the faith she had taught him, and overthrew the poise in which she had trained him, Renton met the grief as she had planned and believed all her life he must and would meet grief when it came—quietly and with reserve. The sun and moon would resume their duties.

Even the day that the girl's portrait (for Edith Carter had left to Renton a portrait of herself, in a brief will she had made) came to take its place with them, Renton was as calm as his mother had all her life planned he should be in great crises. He himself superintended its placing above the mantel in the library. Only, that evening he insisted on staying late in the library, and for the first time it was he, not his mother, who was the last to go upstairs for the night.

From then on, his sorrow was a closed door to her. She knew that he suffered in some inner room, yet she never once laid a hand on the latch; though how often she stood outside the door, one hand pressed against her cheek, listening, it would be difficult

to say. Renton's mother could wait. When the time came, and it would, he would speak to her. Nothing of this sort must be hurried.

After five months, she came one night, later than usual, to bid him good-night, and found him seated by the fire below the portrait, his head in his hands. That he did not look up as she entered, nor attempt to hide his mood from her, gave her rights and privileges. For the first time the door to his sorrow stood open ever so little. She was quick to note it. She had been waiting for just this moment for a long, long time. She laid her hand and arm about his shoulder. When he raised his face it was haggard and looked ill.

'Edith has been here,' he said, without preliminary, 'more real than ever, to-night. I can feel the touch of her hand when she comes; and now and then, — never at my solicitation, but of her own will, — now and then, when for her sake I have conquered something, — have done what I believed to be right, — she rewards me: she kisses me on the lips.'

His mother had not reckoned on this. For a moment she said nothing, only kept her arm about him, protectingly. At last she looked out ahead of her, trying to speak smoothly: —

'We must get it clear in our minds, Renton, just what service to her is best, just what service is the service she herself would wish. That you should remember her — keenly, keenly, yes, that is normal, natural, and as it should be. But that she should seem to you actually present — It is in that direction that men's minds' — She knew suddenly that she had taken a false step. To accuse him of a kind of madness — Besides, was it madness? She had never settled for herself the question of realities. She believed dimly in certain spiritual presences, which 'exerted certain influences.' She felt about

for the right words. Then she put one hand on his head. 'I am not out of sympathy with you, you understand that.'

He rose away from her arm, and stood looking at the portrait.

'Her hand leads or detains me, will lead or detain me all my life,' he said. 'Not the memory of her, you understand, but her hand, as actually on me as it is there on the chair in the portrait, where she stands. I used to be afraid at first that she might have gone beyond reach; but now I know that she has not; that she will not. She can hear as well as you or I. She will not leave me, thank God! As to its being a morbid fancy, do you think she would not know that and leave me if it were? Do you think she, most of all in heaven and earth, has not my good and happiness at heart? I can trust myself in her hands. In her hands!'

His mother was behind him now without a word. His voice broke into the full rhythm of verses she knew and distrusted. She had never believed it good for a man to read Rossetti. For sensual beauty in verse, Keats and Tennyson and Shelley went far enough. It came to her somewhat as a shock that he not only had read these verses, but that he recited them with so much familiarity, almost as though they had been his own. Doubtless he and Edith Carter had read them and enjoyed them together.

'The blessed damozel lean'd out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters still'd at even.
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.'

He raised his head listeningly: —

'(Ah, sweet! Even now in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearken'd? When those bells
Possess'd the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair?)

'I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come,' she said.
'Have I not pray'd in Heaven? — on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?'''

When at last he turned to his mother the intense mood had slipped from him somewhat. She stood, her closed hand against her cheek, dragging her lip down a little, that was all. 'You need have no fear,' he said, turning to her, 'I am sound in mind. I am like other men, only different in this, that I have a dead girl to whom my life is dedicated. I might have gone to the devil like many another man, who has had all the light and purpose taken from his life. But you can trust me. Edith Carter's hand is on me; as long as that is so I am safe, and shall be worthy of her.'

So it was that Renton's mother knew clearly and immediately that he must be got away to other surroundings. She who had always directed his life must rid him now of this influence which threatened her plans for him. She had a deep respect for occult powers. Like most of us, she did not know how much she believed in the dead; but this much she knew: Edith Carter, or were it only the memory of her, had vital power in her son's life, and this was to be reckoned with and broken. The hand that was on him, whether it was a mere remembered thing, or the actual touch of the dead, if you wished to go so far, — she did not, mind you, — was to be loosened, that was all. How strong the influence of memory might be, she had hardly dreamed till now, nor how potent the presence of the remembered dead. Yet she was not discouraged.

To another woman this influence in Renton's life might have seemed as it seemed to Renton, a thing beneficent, protecting. Not so to Renton's mother. She had not planned for him a complete life, with wife and friends

and children of his own, to have that plan frustrated now by a fancied memoried thing, the hand of some dead girl, some phantom on his shoulder.

After this, she used often to stop before the portrait of Edith Carter when Renton was not about. She meant to know Edith Carter better, as Renton himself knew her; to understand Edith Carter's memoried power over Renton — the better to cope with it. She stopped day after day, again and again, before the mantel, and looked into the sensitive, melancholy face of the portrait.

The girl might have been twenty-two, perhaps more; the portrait did not tell accurately, not more than portraits ever do. In pose it was as though, leaving the room, she had been stopped by some question, had paused and turned to answer. The head and face, singularly beautiful, were lifted just a little.

It was, perhaps, most of all the line of neck sweeping into the shoulder and up into the mass of hair, which gave the slender figure its patrician grace. At one moment it was as though the girl would linger still a little while; at another it was as though, detained only by a word, Edith Carter did not mean to stay.

II

Though it was certainly not as adviser that Renton's mother had asked Cousin Benjamin to come to Brent Hall, yet, owing to the wording of her letter, he believed himself to have come in that capacity, and was no little flattered and alarmed by the distinction. Cousin Benjamin was one of those inadequate souls who believe themselves particularly adequate, and especially adapted to the giving of advice.

He had been at Brent Hall some days. He came into the room one after-

noon and found Renton's mother in front of the portrait. He stood beside her, silent, a moment. Then he drew his handkerchief across his forehead, as though he were warm, spread his hands to the blaze as though he were cold, shivered his shoulders straight, and cleared his throat.

'I tell you, Cousin Matilda, it's suicidal for him to keep that thing before him. It ought to be got clear out of his sight. Why, I had a poor photograph, just a poor photograph, mind you, of Molly,—my youngest girl, you know, — taken with her hair down her back. It had the trick of her eyes — that little twinkle in the left one — (you never saw Molly, though) — well, I tell you, I put the thing away; yes, I did; for good and all. "Molly's gone," I said; "she's happier where she is. She's with her ma," I said, and I packed the thing away. I don't think I tore it up, but I should if I ever came across it again; 'pon my soul, I should.'

'Oh, no, you would n't,' Renton's mother said quietly. 'You can't tear up a thing of that kind. I fed on a photograph once myself. You actually feed on them, you know.' She narrowed her eyes with the memory. 'Then you make up your mind not to look again. Then you get so hungry, sickening hungry for the reality, that you look again; and there is the actual person looking out at you. It is that way with Renton and this portrait.'

He looked uncomfortable, and took a side glance at her. She was forever meeting him at corners with some shadowy truth which his practical brain had dodged for years. He had had exactly that experience, but had never admitted it. Now he ignored her words.

'Why should I mince matters,' he said. He spoke with noticeable gentleness, laying the matter smooth on the palm of one hand with the forefinger

of the other. 'My advice is — get the boy off *as soon as possible* to New York.'

He swept one hand off to the right decisively, to indicate that city and have done with it. Then he jerked his shoulders, ran his hands a little farther through his cuffs, brought his elbows in tight to his sides, and began laying the matter smooth again on his palm, like a man about to say something vital and important.

'Get him off to New York; *then* — have something happen to *that*.' He nodded once toward Edith Carter.

Renton's mother picked an imaginary something from her sleeve, and rid her thumb and forefinger of it very deliberately.

'I am not quite sure yet what we must do. If the girl were here I should appeal to her. Her influence must be broken. If she could be got to take her hand off him. And yet — he protests it is just she who saves him from himself.' She narrowed her eyes again.

Cousin Benjamin jerked his head back and his stomach out and shrugged his shoulders, raised his eyebrows and brought them down nervously, then up, then down again.

'Of course — if you consider *him* a fit judge! If you mean to talk to me about dead women as though, as though — she's dead how many months, you say? Seven. Yes, seven months. Why should we mince matters? My dear Cousin Matilda, I do declare and profess, you talk as though she were outside the door yonder!'

His hand pointed to the door. His knees bent a little in enthusiasm for his argument, then they straightened, his body swayed back somewhat and then regained its balance, as though the matter were settled.

Renton's mother seemed pausing wisely. She had been looking into the fire a long time.

'To him she is much nearer than that.' There was silence a moment; then she spoke very deliberately. 'He tells me this himself. It is because of her that he lives as he lives. You have only to look in the boy's face to know. He is dedicated to her, body and soul.'

Cousin Benjamin took up the argument again, like a man vindicated.

'Just what I tell you. Just what I tell you! Get him away. Get him away!' He held his hands out as though to show her the matter once and for all, clean and plain, and for the last time. 'Is he to go on like this? Tell me, *is* he?'

Renton's mother put her forehead against her hand on the mantel, and looked into the fire, like a woman who has time, much time, to think. Cousin Benjamin filled the pause with his handkerchief, for which he found a hundred nervous uses in and out of his coat-tails and around his collar.

'When I think of the boy after I am gone' — Her speech went slowly as though impeded by some heavy thought.

'That's it!' Cousin Benjamin felt of his coat-tails again, sent his arms shooting through his cuffs a little, with a jerk, to gain courage; wiped his fingers of some imaginary something. 'That's it, exactly!'

'Alone,' she continued, uninterrupted, 'with no woman in his life' — she narrowed her eyes the better to scan the bare waste of it, — 'no physical realities; with no children, — then I feel it is a matter I cannot leave to God. I must manage it myself, you see.' There was something proudly insistent, yet explanatory in her tone. — 'I am his mother.' She smiled and added, — not to Cousin Benjamin, not to any one; a mere fact stated — and she managed to state it without irreverence — only there was something a little weary

and condescending in her voice,—‘Even God had a mother.’

Cousin Benjamin took another side-wise look at her, then began again on his argument:—

‘Look at his life as it is; and look at what it ought to be. I can see him in me mind’s eye: a cosy room,’—he closed one eye as though the better to see,—‘at the other side of the table a real flesh-and-blood woman. Roses in her cheeks, lace and things round her neck, and sewing on little frocks by the light of the evening lamp. Children playing around (the crowning blessing of love!). What if death does come. Suppose even the *second* woman dies! He’s got real things left. He is forced to live for the future of his children.’

He paused, and with a few nervous gestures got ready for the rest of his argument.

‘Take a girl like Louise Henry, for instance. I was telling you about her—She’s the kind!—real and warm as a bird. Have n’t you ever held a warm bird in your hand?’ He drew back as she shuddered. He remembered now she had always been afraid of birds. ‘Afraid of ’em? Well, some women are. Louise Henry is like that, though. I tell you, get him away! Then look at that girl as nothing but paint and canvas and get *her* away. Cut her out of the frame. Lord! burn her up!’

‘I mean to get him away, of course,’ she said quietly. ‘It was for that I asked you to come. I wanted you to tell me very exactly about New York.’

It took Cousin Benjamin a moment to right himself. All his argument had been unnecessary, then; a kind of useless extravagance. He took a quick, half-baffled, half-disconcerted look at her. Her eyes were on the portrait. He took a look at it, too.

Edith Carter’s eyes met theirs with the same sureness, the same melan-

choly. The pause in her going seemed very slight. The pose was a strangely living one. She seemed almost on the point of departure.

There was a step outside. The door into the hall opened and Renton came in. For a moment no one spoke. There was among them the unbroken chill of the inopportune moment. Then Renton threw his whip and riding-cap and gloves on the table.

‘It is snowing,’ he said, with the air of a man who speaks for courtesy’s sake.

III

From New York Renton wrote often; but the letters which Renton’s mother opened first, and not always with steady fingers, were addressed in the large flowing hand of Cousin Benjamin. They were, oftenest, short; sometimes mere bulletins; but she read and re-read them, and sometimes carried them in her bosom. A less sensitive woman would have read them less often; but to Renton’s mother there was much to be got out of them, even at a tenth reading.

To most people those days at Brent Hall might have seemed—would have been—killingly void. To Renton’s mother they were full to the brim. Every detail of the plan for her son was to be thought out.

As yet no very great encouragement had come through the letters she received. Cousin Benjamin’s were sanguine, but reported Renton as reserved, untouched, so far; yet he took a bit of interest, too, in the city. ‘Off to himself a great deal,—but Rome was not built in a day, my dear Cousin Matilda.’ She wearied of the reiteration of a tiresome sentiment which she knew as well as, or better than, most people.

One day, pausing before the portrait, she spoke to it suddenly, softly:—

'Why don't you help me, my dear? It is for his good.'

After that, for several days she avoided the library altogether; then afterwards for several days more, whenever she entered, she opened the door half apologetically. About ten days later, as she was leaving the room for the night, she paused and spoke once again to the portrait, almost pleadingly this time:—

'Let him see the world a little, my girl,—it is every man's right; and other women — other women than yourself.'

One day, about three weeks after this, her cheeks flew a flag all day. For the first time Renton's letters mentioned Louise Henry, though she knew, from Cousin Benjamin's letters, how long a time before that Renton had met her.

The sentence ran, 'She is a distant cousin of the Ratcliffes, and beautiful like them. You would like her. She has good blood — the thing you make such a point of. She is patrician. She has the clear look in between the eyes that comes with nothing else, and the easy grace and the lofty gentleness.'

Her heart quickened somewhat as she read, and re-read, this sentence many times. She glanced at the portrait. Edith Carter, meeting her look, was patrician, too,—the clear look between the eyes, the lofty gentleness,—Renton's entire description was there. Not that the women were alike, exactly, but in essentials, in essentials, she told herself. Then she looked at the matter more closely. Was the likeness an encouraging or a discouraging thing? Might not Louise Henry only remind him of Edith Carter?

So the flag fluttered and drooped, fluttered and drooped again, in her cheeks all day.

She sat longer than usual in front of the library fire that evening, until the shadows had crept up around the portrait. She rose at last and peered

through these shadows at the girl's face.

'I wish,' she said at last,—she looked about her to make sure no one was near to overhear,—'I wish you would think of his good as I do. Think it over, my dear; I don't ask you to decide at once.'

The winter passed slowly. Then some indescribable ennui settled down beside Renton's mother; such unbearable tedium as comes with waiting for a letter that never arrives. Not that letters lacked, but Louise Henry was not mentioned in them; scarcely even in Cousin Benjamin's now, except very occasionally, very trivially.

Cousin Benjamin was vague, almost equivocal, full of a persistent cheer that might, however, mean one thing, might mean another. As to Renton's letters — although studiously regular, they lacked fire and intimacy.

Renton's mother considered whether it might not be best for her to go to New York, herself. Once on the ground she could judge better. She wrote to Cousin Benjamin. In return she had this letter, much underlined:—

'If he sees you it may *perhaps* bring him right back to Edith Carter, who I have reason to think he is forgetting. Not *altogether*, you understand. One cannot expect that. *Rome was not built in a day*. In any case he is seeing life and real people; *not* dead ones. He has taken to going to the theatre of late. My opinion is you must let him alone; let him take *his own* course. Even if he chose to go in for wine and fast women, I'd still say, *let him alone*. Plenty of men go in for that sort of thing. It's *real*, anyway. I'd rather have him with a flesh-and-blood woman — I *would n't care who* — than to have him spending his days and nights with a phantom.'

Yes, she believed in leaving him alone, certainly; else why should she be here and he there. But there was

the question how far one dared trust Providence.

She wrote to Cousin Benjamin in her neat, somewhat illegible hand, —

'I have decided not to go to New York. As to wine and fast women, I thank God, who permitted me to give him better ideals.'

Later she wrote, —

'In one of your former letters, you spoke vaguely of a great variety of classes of women in New York, for a man to choose from. One of his own class, exactly, is what I would wish for him. Not having seen Louise Henry, I cannot tell. But I shall drive to Charlottesville when the roads are passable, to see the Ratcliffes, who know her, and will write you then. Tell me frankly, when you write, if she cares for my boy.'

If she did not care, then the path was clear to Renton's mother, she would go to New York — and handle the matter herself. The girl must be got to care. Girls — beautiful ones especially — rarely know their own minds. Youth and beauty flaunt, and presume on good fortune, like daffodils in the first warm breezes of March. Louise Henry would thank her later.

In reply, however, Renton's mother had this: —

'Yes, the girl *does* care. Why should I mince matters? There's no doubt in my mind, not a particle. Not breaking her heart, she is n't that kind — but *cares*' (three times underscored). 'Let him take his time, though. Rome was n't built in a day. After all you can't tell. He has n't found himself yet.'

By-and-by she wrote, —

'I have been to Charlottesville. I have seen Louise Henry's photograph. The oldest Ratcliffe girl has one. She has a beautiful face. I am very pleased with it.'

In reply came this: —

'Louise Henry *is* the girl, *exactly*, to be his wife, and the mother of his children. There's only *one* kind of woman for that. The trouble is — he is *n't free just now* to see her for the stunning fine girl she is. That's the point. You used to speak of Edith Carter having her hand on him. Well, he is being held fast. What he needs is to be free. You can't run the universe — more's the pity. If you could, I'd say, "*Hands off!*" that's all. I'd have him free, scot-free, twenty-four hours from the hand of *any* woman, alive or dead. When he woke from the unreal things that spoil his life — maybe he'd wake to Louise Henry. Maybe he'd see her as the girl to fulfill his manhood. I don't know. The point is — I say — hands off! The question is, *how*. You've just got to leave the thing to chance. Rome was n't built in a day. — I know I say it often; but it's true.'

Here was a letter, indeed! Renton's mother read it and re-read it. It was by all odds the least satisfactory letter Cousin Benjamin had written her. It was full of vague things that you might interpret this way or that. He practically owned himself defeated, yet he admitted that she was right about Louise Henry. She ran her eye over the lines again. 'You've just got to leave the thing to chance.' She pressed her thin lips together. That might be the solution for Cousin Benjamin, scarcely for the mother of Renton. To chance! Scarcely! There were several things she might do. She might go to him at once — but no, that might bring the home associations about him more strongly than ever. She would write a letter to him, such a letter as would put a duty on him, stronger than any duty in his life.

Throughout the day she said over sentences that might sway him; weighed sentiments which might bend him;

thoughts or phrases that might stir him. It was no light matter, nor to be done with haste or ease. Late in the afternoon she began writing. After supper she went back to the library table. Every now and then she would stop, with her head on one side, her closed hand on her cheek, to re-read, her lips moving without sound. In almost every case the sheet was discarded for a fresh one.

At last she gathered up all the papers slowly, tore them this way and that, and put them in the fire.

A dry branch tapped against the north window. She paused a moment to look in that direction through the shadows; then she seated herself uneasily before the fire, on the edge of her chair. Once she glanced up at the portrait; once she looked over her shoulder. At last she got up and, with another quick glance around the room, went to the portrait and looked at it. Her lips moved. The words were just audible.

'I don't know *how* to deal with you,' she said softly. 'I wish you were living. I wish you could hear me.'

The portrait's eyes met hers, as they met all things, with heavy-lidded, half-sad gaze.

Renton's mother turned and walked away a little, with her head bent. Then she stopped and came back and laid one hand on the mantel.

'I think you are living somewhere,' she said softly. 'You have heard me, and you do hear me now. You must.' She put her other hand on the mantel. They were powerful slim hands, with delicately blue veins on them. 'It is this way, my dear. You love him and I love him. We are the two who love him longest and best. But now there is another woman. It appears she loves him, too. If he, in turn, should love her, you would, of course, no longer be his first thought. It would be

with you as it was with me when he began to care for you. But don't think of yourself. I did not.' She paused and looked away and spoke, not to the girl, but to herself. 'Why, I am his mother,—and you, my girl, are only his first love.' Her glance came back. 'Besides, it is a woman's place to forget herself for the man she loves. When I chose you for him a long time ago, I chose you because of that. I said, "She will be a worthy wife, a girl who can lose her interests in him; a girl who will gladly go into the valley of death to bear him a child,—who would give up her life gladly, gladly for him, if occasion called." Now think a minute. Can't you do this thing I ask of you?—Can't you give him up?—For his good, you know. This other woman loves him. She will bring him the real things of life. She will bear him children,—flesh and blood.'

She looked about her, conscious of having reached the most difficult point. When she turned back from the shadows to the portrait, it was cautiously, as though she were afraid to meet the heavy-lidded eyes.

The same dead branch tapped against the window, warningly. She stopped to listen, and it stopped. She turned to the portrait once more. 'Let him be free, Edith Carter; let him be free to go to the woman who draws him. Let him have a man's part. You who profess to love him, take your hands off him to-night. Let him have a real woman of flesh and blood in his arms to-night, not you—not you. Loose him and let him go. I do not mean to be cruel. You will always be his first love; the sweetest of all his memories. He will turn to you many a time; you may even to the end be the lady of his soul. But this other woman'—She was pleading now with a kind of cunning. 'I only ask you, my dear, for twenty-four hours. After that—come

back to his memory, if you like. I merely want to try the experiment, for his good. For his good, you know. You can still serve him, by sacrificing yourself in this matter. Think of his good. I am his mother. Go! Go! She paused a moment. 'Take away your white dead hand from him,' she said. 'Take it away, if you love him.'

There was absolute silence. Not even the little branch said anything. The flames in the grate had all died down; there were only red coals, — a bed of them. The shadows in the past quarter of an hour had crept slowly, cautiously, with innumerable little retreats, while the fire still flickered, closer to the grate. Once a little spent flame flared suddenly, and they leaped back softly behind the chairs and sofas and retreated to the corners. Then, as the flame died down, they approached again, soft-footed, formless things. They were crouched close to the hearth now as the glow in the grate died — and they laid unfelt hands on the skirt of the woman who stood before the portrait.

Renton's mother turned her head slowly, very slowly, like one afraid to look over her shoulder. This thing, of talking to the dead, had wrought upon her imaginative nature. One gaunt hand, the one which wore its wedding ring, pressed her cheek heavily and drew down her lip at the corner. She faced the room, her head up, like one who has fears, yet is not afraid. She made a step or two forward, then paused, then went to each window and pulled down each blind, sharply, softly. She went to the door leading into the hall. She did not once look toward the portrait. As she opened the door the little branch beat again insistently, as though it still had something to say. She paused, and lifted her head, a little as though daring it. It stopped. She stepped into the hall, pulled the

door to softly after her, turned the key heavily in the lock. She made her way up the bare stairs in the dark, her gown slipping after her.

At the top of the landing she started and paused abruptly, one hand tense on the banister. There was a dull crash below stairs. It might have been the overturning of something in the library. The sound was gone quickly, and the silence stepped in softly again. She glided down the broad upper hall in the dark, toward her room, like a shadow in a dream, only the frightened flush-flushing of her skirt following her rapidly along the matting. She locked her door after her that night, as was not her custom.

IV

She did not go into the library to investigate. For two days the door to it remained locked. She was unwilling to meet the eyes of the portrait. There had been some sort of psychological reaction. She felt that she had done some absurd and morbid thing, something abnormal, which yet was so far real that she half believed in it. She avoided the portrait as she would have avoided a person, yet remembering perfectly, too, that it was only a portrait. She had placed the key to the library under her prayer-book, on the little table at her bed's head.

She waited for the mail with a kind of feverish anxiety. A letter from Cousin Benjamin made her heart beat.

'Mind you, I don't say yet that it is advisable that you come. It may be. If I think so I will send for you.'

There was no word from Renton. — She turned over in her mind how she could touch up her black silk. She had a pride in being her best before Louise Henry. Not that one Virginia woman needs a silk dress in the presence of another; but a man's mother —

Two days went by, and in these no letters. Then — She looked up suddenly, her needle poised. The station fly was rumbling up the driveway.

She put her sewing by with a little frantic hurried movement, rose and stood still, one hand on her breast. Was Renton returning? Had all her care been for naught?

The fly did not come up to the door. It stopped halfway, and Cousin Benjamin got down from it and walked toward the house.

She laid down her needle with a trembling hand, and went down the steps to the lower hall and opened the door and drew him in. Her face was between apprehension and pleasure.

'You need me? You wish me to come at once?' she said. 'Why did you come?'

He rid himself of his overcoat, hung it on the hat-rack, and turned to the library.

'No, not there,' she said; and crossed to the unused parlor. In it, she turned on him suddenly, with the fingers of one hand on her brooch.

'Why did you come?' — Then, as he did not answer, — 'Is it good news?'

Cousin Benjamin looked helpless, then he coughed.

'No, — it is n't good news; — er — why should we mince matters? It's anything but good news. God help me. — It's a sorry business.'

Her hand went up to her throat, like a knowing thing, and as though it might help her to speak.

'He does not care for her? It is all useless? He is coming back with Edith Carter still in his heart.' She nodded once toward the library door. 'Is that what you came to tell me?'

Cousin Benjamin got out his handkerchief, drew it across his forehead; wadded it, and drew it across his forehead again. He was in great trouble, no doubt.

'Sit down,' he said, indicating, with the wadded handkerchief, a low armchair. He seated himself on a little spindle-legged chair opposite her. 'My dear Cousin Matilda, the ways of God are inscrutable. Nor you nor I can explain them.'

'What do you mean to tell me?' she said, almost a little hoarsely. 'What is the worst that can have happened to him?'

'I spoke to you of wine and women' —

She nodded.

'Well, I kept it from you. You seemed so sure of him right along. He had better ideals, you said. I thought he had, too. I thought he'd never get into that sort of thing. And yet, a man, even if he does not actually expect that kind of thing of another man, still knows it is likely to happen. — You see, I thought it was a phase only. Moreover, I remembered the Carter girl. I'm not sentimental, Lord, no! But somehow I thought she'd save him; the memory of her. I'd got it in my head she'd keep her hand on him; would n't let him go, you know. Then, there was Louise Henry, too; I never gave up hoping he'd care about her. But Louise Henry, though she loved him, never had the power.' He shook his head. 'Never had the power. And the dead girl — I don't know what happened to her. — You said she had a hand on him; that she kept him from himself. Well, she took her hand off him that one night. She must have let him go. He forgot her. She forgot him. Something got in his blood. I don't know. — The other woman was beautiful, you see. He believed in her at first. They generally do. — You know Kipling's "Vampire"?'

'I do not know anything of Kipling's,' she said, with tense control. 'Let me demand of you to tell me a plain story plainly.'

'Why should I mince matters!' The man spoke helplessly, and with effort. 'I did not see the whole cause of it. I believe now, he tried to keep true to the best in himself,—to the dead girl yonder, if you like,—until the very last. Yes, I'm sure he tried. Then, two nights ago—I suppose the thing was hard. You know,—no, you don't know,—how a man's passion can rise suddenly and sweep him off his feet.' He flung out one arm. 'Maybe he wished to be strong—most men who have led his life—She was the sort of woman to lead a man on, and he never guessing it.—You did n't bring him up right. You never warned him of the danger a man meets in his own passions. He did n't know the world. He believed in women—all women. I don't know what he went through. I only know your dead girl did not save him.'

The woman's hands went up, supplicating, then quieted themselves, each in each, again.

'Yes? And then?' She waited, awfully.

'Why should we mince matters! Two days ago—I was called up at three o'clock at night—by telephone. The woman—it was in her house—Why should we?' He broke off abruptly. 'I cannot go on'—he said, rising.

Renton's mother rose also. One hand still quieted the other tightly.

'Why should you be a coward?' she said softly. 'Look at me. Why in heaven's name should *you* be a coward? There are other things left in life after disgrace. Don't you suppose that to a man's wife—to a man's mother—Do you suppose anything, *anything* matters to a man's mother? Go on—It was in her house—*What?*'

'That he was found'—

'Yes.—Go on.'

'That he was found—dead.'

Some fearful light glowed up in her

a moment; then she took a step and steadied herself with one hand against a chair; the other, tight-closed, was pressed against her cheek, dragging her lip down. It was easier for the man to speak now than to endure her silence, and he hurried on with his excuses.

'I did not let you know. There was nothing to be done. I knew you were alone here. I feared you might—well, I did n't know what you would do. I only knew I could save you two days knowledge, until I myself could explain. — It seemed merciful.—I could bring the poor boy back myself—'

He thought she would have cried out. Instead she slipped sidewise into her chair. Her voice when she spoke was not weak:—

'It was by his own hand?'

Cousin Benjamin did not speak.

She put her face in her hands, and rocked herself slightly. 'Ah!' she said, letting her breath out softly, as though in pain. When she spoke her voice was low and hoarse:—

'Oh, Cousin Benjamin, if you had not tried to direct things yourself, manage them yourself. What *right* had you?' She stopped and looked out helplessly ahead of her, her hands drawn half down her face. 'You should have sent for *me*,—for his mother.'

Cousin Benjamin got up and walked back and forth. When he turned, her face was in her hands again. She was murmuring something softly to herself. A few moments later she rose and glided past him and up to her own room.

An hour or more passed before he saw her again. Before he was aware of her, she had glided into the hushed parlor and put her hand on his arm. Her face was haggard. In the other hand she held a key.

'Come with me,' she said. 'We must open the library for him.'

They stood inside the doorway. The room was cold and dark, the blinds all down. In a peevish east wind the little bough tapped insistently against the north window — as though it had known all the while, had warned and warned repeatedly, and had been disregarded, and would call attention to that fact.

Cousin Benjamin and Renton's mother did not hear or notice it. Before the empty fireplace, face forward, the portrait lay. The sharp corner of the iron fender had cut into it in its fall. Renton's mother went to it, a few hurried steps; then, there was a hushed pause. Cousin Benjamin raised the portrait and steadied it, so that it leaned against the brasses of the fireplace. Renton's mother stepped back from it and steadied herself with one hand on the table, the other, closed, pressed against her cheek.

The picture in its fall had struck the iron fender, and a dark gash cut it across — marring the face, part of the body, and one of the delicate hands.

Renton's mother drew her eyes away at last and held out her hand to Cousin Benjamin.

'Come away,' she said.

They left the room with steps that tried not to be too hurried, and somewhat like children who dare not look back.

They did not speak of the portrait until late that night when Renton's body lay in the unaccustomed parlor.

'You will do with the picture what you think best,' she said, in answer to Cousin Benjamin's rather nervous question.

He waited until early daylight of the morning after the funeral. He would rather not have any one to give him advice in the matter. He kindled a fire in the empty fireplace, cut the marred picture from its frame, doubled it somewhat to fit the grate, laid the

tongs against it to keep it from falling outward on the hearth, made sure it had caught fire, left the room, and held the door to by its knob for several minutes.

When he went back to make sure that all was safe, only the shadowy semblance of a burned thing lay in the grate, and fell into flaked ashes as he removed the tongs.

Two days later, Renton's mother, one thin hand holding together a little worsted shawl, stood on the verandah, bidding Cousin Benjamin good-bye.

'Tell Louise Henry that some time, some time I shall wish to see her. Not yet; by-and-by. Tell her I am glad she loved him.'

The rain beat in on the verandah in dreary gusts.

'Go back, I beg of you! You will take cold!'

Cousin Benjamin pressed her hand again, put his hat on securely, with both hands, back and front; held his head sidewise a little against the beat of the wind, and hurried down the steps.

The station man, his head on one side also, already held open the door of the station fly. Cousin Benjamin entered. The door was banged to. The station man mounted, folded the skirts of his coat about him carefully, wrapped the lap-robe outside of these, sat down, took up the rains, shook them out a little.

The station fly moved off at a brisk trot. Cousin Benjamin leaned forward with his hat raised. Renton's mother watched him drive away until the curve of the roadway hid the fly from view. Then she turned and went back into the empty house. From the window of the sitting-room where she often sat to sew, she could see the new-made grave. At her wish they had made it there, just at the foot of the lawn, where she could watch of it.

THE COST OF MODERN SENTIMENT

BY AGNES REPLIER

WE are rising on the crest of a great wave of sentiment, rising swiftly, strongly, and without fear. When the wave breaks, we may find ourselves submerged and in some danger of drowning; but for the present we are full of hope and high resolve. Thirty years ago we stood in shallow water, and mocked a little at the mid-Victorian sentiment, then ebbing with the tide. We have nothing now in common with that fine, thin conception of life and its responsibilities. We do not prate about duty and domesticity. Humanity is our theme. We do not feel that fastidious distaste for repulsive details which made our grandparents culpably negligent. All knowledge, apart from its quality, and apart from our requirements, now seems to us desirable. Taste is no longer a controlling force. We in no wise resemble the sentimentalists of Germany, who played with personal emotions, who found expression in music and in literature, who debauched their intellects with wild imaginings, treating love as a whirlwind, and suicide as an inspiration; but who left us out of that mad chaos some grace of human understanding. Our beliefs and our aspirations are more closely akin to the great enthusiasms which swept France before the Revolution: enthusiasms nobly born, and profoundly unballasted, which promised unity, and which gave confusion, which sought practical outlets, and which fell, shattered by currents they could not control.

The sentiment of to-day is social
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and philanthropic. It has no affiliations with art, which stands apart from it,—a new experience for the world. It dominates periodical literature, minor verse, and serious fiction; but it has so far given nothing of permanent value to letters. It is strong politically, and is echoed from all party platforms. It is sure of a hearing, and it is held too sacred for assault. It is a force to be reckoned with, and to be controlled. It is capable of raising us to a better and clearer vision, or of weakening our judgment, and shattering our common sense. If we value our safety, we must forever bear in mind that sentiment is a subjective and a personal thing. However exalted, and however ardent, it cannot be accepted as a weight for justice, or as a test of truth.

The three issues with which our modern sentiment chiefly concerns itself are the progress of women, the conditions of labor, and the social evil. Sometimes these issues are commingled. Always they have a bearing upon one another. There is also a distinct and perilous tendency toward sentiment in matters political and judicial; while an excess of emotionalism is the stumbling-block of those noble societies which work for the protection of animals. As a single example of this last unfortunate proclivity, I quote a paragraph copied from one of Mrs. Annie Besant's wild rhapsodies, which I found offered as a serious argument in the accredited journal of an American philanthropic society.

'The killing of animals in order to

devour their flesh is so obviously an outrage on all humane feelings, that one feels almost ashamed to mention it in a paper that is regarding man as a director of evolution. If any one who eats flesh could be taken to the shambles, to watch the agonized struggles of the terrified victims as they are dragged to the spot where knife or mallet slays them; if he could be made to stand with the odors of the blood reeking in his nostrils; if there his astral vision could be opened so that he might see the filthy creatures that flock round to feast on the loathsome exhalations, and see also the fear and horror of the slaughtered beasts as they arrive in the astral world, and send back thence currents of dread and hatred that flow between men and animals in constantly re-fed streams; if a man could pass through these experiences, he would be cured of meat-eating forever.'

Now when one has belonged for many years to the society which reprinted this precious paragraph, when one has believed all one's life that to be sentient is to possess rights, and that, not kindness only, but justice to the brute creation is an essential element of decent living, it is hard to be confronted with unutterable nonsense about astral visions and astral currents. It is harder still to be held indirectly responsible for the publication of such nonsense, and to entertain for the thousandth time the weary conviction that common sense is not a determining factor in philanthropy.

Mr. Chesterton, upon whom the delight of startling his readers never seems to pall, has declared that men are more sentimental than women, 'whose only fault is their excessive sense.' Also that the apparent absorption of the modern world in social service is not the comprehensive thing it seems. The general public still re-

mains indifferent. This may or may not be true. It is as hard for Mr. Chesterton as for the rest of us to know much about that remnant of the public which is not writing, or lecturing, or collecting data, or collecting funds, or working for clubs and societies. But no one can say that the social reformer is the slighted creature that he was half a century ago. He meets with the most distinguished consideration, and he is always accorded the first hearing in print and on the platform. He commands our respect when he deals soberly with sober facts in sober language, when his conclusions are just, his statements irrefutable. He is less praiseworthy when he flies to fiction, an agreeable but unconvincing medium; or to verse, which, as the theologian said of *Paradise Lost*, 'proves nothing.' It is very good verse sometimes, and its grace of sentiment, its note of appeal, find an easy echo in the reader's heart. A little poem called 'The Factories,' published in *McClure's Magazine* for September, 1912, gives an almost perfect example of the modern point of view, of the emotional treatment of an economic question, and of the mental confusion which arises from the substitution of sympathy for exactness.

I have shut my little sister in from life and light
(For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath across
my hair),

I have made her restless feet still until the night,
Locked from sweets of summer, and from
wild spring air:

I who ranged the meadow-lands, free from sun
to sun,
Free to sing, and pull the buds, and watch the
far wings fly,

I have bound my sister till her playing-time is
done,—
Oh, my little sister, was it I? — was it I?

I have robbed my sister of her day of maiden-
hood
(For a robe, for a feather, for a trinket's rest-
less spark),

Shut from Love till dusk shall fall, how shall she
know good,

How shall she pass scatheless through the sin-lit dark?
 I who could be innocent, I who could be gay,
 I who could have love and mirth before the light went by,
 I have put my sister in her mating-time away,—
 Sister, my young sister, was it I? — was it I?

I have robbed my sister of the lips against her breast
 (For a coin, for the weaving of my children's lace and lawn),
 Feet that pace beside the loom, hands that cannot rest:
 How can she know motherhood, whose strength is gone?
 I who took no heed of her, starved and labor-worn,
 I against whose placid heart my sleepy gold-heads lie,
 Round my path they cry to me, little souls unborn —
 God of Life — Creator! It was I! It was I.

Now if by 'I' is meant the average woman who wears the 'robe,' the 'ribbon,' the 'feather,' and possibly — though rarely — the 'wreath across my hair,' 'I' must protest distinctly against assuming a guilt which is none of mine. I have not shut my little sister in a factory, any more than I have ranged the meadow-lands, 'free from sun to sun.' What I probably am doing is trying to persuade my sister to cook my dinner, and sweep my house, and help me to take care of my 'gold-heads,' who are not always so sleepy as I could desire. If my sister declines to do this at a wage equal to her factory earnings, and with board and lodging included, she is well within her rights, and I have no business, as is sometimes my habit, weakly to complain of her decision. If I made my household arrangements acceptable to her, she would come. As this is difficult or distasteful to me, she goes to a factory instead. The right of every man and woman to do the work he or she chooses to do, and can do, at what wages, and under what conditions he or she can command, is the fruit of

centuries of struggle. It is now so well established that only the trade unions venture to deny it.

In that vivid and sad study of New York factory life, published by the Century Company a dozen years ago, under the title of *The Long Day*, a girl who is out of work, and who has lost her few possessions in a lodging-house fire, seeks counsel of a wealthy stranger who has befriended her.

'The lady looked at me a moment out of fine, clear eyes.

"You would not go into service, I suppose?" she asked slowly.

'I had never thought of such an alternative before, but I met it without a moment's hesitation. "No, I would not care to go into service," I replied; and, as I did so, the lady's face showed mingled disappointment and disgust.'

"That is too bad," she answered, "for, in that case, I'm afraid I can do nothing for you." And she went out of the room, leaving me, I must confess, not sorry for having thus bluntly decided against wearing the definite badge of servitude.'

Here at least is a refreshingly plain statement of facts. The girl in question bore the servitude imposed upon her by the foremen of half a dozen factories; she slept for many months in quarters which no domestic servant would consent to occupy; she ate food which no servant would be asked to eat; she associated with young women whom no servant would accept as equals and companions. But, as she had voluntarily relinquished comfort, protection, and the grace of human relations between employer and employed, she accepted her chosen conditions, and tried successfully to better them along her chosen lines. The reader is made to understand that it was as unreasonable for the benevolent lady — who had visions of a trim and white-

capped parlor-maid dancing before her eyes — to show ‘disappointment and disgust’ because her overtures were rejected, as it would have been to charge the same lady with robbing the girl of her ‘day of maidenhood,’ and her ‘little souls unborn,’ by shutting her up in a factory. If we will blow our minds clear of generous illusions, we shall understand that an emotional verdict has no validity when offered as a criterion of facts.

The excess of sentiment, which is misleading in philanthropy and economics, grows acutely dangerous when it interferes with legislation, or with the ordinary rulings of morality. The substitution of a sentimental principle of authority for the impersonal processes of law confuses our understanding, and undermines our sense of justice. It is a painful truth that most laws have had their origin in a profound mistrust of human nature (even Mr. Olney admits that the Constitution, although framed in the interests of freedom, is not strictly altruistic); but the time is hardly ripe for brushing aside this ungenerous mistrust, and establishing the social order on a basis of pure enthusiasm. The reformers who light-heartedly announce that people are ‘tired of the old Constitution anyway,’ voice the buoyant creed of ignorance. I heard last winter a popular lecturer say of a popular idol that he ‘preferred making precedents to following them,’ and the remark evoked a storm of applause. It was plain that the audience considered following a precedent to be a timorous and unworthy thing for a strong man to do; and it was equally plain that nobody had given the matter the benefit of a serious thought. Believers in political faith-healing enjoy a supreme immunity from doubt.

This growing contempt for paltry but not unuseful restrictions, this excess

of sentiment, combined with paucity of humor and a melodramatic attitude toward crime, has had some discouraging results. It is ill putting the strong man, or the avenging angel, or the sinned-against woman above the law, which is a sacred trust for the preservation of life and liberty. It is ill so to soften our hearts with a psychological interest in the law-breaker that no criminal is safe from popularity. More than a year ago the *Nation* commented grimly on the message sent to the public by a murderer, and a singularly cold-blooded murderer, through the minister who attended him on the scaffold. ‘Mr. Beattie desired to thank his many friends for kind letters and expressions of interest, and the public for whatever sympathy was felt or expressed.’

It sounds like a cabinet minister who has lost an honored and beloved wife; not like a murderer who lured his wife to a lonely spot, and there pitilessly killed her. One fails to see why ‘kind letters’ and ‘expressions of interest’ should have poured in upon this malefactor, just as one fails to see why a young woman who shot her lover, a few months later, in Columbus, Ohio, should have received an ovation in the court-room. It was not even her first lover (it seldom is); but when a gallant jury had acquitted her of all blame in the trifling matter of manslaughter, ‘the crowd shouted its approval,’ ‘scores of women spectators rushed up to her, and insisted upon kissing her,’ and an intrepid suitor, stimulated by circumstances which might have daunted a less venturesome man, announced his intention of marrying the heroine on the spot. It must be a mighty rebound from the old callous cruelty, — the heart-sickening cruelty of the eighteenth century, — which has made us so tender to criminals, and so lenient to their derelictions.

Imprisonment alone is not
A thing of which we would complain,
Add ill-convenience to our lot,
But do not give the convick pain.

Sentiment has been defined as a revolt from the despotism of facts. It is often a revolt from authority, which to the sentimentalist seems forever despotic; and this revolt, or rather this easy disregard of authority, is fatal to the noblest efforts of the humanitarian. The women of position and wealth who, three years ago, threw the weight of their sympathy into the cause of the striking shirtwaist makers were all well-intentioned, but not all well-advised. In so far as they upheld the strikers in what were, on the whole, just and reasonable demands, they did good work; and the substantial aid they gave was sweetened by the spirit in which it was given, — the sense of fellow feeling with their kind. But there is also no doubt that one of the lessons taught at this time to our foreign-born population was that the laws of our country may be disregarded with impunity. The rioters who attacked the ‘scabs,’ and were arrested for disorderly conduct, were immediately and enthusiastically released, to become the heroines of the hour. When I remonstrated with a friend who had given bail for a dozen of these young law-breakers, she answered reproachfully, ‘But they are so ignorant and helpless. There were two poor bewildered girls in court yesterday who did not know enough English to understand the charge made against them. You could not conceive of anything more pathetic.’

I said that a young woman who bowled over another young woman into the gutter understood perfectly the charge made against her, whether she spoke English or not. One does not have to study French or Spanish to know that one may not knock down

a Frenchman or a Spaniard. No civilized country permits this robust line of argument. But reason is powerless when sentiment takes the helm. It would be as easy to argue with a conflagration as with unbalanced zeal. The amazing violence of the English militant suffragists, a violence at once puerile and malicious, like the rioting of bad children, affords the liveliest possible example of untrammeled emotionalism. A rudimentary sense of humor would prevent such absurdities, a rudimentary sense of proportion would forbid such crimes. Michelet defined woman as a creature always feeble and often furious; but although, individually, her feebleness may cost her dear, collectively, she loses only through her fury. The vision of a good cause debauched by hysteria is familiar to all students of history; but it is no less melancholy for being both recognizable and ridiculous.

Perhaps a moderate knowledge of history — which, though discouraging, is also enlightening — might prove serviceable to all the enthusiasts who are engaged in making over the world. So many of them (in this country at least) talk and write as if nothing in particular had happened between the Deluge and the Civil War. A lady lecturer, very prominent in social work, made last year the gratifying announcement that ‘the greatest discovery of the nineteenth century is woman’s discovery of herself. It is only within the last fifty years that it has come to be realized that a woman is human, and has a right to think and act for herself.’

Now, after all, the past cannot be a closed page, even to one so exclusively concerned with the present. A little less lecturing, a little more reading, and such baseless generalizations would be impossible, even on that stronghold of ignorance, the platform. If women failed to discover themselves a hundred

or a hundred and fifty years ago, it was because they had never been lost; it was because their important activities left them no leisure for self-contemplation. Yet Miss Jane Addams, who has toiled so long and so nobly for the bettering of social conditions, and whose work lends weight to her words, displays in *A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil* the same placid indifference to all that history has to tell. What can we say or think when confronted by such an astounding passage as this?

'Formerly all that the best woman possessed was a negative chastity, which had been carefully guarded by her parents and duennas. The chastity of the modern woman of self-directed activity and of a varied circle of interests, which give her an acquaintance with many men as well as women, has therefore a new value and importance in the establishment of social standards.'

'Negative chastity!' 'Parents and duennas!' Was there ever such a maiden outlook upon life! It was the chastity of the married woman upon which rested the security of the civilized world; — that chastity which all men prized, and most men assailed, which was preserved in the midst of temptations unknown in our decorous age, and held inviolate by women whose 'acquaintance with many men' was at least as intimate and potent as anything experienced to-day. Committees and congresses are not the only meeting-grounds for the sexes. 'Remember,' says M. Taine, writing of a time which was not so long ago that it need be forgotten, 'remember that during all these years women were paramount. They set the social tone, led society, and thereby guided public opinion. When they appeared in the vanguard of political progress, we may be sure that the men were following.'

We might be sure of the same thing

to-day, were it not for the tendency of the modern woman to sever her rights and wrongs from the rights and wrongs of men; thereby resembling the disputant who, being content to receive half the severed baby, was adjudged by the wise Solomon to be unworthy of any baby at all. Half a baby is every whit as valuable as the half-measure of reform which fails to take into impartial consideration the inseparable claims of men and women. Even in that most vital of all reforms, the crusade against social evils, the welfare of both sexes unifies the subject. Here again we are swayed by our anger at the indifference of an earlier generation, at the hard and healthy attitude of men like Huxley, who had not imagination enough to identify the possible saint with the certain sinner, and who habitually confined their labors to fields which promised sure results. 'In my judgment,' wrote Huxley, 'a domestic servant, who is perhaps giving half her wages to support her old parents, is more worthy of help than half a dozen Magdalens.'

If we are forced to choose between them, — yes. But our respect for the servant's self-respecting life, with its decent restraints and its purely normal activities, need not necessarily harden our hearts against the women whom Mr. Huxley called Magdalens, nor against those whom we luridly designate as 'white slaves.' No work under heaven is more imperative than the rescue of young and innocent girls; no crime is more dastardly than the sale of their youth and innocence; no charity is greater than that which lifts the sinner from her sin. But the fact that we habitually apply the term 'white slave' to the willful prostitute as well as to the entrapped child, shows that a powerful and popular sentiment is absolved from the shackles of accuracy. Also that this absolution confuses the minds of men. The sentimental

pities the prostitute as a victim, the sociologist abhors her as a menace. The sentimentalist conceives that men prey, and women are preyed upon; the sociologist, aware that evil men and women prey upon one another ceaselessly and ravenously, has no measure of tenderness for either. The sentimentalist clings tenaciously to the association of youth with innocence; the sociologist knows that even the age-limit which the law fixes as a boundary-line of innocence has no corresponding restriction in fact. It is inconceivable that so many books and pamphlets dealing with this subject — books and pamphlets now to be found on every library shelf, and in the hands of young and old — should dare to ignore the balance of depravity, the swaying of the pendulum of vice.

It was thought and said a few years ago that the substitution of organized charities for the somewhat haphazard benevolence of our youth would eliminate sentiment, just as it eliminated human and personal relations with the poor. It was thought and said that the steady advance of women in commercial and civic life would correct the sentimental bias which only Mr. Chesterton has failed to observe in our sex. No one who reads books, or listens to speeches, or indulges in the pleasures of conversation, can any longer cherish these illusions. No one can fail to see that sentiment is the motor-power which drives us to intemperate words and actions, which weakens our judgment, and destroys our sense of proportion. The current phraseology, the current criticisms, the current enthusiasms of the day, all betray an excess of emotionalism. I pick up a table of statistics, furnishing economic data, and this is what I read. 'Case 3. Two children under five. Mother shortly expecting the supreme trial of womanhood.' That is the way to write stories

and, possibly, sermons; but it is not the way to write reports. I pick up a newspaper, and learn that an English gentleman has made the interesting announcement that he is a reincarnation of one of the Pharaohs, and that an attentive and credulous band of disciples are gathering wisdom from his lips. I pick up a very serious and very well-written book on the Brontë sisters, and am told that if I would 'touch the very heart of the mystery that was Charlotte Brontë' (I had never been aware that there was anything mysterious about this famous lady), I will find it — save the mark! — in her passionate love for children.

'We are face to face here, not with a want, but with an abyss, depth beyond depth of tenderness, and longing, and frustration; with a passion that found no clear voice in her works, because it was one with the elemental nature in her, undefined, unuttered, unutterable!'

It was certainly unuttered. It was not even hinted at in Miss Brontë's novels, nor in her voluminous correspondence. Her attitude toward children — so far as it found expression — was the arid but pardonable attitude of one who had been their reluctant caretaker and teacher. If, as we are now told, 'there were moments when it was pain for Charlotte to see the children born of and possessed by other women,' there were certainly hours — so much she makes clear to us — in which the business of looking after them wearied her beyond her powers of endurance. It is true that Miss Brontë said a few, a very few, friendly words about these little people. She did not, like Swift, propose that babies should be cooked and eaten. But this temperate regard, this restricted benevolence, gives us no excuse for wallowing in sentiment at her expense.

'If some virtues are new, all vices

are old.' We can reckon the cost of misdirected emotions by the price paid for them in the past. We know the full significance of that exaggerated sympathy which grows hysterical over animals it should try in soberness to save; which accuses the consumer of strange cruelties to the producer; which condones law-breaking, and exempts a 'cause' from all restraints of decency; which confuses moral issues, ignores experience, and insults the intelligence of mankind.

The reformer whose heart is in the right place, but whose head is elsewhere, represents a waste of force; and we cannot afford any waste in the conservation of honor and goodness. We cannot even afford errors of taste and of judgment. The business of leading lives morally worthy of men is neither simple, nor easy, nor new. And there are moments when, with the ageing Fontenelle, we sigh and say, 'I am beginning to see things as they are. It is surely time for me to die.'

THE SILVER RIVER

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

FAREWELL, I said, sweet meadow-grass;
Farewell, I let the light wind pass;
I watch the shadows, one by one;
Farewell, thou gold slow-setting sun.

I go within and fold my hands.
Oh, wondrous are the day's bright lands
And evening's robe of roseate hem,
But dearer now my dreams of them.

The stars I know creep to the sky;
The moon will soon be swimming high;
O light-filled pools and silver streams!
O silver river of my dreams!

INSECTS AND GREEK POETRY

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

[The English-speaking world that knows of Lafcadio Hearn as the subtlest interpreter of the life and thought of Japan is less familiar with the important work done by Hearn in conveying to his Japanese students the spirit of the West. His method always was to select for discussion with his classes in English literature those topics and subjects on the surface least alien from the Japanese mind, and thus by a delicate initiation to lead the class to a better comprehension of Western ways of thought and feeling. In the Appendix to the official *Life and Letters of Hearn* was printed an excellent illustration of his method, a lecture on 'Naked Poetry.' Here, by the close examination of certain poems by William Allingham, Kingsley, and the exquisite French lyric beginning,

La vie est vain,
Un peu d'amour,

— poems almost Japanese in their compelling simplicity,—he proceeded by suggestive parallels and nice distinctions to give his students an insight into the essential nature of European poetry. A still better example of the tact of his method and the charm of his manner is to be found in the lecture on 'Insects and Greek Poetry,' which is here printed from his manuscript. The Japanese habit of keeping musical insects had deeply impressed Hearn's imagination, and had been the subject of one of his best-known essays, 'Insect Musicians,' which is printed in his *Exotics and Retrospectives*. To his richly stored mind, this custom recalled the numerous references to the singing of insects in the Greek Anthology, and suggested a fresh means of opening Japanese minds to Western imagery. The result was this charming and illuminating lecture.—THE EDITORS.]

THE subject which I have chosen for to-day's lecture might seem to you rather remote from the topic of English literature, at least, from the topic of English literature as taught in Japan. Here the Chinese language represents, in your long course of studies, what Greek and Latin represent to the English student. But in England, or in any advanced European country, the subject would not be remote from the study of the native literature, because that is carried on from first to last upon a classical foundation. Any good Greek scholar knows something about the Greek poetry on the subject of insects, and knows how to use that poetry in compositions of his own; so I think that this departure from our routine work is quite justified, and I believe

that you will find the subject interesting.

Last year, when lecturing about Keats's poems, I remarked to you that he was one of the very few English poets who wrote about singing insects—I refer, of course, to his poem on the cricket. Most modern European poetry is barren on the subject of crickets, cicadae, and insects generally—with the exception of butterflies and bees. Tennyson, indeed, has given attention to dragon flies and other insects. But, as a rule, it is not to European poetry of modern times that we can look for anything of an interesting kind in regard to musical insects. We must go back to the old Greek civilization for that. You know that the old Greeks were endowed far beyond any modern

races of the West: their literature, their arts, their conception of life, have never been equaled in later times, and probably will not be equaled again for thousands of years. And it should be interesting to the Japanese student of literature to know that his own people accord with the old Greeks in their appreciation of insect music as one of the great charms of country life.

Most of the Greek poems about insects are to be found in what is called the Greek Anthology. Besides the distinct works of great authors which have come down to us, there have been preserved collections of very short poems — collections which were made by the Greek, themselves, or by Greek scholars of a later day, many centuries ago. None of these collections are complete: a great deal has been lost — to the eternal regret of all lovers of poetry. But those that we have represent an immense variety of little poems upon an immense variety of subjects; and among these are a number of poems about insects. To-day I want to quote some of these to you, in an English prose translation. There are many poetical translations, also; but no modern poet can reproduce the real charm of the Greek verse. Therefore it is just as well that we should read only the plain prose.

The greater number of these poems are between two thousand and twenty-five hundred years old. Some of them were composed in cities that no longer exist; some of them were written by persons whose names have been lost forever; this makes them all the more precious. They show us how very much like modern human nature was the human nature of those vanished people. And they show us also that there were many points of resemblance in the old Greek and in the Japanese character.

It is possible that the Greeks used

to keep insects in cages, for the pleasure of hearing them sing. We have in the first Idyl of Theocritus a description of a boy taking charge of a vineyard to protect the grapes from the foxes, and occupying his time by 'plaiting a pretty locust-cage with stalks of asphodel, and fitting it with reeds.' Also we have in one of the poems of Meleager a reference to the feeding of crickets with leeks cut up very small — which would seem to show that the experience of Greeks and Japanese in the feeding of certain kinds of insects was much the same. A leek, you know, is a kind of small onion, and the soft inner part of a similar plant is used in Tokyo to-day by insect-feeders.

The poems refer principally to cicadæ, musical grasshoppers, and some kinds of night crickets, and these three classes of musical insects correspond tolerably well to three classes of Japanese musical insects. But whereas, in Japan, the sound made by the semi is considered to be too loud in most cases to be musical, it is especially the cicada that is celebrated in the Greek poem. This fact would not, however, indicate a real difference in the musical taste of the two races; it would rather indicate a difference in the species of the insect. Probably the Greek semi were much less noisy than their relations in the Far East. But, at the same time, perhaps most beautiful of all the Greek poems about insects is a poem about a night cricket. It is attributed to Meleager — one of the sweetest singers of the later Greek literature.

'O thou cricket that cheatest me of my regrets, the soother of slumber; — O thou cricket that art the muse of ploughed fields, and art with shrill wings the self-formed imitation of the lyre, chirrup me something pleasant, while beating thy vocal wings with thy feet. How I wish, O cricket, that thou wouldest release me from the troubles

of much sleepless care, weaving the thread of a voice that causes love to wander away! And I will give thee for morning gifts a leek ever fresh, and drops of dew, cut up small for thy mouth.'

The great beauty of this little piece is in the line about 'weaving the thread of a voice that causes love to wander away'; listening to the charm of the insect's song at night, the poet is able to forget his troubles. The expression, 'thread of a voice,' exquisitely represents what we would call to-day the *thin* quality of the little creature's song. It is also evident that the Greeks observed such insects very closely and noticed how their music was made. The cricket is correctly described as striking its wings with its feet. But in the cicada the stridulatory organ is not in the wings but in the breast; and the old poets observed this fact also.

It would also appear that Greek children kept insects as pets, and made little graves for them when they died, just as one sees Japanese children doing to-day. Here is a little poem twenty-six hundred years old, written by a Greek girl of Sicily, a poetess named Anyte. It is the epitaph of a locust and a tettix — by which word we may understand cicada. 'For a locust, the nightingale amongst ploughed fields, and for the tettix, whose bed is in the oak, did Myro make a common tomb, after the damsel had dropped a maiden tear; for Hades, hard to be persuaded, had gone away, taking with her two playthings.'

How freshly do the tears of this little girl still shine to-day, after the passing of twenty-six hundred years! There is another poem on the very same subject, by a later poet, in the Anthology, — also celebrating the grief of Myro.

'For a locust and a tettix has Myro placed this monument, after throwing upon both a little dust with her hands,

and weeping affectionately at the funeral pyre; for Hades had carried off the male songster, and Proserpine the other.'

But if little girls in old Greece were so tender-hearted as this, I am sorry to tell you that little boys were not. They caught cicadæ much as little boys in Tokyo to-day catch semi, and they were not very merciful, if we can judge from the following poem, intended to represent the death-song of a cicada:

'No longer shall I delight myself by singing out the song from my quick-moving wings; for I have fallen into the savage hand of a boy, who seized me unexpectedly, as I was sitting under the green leaves.'

You must know that the cicada received religious respect in some parts of Greece; it was believed to be the favorite insect of the goddess of Wisdom, and it was often represented in statues of the goddess. I do not mean that the Greeks worshiped it, but they had many religious traditions concerning it. At one time the Athenian women used to wear cicadæ of gold in their hair; and this ornament was afterwards adopted by Roman ladies. As for the merits of the insect we have a very curious little poem in which it is celebrated as a favorite of the gods: 'We deem thee happy, O cicada, because, having drunk like a king a little dew, thou dost chirrup on the tops of trees. For all those things are thine that thou seest in the fields, and whatever the seasons produce. Yet thou art a friend of land-tillers, to no one doing any harm. Thou art held in honor by mortals as the pleasant harbinger of song. The muses love thee. Phœbus himself loves thee and has gifted thee with a shrill song, and old age does not wear thee down. O thou clever one, — earth-born, song-loving, without suffering, having flesh without blood,— thou art nearly equal to the gods.'

Another poet speaks more definitely about the relation of the insect to the goddess of Wisdom — putting his words into the mouth of the insect. ‘Not only sitting upon lofty trees do I know how to sing, warmed with the great heat of summer, an unpaid minstrel to wayfaring man, and sipping the vapor of dew, that is like woman’s milk. But even upon the spear of Athene, with her beautiful helmet, will you see me, the tettix, seated. For as much as we are loved by the Muses, so much is Athene by us. For the virgin has established a prize for melody.’

Meleager also celebrates the tettix:

‘Thou vocal tettix, drunk with drops of dew, thou singest the muse that lives in the country, thou dost prattle in the desert, and sitting with thy serrated limbs on the tops of petals, thou givest out the melody of the lyre with thy dusky skin! Come thou, O friend, and speak some new playful thing to the wood nymphs, and chirrup a strain responsive to Pan, in order that, after flying from love, I may find mid-day sleep here, reclining under a shady plane tree.’

But the most remarkable poem about a cicada in the whole Greek collection is a little piece twenty-three hundred years old, attributed to the poet Evenus. It was written upon the occasion of seeing a nightingale catching a cicada. Evenus calls the nightingale, ‘Attic maiden,’ because in Greek mythology the nightingale was a daughter of an ancient king of Attica; her name was Philomela, and she was turned into a bird by the gods out of pity for her great sorrow.

This is the poem: —

‘Thou, Attic maiden, honey-fed, hast chirping seized a chirping cicada, and bearest it to thy unfledged young — thou, a twitterer, the twitterer; thou, the winged, the well-winged; thou, a stranger, the stranger; thou, a sum-

mer child, the summer child! Wilt thou not quickly throw it away? For it is not right, it is not just, that those engaged in song should perish by the mouths of those engaged in song!’

This poem has been put into English verse by several hands. Most of the verse translations are very disappointing; but in this case one translation happens to be tolerably good, so that we may quote it: —

Honey-nurtured Attic maiden,
Wherefore to thy brood dost wing
With the shrill cicada laden?
'T is, like thee, a Prattling thing,
'T is a sojourner and stranger,
And a summer child, like thee.
'T is, like thee, a winged ranger
Of the air's immensity.
From thy bill this instant fling her, —
'T is not proper, just, or good,
That a little ballad-singer
Should be killed for singer's food.

Another ancient poem represents the insect caught in a spider’s web and crying there until the poet himself came to the rescue.

‘A spider, having woven its thin web with its slim feet, caught a tettix hampered in the intricate net. I did not, however, on seeing the young thing that loves music, run by it, while [it was] making a lament in the thin fetters, but, freeing it from the net, I relieved it, and spoke to it thus, “Be free, thou who singest with a musical voice!”’

Like the poets of the Far East, the Greek singers especially celebrated the harmlessness of the cicada. We have already had one example in the poem beginning, ‘We deem you happy,’ etc., by the great poet Anacreon. Here is another very old composition, of which the authorship is not known.

‘Why, O Shepherds, do ye drag, by a shameless captivity, from dewy boughs, me a cicada, the lover of solitude, the roadside songster of the nymphs, chirping shrilly in mid-day heat on the

mountains and in the shady groves. Behold the thrush and the blackbird — behold how many starlings are plunderers of the fields! It is right to take the destroyers of fruits. Kill them. What grudging is there of leaves and grassy dew?

Occasionally, too, we find the Greek poet, like the Japanese, compassionating the insects of autumn, and lamenting for their death. The following example is said to have been composed by an ancient writer called Mnasolcas:

'No more with wings shrill sounding
shalt thou sing, O locust, along the
fertile furrows settling; nor me reclining
under shady foliage shalt thou
delight, striking, with dusky wings, a
pleasant melody!'

By the word locust here is probably meant a kind of musical grasshopper — of the same class as those insects which are so common in this country. In England and in America the word locust commonly refers to an insect frequenting trees rather than grass.

We may now attempt a few remarks upon the social signification of this old Greek poetry, and its charming suggestion of refined sensibility and kindness.

You will not find Roman poets writing about insects — at least not until a very late day, and then only in imitation of the Greeks. This little fact, insignificant as it may seem, serves us as an illustration of the vast difference in the character of the two races. Grand in many respects the Romans were — splendid soldiers, matchless architects, excellent rulers. They had all the qualities of power and foresight, and executive ability. But at no time did they ever reach the standard of old Greek refinement, — not even after they had been studying Greek literature and philosophy for hundreds of years. Something of the savage and the ferocious always remained in Roman

character, which finally developed into the most monstrous forms of cruelty that the world has ever known, the cruelty of an age when the greatest pleasure of life was the spectacle of death.

On the other hand, even in the times of their degradation under Roman rule, the Greeks could not be coldly cruel. They resisted the introduction of the Roman games into their civilization; they opposed, whenever it was possible, the sentiment of humanity and pity to gladiatorial shows. A people who enjoyed seeing men killing each other for sport could not have written poems about insects. And a people that wrote poems about insects could not find pleasure in cruelty.

Indeed, I think that the capacity to enjoy the music of insects and all that it signifies in the great poem of nature tells very plainly of goodness of heart, aesthetic sensibility, a perfectly healthy state of mind. All this the Greeks certainly had. What most impresses us in the tone of their literature, in the feeling of their art, in the charm of their conception of life, is the great joyousness of the Greek nature, — a joyousness fresh as that of a child, — combined with a power of deep thinking, in which it had no rival. Those old Greeks, though happy as children and as kindly, were very great philosophers, to whom we go for instruction even at this day. What the world now most feels in need of is the return of that old Greek spirit of happiness and of kindness. We can think deeply enough; but all our thinking only serves, it would seem, to darken our lives instead of brightening them.

Now, as I have said before, there was very much in the old Greek life that resembled the old Japanese life; and there was certainly in old Japan a certain joyousness and gentleness for which the Western World can show no

parallel in modern times. We should have to go back to the Greek times for that. Were some great classic scholar, perfectly familiar with the manners and customs of this country, to make a literary study of the parallel between Greek and Japanese life and thought, I am sure that the result would be as surprising as it would be charming. Although the two religions present great differences, the religious spirit offers a great many extraordinary resemblances. It was not only in writing about insects that the Greek poets came close to the Japanese poets: they came close to them also in thousands of little touches of an emotional kind, referring to the gods, the fate of man, the pleasure of festival days, those sorrows of existence also which have been the same in all ages of humanity. I wonder if you remember a little poem in the *Man yo shu*, attributed to a Japanese poet named Okura, in which, lamenting the death of his little son, he begs that the porter of the underworld will carry the little ghost upon his shoulder because the boy is too little to walk so far. Is it not strange to find a Greek poet writing the very same thing thousands of years ago? The Greek poet was called Zonas of Sardis by some writers, by others he was called Diodorus, — his poem is addressed to the boatman who ferries the souls of men over the river of death.

'Do thou, who rowest the boat of the dead in the water of this lake full of reeds, for Hades, having a painful task to do, stretch out, dark Charon, thy hand to the son of Cinyrus, as he mounts on the ladder by the gangway, and receive him. *For his sandals will cause the lad to slip, and he fears to put his feet, naked, on the sands of the shore.*'

Again, just as it is the custom for little Japanese girls to make offerings of their dolls and toys to some divinity, in various parts of the country, so we

find little Greek poems written to celebrate the doing of the same thing by Greek girls, ages before any modern European language had taken shape. The poet says in one of these, 'Timarete has offered up her tambourine and her ball and her doll and her doll's dresses to thee, goddess, and do thou, O goddess, place thy hand over the girl and preserve her who thus devotes herself unto thee.'

Hundreds of examples of this kind might be quoted. I mention them only by way of suggestion.

At the beginning of this lecture I remarked to you on the absence of poems about insects in the modern literature of the West. Of course, such absence means that the Western people have not yet perceived, much less understood, certain very beautiful sides of nature,—in spite of their study of the Greek poets. There may be reasons for this of another kind than you might at first suppose. It would not be just to say that Western people are deficient in æsthetic and ethical sensibility,—though they have not yet reached the Greek standard in that respect. It is not want of feeling; it is rather, I think, inability to consider nature in the largest and best way, because of the restraints that the Christian religion long placed upon Western thought. Christianity gave souls only to men,—not to animals or to insects. Familiarity with animals, however, compels men to recognize animal intelligence even while not daring to contradict the opinion of the Church.

Familiarity with insects, however, could not be obtained in the same way, nor have the like result. Even when men could recognize the spirit of a horse or the affectionate intelligence of a dog, they would still, under the influence of the old teaching, think only of insects as automata. In modern times, science has taught them better;

but I am speaking of popular opinion. On the other hand, the philosophy of the Far East, teaching the unity of all life, would impel men to interest themselves in all living creatures,— just as did the Greek teaching that all forms of life had souls. One thing certainly strikes me as being very

interesting. The few modern writers, in France and in England, who write about insect music, are men troubled by the mystery of the universe — men who have faced the great problems of oriental thought, and whose ears are therefore open to all the whispers of nature.

TURKISH PICTURES

BY H. G. DWIGHT

I

SAN STEFANO

It is strange how San Stefano, in spite of herself,— like some light little person involuntarily caught into a tragedy,— seems fated to be historic. San Stefano is a suburb, on the flat northwestern shore of the Marmora, that tries perseveringly to be European and gay. San Stefano has straight streets. San Stefano has not very serious-looking houses standing in not very interesting-looking gardens. San Stefano has a yacht club whose members, possessing no yachts, spend most of their time dancing and playing bridge. And a company recently bought land and planted groves on the edge of San Stefano, with the idea of making a little Monte Carlo in the Marmora. Whether San Stefano was trying to be worldly and light-minded as long ago as 1203, when Enrico Dandolo, Doge of Venice, stopped there with the men of the Fourth Crusade, I cannot say — nor does Villehardouin. But the Russians camped there in 1878,

under circumstances of great bitterness for the masters of San Stefano. In 1909, the events which preceded the fall of Abdul Hamid turned the yacht club for a moment into the parliament of the empire, and the town into an armed camp. Turned into an armed camp again at the outbreak of the Balkan War, San Stefano soon became a camp of a more dreadful kind.

I did not see San Stefano, myself, at the moment of its greatest horror. When I did go there, one cold gray autumn morning, it was rather unwillingly, feeling myself a little heroic, at all events wanting not to seem too unheroic in the eyes of the war correspondent who invited me to go. I did not know then, in my ignorance, that cholera can be caught only through the digestive tract. And my imagination was still full of the grisly stories the war correspondent had brought back from his first visit.

There was nothing too grisly to be seen, however, as we landed at the pier. Chiefly to be seen were soldiers, coated and hooded in gray as usual, who were transferring supplies of different kinds

from some small ships to the backs of some smaller pack-animals. The correspondent accordingly took out his camera. But he pretended to focus it on me, knowing the susceptibility of the Turks in the matter of photography—a susceptibility which has been aggravated by the war. Seeing that the men were interested rather than displeased at his operations, he went about posing a group of them. Unfortunately, an enterprising young police sergeant appeared at that moment. He took the trouble to explain to us at length that to photograph soldiers like that, at the pier, with hay on their clothes and their caps on one side, was forbidden. People would say, when we showed the photographs in our country, 'Ha! That is a Turkish soldier!' and get a wrong impression of him. The impression I got was of his size and good looks, together with a mildness amounting to languor. I don't know whether those men had been through the two great battles or whether the pest-house air of the place depressed them. A Greek who witnessed our discomfiture came up and told us in French of a good photograph we could take, unmolested by the police, a little way out of the village, where a soldier sat dead beside the railway track, with a loaf of bread in his hands. We thanked the Greek, but thought we would not trouble him to show us his interesting subject.

As we went on into the village we found it almost deserted except by soldiers. Every resident who could do so had run away. A few Greek and Jewish peddlers hawked small wares about. A man was scattering disinfecting powder in the street, which the wind carried in clouds into our faces. Patrols strolled up and down, sentinels stood at doors, other soldiers, more broken than any I had seen yet, shuffled aimlessly past. We followed a

street that led toward the railway. On the sea side of it we came out into an open space inclosed between houses and the high embankment. The grass that tried to grow in this space was strewn with disinfecting powder, lemon-peel, odds and ends of clothing,—a boot, a muddy fez, a torn girdle. They were what was left of the soldiers who strewed the ground when the correspondent was there before. There were also one or two tents. Through the open flap of the nearest one we saw a soldier lying on his face, ominously still.

We followed our road through the railway embankment. Sentries were posted on either side, but they made no objection to our passing. On the farther slope of the bank men were burning underbrush. A few days before, their fellows, sent back from the front, had been dying there of cholera. A little beyond we came to a large Turkish cholera camp. By this time all the soldiers seemed to be under cover. We passed tents that were crowded with them, some lying down, others sitting with their heads in their hands. A few roamed aimlessly in the open. The ground was in an indescribable condition. No one was trying to make the men use the latrines which had been constructed for them. I doubt if any one could have done so. Some of the soldiers, certainly, were too weak to get so far. After all they had gone through, and in the fellowship of a common misery, they were dulled to the decencies which a Mohammedan is quicker than another to observe.

Near the station some long wooden sheds were being run up for the men already in San Stefano, and for those who were to come. We made haste to get by, out of the sickening odor and the sense of a secret danger lurking in the air we breathed. We crossed the track and went back into the village,

passing other soldiers. Some were crouching or lying beside the road, one against the other, to keep warm. I could never express the shrunken effect the big fellows made inside their big overcoats, with doglike eyes staring out of sallow faces. Some of them were slowly eating bread, and no doubt taking in infection with every mouthful. Vendors of lemons and lemon-drops came and went among them. Those they seemed to crave above everything. In front of the railway station were men who had apparently just arrived from Hademkeuy. They were being examined by army doctors. They submitted like children while the doctors poked into their eyes, looked at their tongues, and divided them into different categories. In a leafless beer-garden opposite the station, tents were pitched, sometimes guarded by a cordon of soldiers. But only once did a sentry challenge us or otherwise offer objection to our going about.

We finally found ourselves at the west edge of the village, where a street is bordered on one side by open fields. This was where, until a few days before, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of men had lain, the dying among the dead, with no one to lift a finger for them. The ground was strewn with such débris of them as we had seen under the railway embankment, but more thickly. And, at a certain distance from the road, was débris more dreadful still. At first it looked like a heap of discarded clothing, piled there to be burned — until I saw two drawn-up knees sticking out of the pile. Then I made out, here and there, a clenched hand, a gray face. A little omnibus came back from somewhere in the fields, and men began loading the bodies into it. The omnibus was so short that most of the legs stuck out of the door. Sometimes they had stiffened in the contortion of some last agony. And half the legs

were bare. In their weakness the poor fellows had foregone the use of the long girdle which holds together every man of the East, and as they were pulled off the ground or hoisted into the omnibus their clothes fell from them. We did not go to see them buried. There had been so many of them that the soldiers dug trenches no deeper than they could help. The consequence was that the dogs of the village pawed into some of the graves. The dogs afterwards went mad and were shot.

There are times when a man is ashamed to be alive, and that time, for me, was one of them. What had I done that I should be strolling about the world with good clothes on my back and money in my pocket and a smug feeling inside of me of being a little heroic, and what had those poor devils done that they should be pitched, half naked, into a worn-out omnibus and shoveled into trenches for dogs to gnaw at? They had left their homes in order to save their country. They had suffered privation and neglect; starved, sick, and leaderless, they had fallen back before an enemy better fed, better drilled, better officered, fighting in a better cause. Attacked then by an enemy more insidious because invisible, they had been dumped down into San Stefano and penned there like so many cattle. Some of them were too weak to get out of the train themselves and were thrown out, many dying where they fell. Others crawled into the village in search of food and shelter. A few found tents to crowd into. The greater number lay where they could, under trees, against houses, side by side in fields, and so died. Out of some vague idea of keeping the water uncontaminated the sentries were ordered to keep the poor fellows away from the public drinking-fountains, and hundreds died simply from thirst.

The commander of an Austrian man-of-war, hearing of this horrible state of affairs, went to see San Stefano for himself. He made no attempt to conceal his disgust and indignation. He told the authorities that if they wanted to save the last vestige of their country's honor they should within twenty-four hours put an end to the things he had seen. The authorities did so by shipping several hundred sick soldiers — prodding them with bayonets when they were too weak to board the steamer — off to Touzla, on the Asiatic shore of the Marmora, where they would be safely out of sight of prying foreigners.

We were told several times, both by residents of the village and by outsiders, that they were actually prevented from doing anything to help, because, forsooth, the sick men had betrayed and disgraced their country and only deserved to die. I cannot believe that any such argument was responsibly put forward, unless by men who needed to cover up their own stupidity and criminal incompetence. Nevertheless the fact of San Stefano remains, too great and too horrible to be passed over.

How could human beings be so inhuman? Were they overwhelmed and half-maddened by their defeat? And, with their constitutional inability to cope with a crisis, — with the lack among them of any tradition of organized humanitarianism, — were they simply paralyzed by the magnitude of the emergency? I am willing to believe that the different value which the Oriental lays on human life entered into the case. In that matter I am inclined to think that our own susceptibility is exaggerated. But that does not explain why the Oriental is otherwise. Part of it is perhaps a real difference in his nervous system. Another part of it is no doubt related to that

in him which makes him a mediaeval man. Human life was not of much account in Europe a few hundred years ago; and in the back of the Turk's brain there may be some proud Islamic view of battle and falling therein, descended from the same remote Asiatic conception as the Japanese theory of suicide. Certainly the Turk fears death less, and bears it more stoically, than we. Does that give him the right to think less of the life of his fellow beings?

The Austrian officer raised his voice, at least, for the soldiers in San Stefano. The first to lift a hand was a Swiss lady of the place. Her name has been pronounced so often that I shall not seem yellow-journalistic if I mention it again. Almost every resident who could possibly leave San Stefano had already done so. Fräulein Alt, however, remained. She carried the soldiers the water from which the sentries kept them. She also made soup in her own house and took it to the weakest, comforting as best she could their dying moments. It was, of course, very little that she could do, among so many. But she was the first who dared to do it. She was soon joined by another lady of the place, Frau Schneider; and presently a few Europeans from the city helped them make a beginning of relief work on a larger scale. One of the new recruits was a woman also, Miss Graham, of the Scotch mission to the Jews. The others were Mr. Robert Frew, the Scotch clergyman of Pera, Mr. Hoffman Philip, first secretary of the American embassy, and two gentlemen who had come to Constantinople for the war, the English writer, Maurice Baring, and Major Ford of our own army medical staff. The American Red Cross and English friends contributed help in other ways.

These good Samaritans left their own affairs and did what they could to make

a hospital out of a Greek school into which sick soldiers had been turned. It was a heroic thing to do, for at that time no one knew that the men were chiefly afflicted by dysentery brought on by privation; and Red-Cross missions were hesitating to go. Moreover, the sanitary condition of the school was something appalling. Six hundred men were lying there, on the filthy floor, in a shed which was the rainy-day playground of the school, and in a few tents in the yard. Some of the soldiers had been dead two or three days. Many of them were dying. None of them had had any care save such as Fräulein Alt had been able to give them.

I felt not even a little heroic when I went into the yard of this school, next the field where the heap of dead men lay, and saw these voluntary exiles coming and going in their oilskins. I felt rather how rarely, in our modern world, is it given a man to come down to the primal facts of life. This reflection, I think, came to me from the smart yellow gloves which one of the Samaritans wore, and which, associating them as I could with embassies and I know not what of the gayeties of life, looked so significantly incongruous in that dreadful work. The correspondent, of course, was under orders to take photographs; but his camera looked incongruous in another way — impertinent, I might say, if I did n't happen to like the correspondent — in the face of realities so horrible. A soldier lurched out of the school, with the gait and in the necessity characteristic of his disease. He looked about, half-dazed, and established himself at the foot of a tree, his hands clasped in front of his knees, his head sunk forward on his breast.

Other soldiers came and went in the yard, some in their worn khaki, some in their big gray coats and hoods.

One began to rummage in the circle of débris which marked the place of a recent tent. He picked up a purse, one of the knitted bags which the people of Turkey use, unwound the long string, looked inside, turned the purse inside out, and put it into his pocket. An older man came up to us. 'My hands are cold,' he said, 'and I can't feel anything with them. What shall I do?' We also wore hats and spoke strange tongues, like the miracle-workers within: I suppose the poor fellow thought we could perform a miracle for him. As we did not, he tried to go into the street, but the sentry at the gate turned him back. Two orderlies came out of the school carrying a stretcher. A dead man lay on it, under a blanket. The wasted body raised hardly more of the blanket than that of a child.

When we went away the sick soldier was still crouching at the foot of his tree, his hands clasped in front of his knees and his head sunken on his breast.

II

OUT OF THRACE

Deep in the Golden Horn, where it curves to the north beyond the city wall, lies, in a hollow of converging valleys, the suburb of Eyoub Sultan. If you know Loti, you already know something of Eyoub, with its hill of cypresses overlooking the historic firth and the two beetling cities. The holiest mosque in Constantinople stands at the foot of this hill, among grave-stones and old trees. The mosque perpetuates the memory of a friend of the Prophet, his standard-bearer, Eyoub Ansari, who took part in the Arab siege of the city in 668, and fell outside the walls. When Sultan Mohammed II made his own siege eight hundred

years later, the last resting-place of the Arab hero was miraculously revealed to him, and he afterwards built there a mosque and a tomb. They have since been restored or rebuilt, but every succeeding sultan has gone there to be crowned — or rather to be girded with the sword of Osman. Until the reëstablishment of the constitution in 1908, no Christian had ever been, unless in disguise, into so much as the outer courtyard of that mosque. Even now it is not easy for a Christian to see the inside of the sacred tomb. I have never done so, at all events. But I count myself happy to have seen its outer wall of blue and green tiles, pierced in the centre by an intricate grille of brass which shines where the hands of the faithful pass over certain mystic letters. On one side is a small *sebil*, — a pavilion where an attendant waits to give cups of cold water to the thirsty. On the other side, another grille, of small green-bronze hexagons, opens into a patch of garden where rose-bushes grow among gravestones. And in the centre of the quadrangle, between the tomb and the mosque, stands an enormous plane tree, planted there by the conqueror five hundred years ago. Other plane trees shadow the larger outer court, where also is a central fountain of ablution, and painted gravestones in railings, and a colony of pigeons that are pampered like those of St. Mark's.

The quarter that has grown up around this mosque is one of the most picturesque in Constantinople. No very notable houses are there, but the streets take a tone from a great number of pious institutions which line them — mosques, monasteries, theological schools, drinking-fountains, and the domed tombs of great people. The good Sultan Mehmet V has built his own tomb there, between the great mosque and the water, that he may lie

to the last day in the company of so many saintly and famous men. Even the commoner houses, however, have the grave dignity that the Turks succeed in putting into everything they do. The streets also take a tone from them, — of weathered wood, — and from their latticed windows, and from their jutting upper stories, and from the many cypress trees that stand about them. And sometimes a mysterious procession of camels marches from nowhere to nowhere. You never meet them in other parts of the city.

They do not like Christians to live in Eyoub, I am told. But they are used by this time to seeing us. A good many of us go there to climb the hill, and look at the view, and feel as sentimental as we can over Ayizade. And certainly the good people of Eyoub made no objection to Lady Lowther, when she established in their midst a committee for distributing food and charcoal and clothing to the families of poor soldiers and to the refugees of the war. The hordes of Asia had not stopped pouring through the city on their way to the west before a horde from Europe began to pour the other way.

In all Thrace, from the Bulgarian border to the Chatalja lines, I do not suppose there can be a Turk left. It is partly, no doubt, because of the narrowness of the field of operations, lying as it does between two converging seas, which enabled the conquering army to drive the whole country in a battue before it. But I cannot imagine any Western people trekking with such unanimity. They would have been more firmly rooted to the soil. The Turk, however, is still half a tent-man, and he has never felt perfectly at home in Europe. So village after village harnessed its black water-buffalo, or its little gray oxen, to its carts of clumsy wheels, piled thereon its few effects,

spread matting over them on bent sappings, and came into Constantinople. How many of them came I do not imagine any one knows. Thousands and tens of thousands were shipped over into Asia Minor. Other thousands remain, in the hope of going back to their burned villages. The soldiers and the sick had already occupied most of the spare room in the city. The refugees had to take what was left. I know one colony of them that lives in the fishing-boats in which they fled from the coast villages of the Marmora.

So it is that Eyoub has taken on a new tone. Being myself like a Turk in that I make little of numbers and computations, I have no means of knowing how many men, women, and children, from how many villages, now swell the population of the sacred suburb. I only know that certain mosques have been entirely given up to them, that they are living in cloisters and empty houses, that their own people have taken in a goodly number, that sheds, storerooms, stables, are full of them. I even heard of four persons who had no other shelter than a water-closet. And still streets and open spaces are turned into camping-grounds, where small gray cattle are tethered to big covered carts and where people in veils and turbans shiver over camp-fires — when they have camp-fires to shiver over. But they can always fall back on cypress wood. It gives one a double pang to catch the aroma of such a fire, betraying as it does the extremity of some poor exile and the devastation at work among the trees which make so much of the color of Constantinople.

In distributing Lady Lowther's relief we do what we can to systematize. We spend certain days in visiting, quarter by quarter, to see for ourselves the condition of the refugees and what they most need. I have done a good deal

of visiting in my day, being somewhat given to seeking the society of my kind; but it has not often happened to me, in the usual course of visiting, to come so near the realities of life as when, with another member of our committee, I visited the mosque of Sal Mahmoud Pasha in Eyoub. Like its more famous neighbor, it has two courts. They are on two levels, however, joined by a flight of steps and each opening into a thoroughfare of its own. How the courts of Sal Mahmoud Pasha may look in summer I do not know. On a winter day of snow they looked very cheerless indeed, especially for the cattle stabled in their cloisters. The mosque itself was open to any who cared to go in. We did so, lifting up the heavy flap that hangs at any public Turkish doorway. We found ourselves in a narrow vestibule in which eight or ten families were living. One of them consisted of two sick children, a little boy flushed with fever, and a pale and wasted little girl, who lay on the bricks near the door without mattress or matting under them. They were not quite alone, we learned. Their mother had gone out to find them bread. The same was the case with a larger family of children who sat around a primitive brazier. The youngest was crying, and a girl of ten was telling him that their mother would soon be back with the bread.

We lifted a second flap. A wave of warm, smoky air met us, sweetened by cypress wood, but sickeningly close. Through the haze of smoke we saw that the square of the interior, surrounded on three sides by a gallery, was packed as if by a congregation. The congregation consisted chiefly of women and children, which is not the thing in Turkey, sitting on the matted floor in groups, and all about them were chests and small piles of bedding and stray cooking utensils. Each of these

groups constituted a house, as they put it. As we went from one to another, asking questions and taking notes, we counted seventy-eight of them. Some four hundred people, that is,—many houses consisted of ten or more members,—were living together under the dome of Sal Mahmoud Pasha.

In the gallery, and under it, rude partitions had been made by stretching rope between the pillars, and hanging up a spare quilt or rug. In the open space of the centre there was nothing to mark off house from house save the bit of rug or matting which most of the families had had time to bring away with them, and such boundaries as could be drawn by the more solid of the family possessions, and by the row of family shoes. Under such conditions had not a few of the congregation drawn their first and their last breath.

Each house had a brazier of some sort, if only improvised out of an oil-can. That was where the blue haze came from, and the scent of cypress wood. Some had a little charcoal, and were daily near asphyxiating themselves. Others had no fire at all. On some of the braziers we noticed curious flat cakes baking, into whose composition went bran or even straw. We took them to be some Thracian dainty, until we learned that they were a substitute for bread. The city is supposed to give each refugee a loaf of bread a day, but many refugees somehow do not succeed in getting their share. A few told us they had had none for five days. It struck me, in this connection, that not in any other country I knew would the mosque carpets still have been lying folded in one corner, instead of making life a little more tolerable for that melancholy congregation.

Of complaint, however, we heard as little as possible. The four hundred sat very silently in their smoky mosque.

Many of them were ill and lay on the floor under a colored quilt or a rug. Others had not only their lost homes to think of. A father told us that when Chorlu was spoiled, as he put it, his little girl of nine had found a place in the 'fire-carriage' that went before his, and he had not seen her since. One old man had lost the rest of his family. He had been unable to keep up with them, he said. It had taken him twenty-two days to walk from Kirk-Kilisseh. A tall ragged young woman who said that her *effendi* made war in Adrianople, told us she had three children. One of them she was rocking in a wooden trough. It only came out by accident that she had adopted the other two during the hegira from Thrace. I remember, also, a woman sitting beside a brasier with her two grown sons. One of them, fearfully pitted by smallpox, was blind. The other answered our questions so vaguely that the mother explained that he had no mind in his head.

Having visited, we give the head of each house a numbered ticket which enables him or her to draw on us for certain supplies. We then take in the tickets and give out the supplies on our own day at home. They say it is more blessed to give than to receive. I find, however, that it is more possible to appreciate the humorous or decorative side of Thrace on the days when we receive, in the empty shop which is our headquarters. It is astonishing how large a proportion of Thrace is god-daughter to Hadjeh or Ayesha, mothers of the Moslems, or to the Prophet's daughter, Fatma. Many, however, remind one of Madame Chrysanthème and Madame Butterfly. On our visiting list are Mrs. Hyacinth, Mrs. Tulip, Mrs. Appletree, and Mrs. Nightingale. I am also happy enough to possess the acquaintance of Mrs. Sweetmeat, Mrs. Diamond, Mrs. Air,

— though some know her as Mother Eve, — Miss May-She-Laugh, and Master He-Waited. This last appellation seemed to me so curious that I inquired into it, and learned that my young gentleman waited to be born. These are not surnames, you understand, for no Turk owns such a thing. To tell one Mistress Hyacinth from another you add the name of her man. And in his case all you can do is to tack on his father's — you could hardly say, Christian — name.

If we find the nomenclature of Mistress Hyacinth and her family a source of perplexities, she in turn is not a little confounded by our system of tickets. We have one for bread. We have another for charcoal. We have a third which must be tied tight in a painted handkerchief and never be lost. 'By God!' cries Mistress Hyacinth, according to her honored idiom, 'I know not what these papers mean.' And it is sometimes well-nigh impossible to explain it to her. A good part of her confusion, I suspect, must be put down to our strange accent and grammar, and to our unfamiliarity with the Thracian point of view. Still, I think the ladies of that peninsula share the general hesitation of their race to concern themselves with mathematical accuracy. Asked how many children they have, they rarely know until they have counted up on their fingers two or three times. It is evidently no habit with them to have the precise number at their fingers' ends, as it were. So when they make an obvious mistake we do not necessarily suspect them of an attempt to overestimate. As a matter of fact, they are more likely to underestimate. Other failures of memory are more surprising, as that of a dowager in ebony who was unable to tell us her husband's name. 'How should I know?' she protested. 'He died so long ago!'

Altogether it is evident that the instructions of Mistress Hyacinth obey a compass different from our own. I remember a girl not more than sixteen or seventeen who told us she had three children. Two of them were with her: where was the third, we asked? 'Here,' she answered, tapping herself with a simplicity of which the Anglo-Saxons have lost the secret. Yet she was most scrupulous to keep her nose and mouth hidden from an indiscriminate world. Another woman, asked about a child we knew, replied non-committally, 'We have sent him away.' 'Where?' we demanded in alarm, for we have known of refugees giving away or even of selling their children. 'Eh, he went,' returned the mother gravely. 'Have you news of him?' one of us pursued. 'Yes,' she said. And it was finally some one else who had to enlighten our obtuseness by explaining that it was to the other world the child had gone. It is a miracle that more of them do not go. One day when we inquired after a pet baby of ours his mother said he was sick: a redness had come upon him. The redness turned out to be scarlet fever. As for smallpox, no one thinks any more of it than of a cold.

With great discreetness does Mistress Hyacinth come into our presence, rarely so far forgetting herself as to lean on our table or throw her arms in gratitude about a benefactress's neck. For in gratitude she abounds, and in such expressions of it as, 'God give you lives,' and 'May you never have less.' With a benefactor she is, I am happy to report, more reserved. Him she respectfully addresses as 'my brother,' 'my child,' 'my little one,' or, haply, 'my mother and my father.' I am now so accustomed to occupying the maternal relation to ladies of all ages and colors, that I am inclined to feel slighted when they coldly address me as their master.

In the matter of discretion, however, Mistress Hyacinth is not always impeccable, so far at least as the concealment of her charms is concerned. Sometimes, indeed, she will scarcely be persuaded to raise her veil for a lady to recognize her; but at other times she appears not to shrink even from the masculine eye. One day a Turk, passing our shop, was attracted by the commotion at the door. He came to the door himself, looked in, and cried out, 'Shame!' at the disreputable spectacle of a mild male unbeliever and a doorkeeper of his own country within the same four walls as some of Lady Lowther's fairer helpers and a motley collection of refugee women, many of them unveiled. But the latter retorted with such promptness, that the shame was rather upon him for leaving the *ghiaour* to supply their needs, that he was happy to let the matter drop. On this and other occasions I gathered a very distinct impression that if Mistress Hyacinth should ever take it into her head to turn suffragette, she would not wait long to gain her end.

The nails of Mistress Hyacinth, I notice, are almost always reddened with henna — and very clean. The henna sometimes extends to her fingers as well, to the palms of her hands, or even — if she happen to be advancing in years — to her hair. There is no attempt to simulate a youthful glow. The dye is plentifully applied to make a rich coral red. In other points of fashion Mistress Hyacinth is more

catholic than her sisters of the West. What the ladies of Paris wear must be worn by the ladies of London, St. Petersburg, New York, or Melbourne. But no such slavishness obtains in Thrace, where every village seems to have modes of its own. I can only generalize by saying that Mistress Hyacinth seems to prefer a good baggy trouser, cut out of some figured print, with no lack of red about it. Over this she should wear in the street a shapeless black mantle that often has a long sailor-collar, and she covers her head in various ingenious, but not very decorative, ways.

The consort of Mistress Hyacinth, as is general in the East, is outwardly and visibly the decorative member of the family. He inclines less to bagginess than she, or than his brother of Asia. He affects a certain cut of trouser which is popular all the way from the Bosphorus to the Adriatic. This trouser, preferably of a pastel blue, is bound in at the waist by a broad red sash which also serves as pocket, bank, arsenal, and anything else you please. Over it goes a short zouave jacket, with more or less embroidery, and round my lord's head twists a picturesque figured turban with a tassel dangling in front of one ear. He is surprisingly well-featured, too, — like Mistress Hyacinth herself, for that matter, and the rolypoly small fry at their heels. On the whole, they give one the sense of furnishing excellent material for a race — if only the right artist could get hold of it.

REAL SOCIALISM

BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

WE'D have been a very pleasant, conversable company, but for the presence of one man. There was a lawyer with a hobby for anarchism; a banker who was an enthusiastic Socialist from 3 P.M. to 10 A.M.; a prominent magazine writer, who specialized in women; an archdeacon with a fondness for metaphysics and a doctrine of his own discovery, which he called the Conservation of Sin; one real Socialist and a dramatic critic. You can see in a minute that the possibilities for conversation were simply unlimited,—if it had n't been for the obstacle.

He was a returned traveler from the Tropics, and he was an infernal nuisance. Whenever any one started a new topic of conversation, he appropriated it. If we tried to talk about aviation, he described the superior aëroplaning properties of certain queer tropical birds. We mentioned the Red-Light district and the police and launched him into a discussion of the superior depravities of Singapore. And when the Dramatic Critic tried to talk art, and mentioned Mary Garden, he insisted on telling us about the superior frankness of the costume worn by the ladies of Zamboango, or some such sounding place. We could n't even speak about the weather, without being told that we had never seen a real rain storm or a real sunset or anything that could properly be called the light of the moon. The man was a perfect pest.

At last, to silence him, we resorted to drastic treatment and began talking

Socialism,—a topic which you would think would silence anybody. But the Banker, the Magazine Man, and the Archdeacon had no more than fairly got going on a three-cornered discussion of Thorstein Veblen's theory that the withdrawal of the interstitial adjustments from the discretion of rival business men will result in an avoidance of that systematic mutual hindrance which characterizes competition, when the Pest took a long preliminary drink and butted in.

'Speaking of Socialism,' he said, 'in the course of my travels through the Tropics, I visited a Socialist state.'

'Don't try to spring New Zealand or New South Wales or any of those places on us,' said the Banker,—carelessly, I'll admit. 'They are n't Socialist in any true sense.'

'And they're not in the Tropics in any sense,' said the Traveler, blandly. 'There's no such thing as a popular knowledge of geography. Here you are, a group of fairly educated men, and I'll bet every one of you thinks Vladivostock is north of Nice.'

'Never mind Vladivostock,' said the Real Socialist. 'Where is your Socialist state?'

'Do you mean to say you don't know?' inquired the Pest. 'Here's a completely organized Socialist state, with thirty thousand inhabitants or so; been running for years; and you sit up here and theorize about what would happen under Socialism, and never even have heard of what is happening right under your nose.'

'If you can get away with that,' said the Socialist, 'I'll cheerfully pay for all the drinks that are consumed by this company while you're doing it. If you can't make good, you'll have to pay for them yourself. And I warn you that if your remarks are as dry as I have found them since you became a returned traveler, the consumption will be enormous.'

The Pest shook his head sadly.

'There's no real drinking outside the Tropics,' he said.

'You told us all about that last Friday,' said the Archdeacon, politely. '*Revenons à nos moutons.*'

'It's got to be real Socialism, mind you,' said the Real Socialist. 'Municipal ownership and state pawnshops and the rest of those dinky little parlor experiments don't go.'

'You yourself shall be the judge,' the Pest retorted; and to show his confidence in the outcome, he ordered a fresh half-litre.

'To begin with,' he said confidently, 'this state owns all the land. It leases certain portions of it, such as are n't required directly for the public use, for agricultural purposes. But it purchases the product and reissues it to the citizens in exchange for labor coupons.'

The Socialist looked a little startled, and wanted to know who issued the coupons.

'The state, of course,' said the imperturbable Pest, 'it being the only employer of labor.'

'Is this an excerpt from the proof-sheets of some work of fiction?' asked the Magazine Man.

'This is no traveler's tale,' the Pest assured us. 'All of my observations can be verified in the published annual reports of the state I am talking about, and these reports are to be found in any library.'

'There's a joker somewhere,' said

the Banker. 'How about the finances of this state?'

'Its credit is excellent,' the Pest assured him. 'It can borrow all the money it wants at from two to two-and-a-half per cent.'

'The state not only employs its citizens, it houses and feeds them. There are some fifteen types of quarters, a certain type of house going with a certain class of work. The man who does the most difficult, highly skilled, and responsible sort of work, lives, of course, in the best house. Also, there is a distinction, naturally, between the quarters provided for married and single men.'

'Then where does the equality come in?' demanded the Anarchist.

'Equality,' said the Pest, 'is not one of the cardinal principles of Socialism. I have heard my friend over there proclaim from many a soap-box, that the stimulus to ambition afforded by exceptional rewards would be even greater under the Socialist régime than under what he calls the Capitalistic. I was glad to find his contention so well borne out when I visited this Socialist state.'

'Come down to brass tacks,' said the Real Socialist. 'Does private property exist, or does it not? That's the test.'

'There is no real private property,' said the Pest, 'because the state owns all the land and all the buildings. There is no legal prohibition against private personal property. As a matter of fact, the amount of it is negligible within the boundaries of this state, because no one has any particular use for any. Except, of course, his clothes, which, in the nature of things, are bound to be privately and individually possessed anywhere.'

'How about household furniture and so on?'

'I include that under housing,' said

the Pest. 'The state provides everything necessary for domestic purposes, down to knives and forks, pillow-cases and dish-towels; the quantity and quality of these, like the houses themselves, being graded according to the value of the service which the citizen performs. It might be expected that a certain class of persons would wish for personal possessions of a sort superior to those furnished by the state, but there are two causes which render this wish inoperative. The climate is destructive for one thing, but there is a much stronger reason in the fact that such possessions would accomplish nothing in the way of proclaiming social superiority. The classification of citizens is perfectly understood to be upon the basis of serviceableness to the state. It is proclaimed quite finally and irrevocably by the type of house you are assigned to live in, and by the number of table napkins which the government issues to your wife. Private possessions can add nothing to it. In other words, no one has any reason for keeping up a front.'

'You say the state feeds its citizens as well as houses them,' observed the Anarchist. 'Is the same nice classification you have been speaking of carried out in the ration which is issued to citizens? Is the valuable citizen, that is to say, compelled to eat pâté-de-foie-gras while the less valuable members of the community are permitted to thrive on mush and milk?'

'Not at all,' said the Pest. 'Every one eats exactly what he likes. A certain portion of his remuneration from the state consists of what are known as commissary coupons. The prices in coupons are the same to all. These are published weekly. Up to the limit of his coupons, the least valuable citizen may eat the most valuable food, if he prefers.'

'Is the issue of these coupons suffi-

ciently liberal,' inquired the Real Socialist, 'to provide for the adequate nourishment of these least valuable citizens?'

'Not only that,' said the Pest; 'you remind me that I must make a correction. I said that he purchased what he liked. But the state has found it necessary to establish a minimum per diem of food-consumption among the less enlightened members of the community, in order to maintain their working efficiency. A man who can't give evidence that he has consumed a sufficient quantity of food to keep his physical status unimpaired, is liable to the rigors of the law.'

'I thought you were going to stick to facts,' grumbled the Banker.

'I am sticking to the facts,' insisted the Pest. 'It's all perfectly true, it's all happening every day, only you fellows are too busy theorizing about the labels on things to scrutinize their contents. Consequently, your ignorance of this state is wholly natural, because the founders of it are wholly unconscious that it is a Socialistic state, and have never advertised it as such. In fact, if they were ever to learn that their governmental activities were described in such terms, they would be horrified beyond belief.'

'Do you mean to say,' demanded the Real Socialist excitedly, 'that this state has simply made up its own Socialism spontaneously, as it has gone along?'

'Precisely,' said the Pest. 'Paying no royalties whatever to Carl Marx or subsequent patentees.'

Once more he fixed us with his glittering eye and resumed his tale: —

'The state stands, as the schoolmasters used to say, *in loco parentis* to its adult, as well as its juvenile population, and as physical well-being is a prime consideration, it goes to almost incredible extremes in its detailed

supervision of public health. Sanitary inspectors go everywhere and keep a watch on everything, and the most trivial infraction of the sanitary code is considered too serious a matter to be overlooked.

'Of course there are no doctors in private practice. Whenever a citizen is ailing, he gets not only medical attendance, but the medicines themselves, free. If his case is serious enough to warrant such a course, he is taken at once and put into a hospital, where also the treatment is gratuitous. When a patient is sufficiently recovered to be discharged from the hospital, but is not yet well enough to resume his duties, he is sent to a convalescent station in an exceedingly beautiful, quiet, isolated spot, where he is cared for until fully restored to health. And I will say for your benefit,' here the Pest addressed himself particularly to the Anarchist, 'that there is no distinction in this course of treatment between the more and the less valuable citizen, the health of one being considered as indissolubly related to the health of all.'

'Are you sure,' asked the Banker, 'that the establishment of this system is not a direct result of the teachings of Mr. Bernard Shaw? It is exactly the system for which he pleads so eagerly and eloquently in one of his numerous prefaces.'

'I doubt very much,' said the Pest, 'whether Mr. Shaw is any better aware of the existence of this state than you yourselves are. Certainly it fails in one important particular to fulfill his prophecies. Mr. Shaw says, very confidently, that if such a system of medical practice ever existed, it would put an end, quite finally, to vaccination and other immunizing devices; to the prescription of expensive drugs as remedies, and to the use of formaldehyde and other germicidal

agencies in places where infectious diseases have existed; it being Mr. Shaw's idea that all these practices are mere superstitions, fostered in order to provide the private doctor with a livelihood. So exactly contrary to the fact is this prophecy, that the number of vaccinations in a year is over forty thousand, even the most transient visitor being required to submit to the operation; that over two hundred pounds avoirdupois of quinine alone are consumed monthly, while the disinfection brigade for such diseases as pneumonia and tuberculosis last year disinfected and fumigated two hundred and thirty houses, and totally demolished thirty-two. It only remains to say that this state, which in the past has had the reputation of being one of the unhealthiest places in the world, is now able to show a death-rate which entitles it to be considered as a health resort.

'The principal care of the state is for the health of its citizens, but it also makes some attempt to provide for their other wants with churches, schools, libraries, and club-houses of various sorts, where certain social amusements are provided. There is also a public brass band for whose intentions I have nothing but praise.

'I don't feel, however, that this state shines particularly in the encouragement it gives to the æsthetic development of its citizens. In the matter of decoration, for example, only one kind of paint is used, and this is applied indiscriminately to everything. The formula, which I took pains to inquire about, was cheerfully furnished me. It consists of coal-tar, kerosene, and Portland cement, in a fixed proportion. It combines the merits of cheapness and permanency in a high degree. That is all, I believe, that any one would say for it.'

'What do they do,' inquired the

Banker, 'besides look after their health and hear the band play?'

'The industrial activities of any country are generally pretty well reflected by its railways. In this case, of course, the railway is a state affair. I am sorry to say I have n't the figures by me, but I know that it is extremely profitable and I should be greatly surprised to learn that any railroad in the United States hauled a greater annual tonnage per mile. Of course the industrial enterprises of this country are very intimately correlated, all the power being developed at the most naturally advantageous points and conveyed wherever needed, generally in the form of electricity, although there is a ten-inch pipe-line of compressed air running from one end of the country to the other. The government itself, of course, conducts all these enterprises, and, indeed, they are by far its most important function. Providing its citizens with food, houses, laundry facilities, taking care of the public health, and providing such aesthetic pleasures as are afforded by that band, are mere incidentals.'

'So completely is this state absorbed in its industrial and engineering works, that it denies the exceptional advantages its organization provides, to all but workers. A casual visitor is not permitted to patronize the commissary or the public laundries, nor is he received at the regular state hotels. There is, indeed, one large caravansary built for the accommodation of visitors, but even here the visitors are charged twice as much for accommodation as are the regular working citizens of the state. This is partly, no doubt, to prevent it from getting overcrowded by an idle, pleasure-loving class, whose presence would hinder the furtherance of the great works which the state is prosecuting, but is also a measure of protection to the merchants, inn-

keepers, and so forth, of the neighboring state, who would infallibly lose all their customers unless such a regulation were adopted.'

'I am curious,' said the Real Socialist, 'to know something more about the organization of the government. Any government that can administer such a multiplicity of activities in a manner at all satisfactory,—and I gather from your remarks that the manner is satisfactory,—must possess a high degree of ability and skill.'

'Nominally,' said the Pest, 'the government is by commission. The public health is in charge of a sanitary commissioner. There is a commissioner in charge of the commissary and of other supplies; another in charge of the civil administration, while the great engineering and industrial enterprises I have spoken of are under the charge of other commissioners.'

'Why do you say nominally?' asked the Socialist.

'Because, as a matter of fact, the chairman of the Commission is a dictator. He can issue administrative orders to suspend the operation of existing orders, without the advice or consent of the other members of the Commission. Indeed, he is under no legal obligation ever to summon a meeting of the Commission.'

'Is this chairman,' inquired the Socialist, 'elected in the first place by the Commission and from their number, or is he elected directly by the vote of the people?'

The Pest smiled, and finished his second half-litre.

'Neither,' said he. 'The chairman is appointed by the President of the United States.'

'Of course,' he went on, after a rather blank silence, 'you can have been in no doubt for some time back that the place I have been talking about is the Panama Canal Zone.'

Well, we all began talking then, more or less at once, and the consensus of opinion was that the Pest had n't played fair. He had no business to speak of the Canal Zone as a state.

Thereupon, the Pest wanted to know why not.

'Of course it is n't sovereign,' he admitted, 'but there are plenty of states that are n't, except as a matter of polite fiction. Take the one ruled by the Sultan of Brunei, or by the Gaekwar of Baroda. For working purposes, the Zone is a state. It enforces its own body of laws. It's got a postal system' —

'It has n't any foreign relations,' interrupted the Magazine Man.

'Has n't it, just!' said the Pest. He had picked up this Criticism presumably on his travels. 'Go down and run it for a while and see if you have n't foreign relations enough with the Republic of Panama to keep the whole State Department busy.'

'That's neither here nor there,' said the Socialist. 'It is n't a state, because its government does n't spring from its people. In a word, it has no foundation whatever in Democracy.'

'Precisely,' said the Pest, with an

affable smile. 'That's what is so wonderfully fitting about it. Because there's nothing democratic about Socialism.'

'It has been my fate,' he went on, 'to hear all the phases of Socialism discussed on innumerable occasions and by all sorts of Socialists. They disagree almost as enthusiastically as the early Christians, but there is one point on which there is no diversity of opinion. When we have got the Socialist state in full operation, we always find that it is administered by an oligarchy of highly intelligent persons, like the speaker, while the "mere unthinking voter" ramps around and amuses himself with the illusion that it is all his own doing.'

'You're a trifler,' said the Socialist severely, 'with no social consciousness whatever, and I fear that you are an incorrigible individualist.'

'If you want real individualism,' said the Pest, 'you've got to go to Canton, China. The merchants there' —

At this point we rose as one man and threw him out. But we made the Socialist pay for the drinks. Well, it's lucky these Socialists are all so rich.

CHRISTIAN UNITY

BY FRANKLIN SPENCER SPALDING

I

THE new sense of social service in all the churches, and the movement for union among the churches, are closely related. So long as the chief business of ecclesiastical organizations was to teach dogma, isolation was inevitable and desirable. The right of those who do not care to believe a particular creed to choose another creed must be recognized. When, however, religious societies accept the obligation of social service, combination is necessary for efficiency.

When the motive of the foreign missionary was to persuade the heathen to believe a special creed, each missionary tried to keep himself and his converts as far away as possible from every other missionary. But when the object of the foreign missionary is to build schools and hospitals and to bring to the heathen the benefits of Christian civilization, the necessity of coöperation is forced upon him.

This practical desire to get helpful things done is the popular reason for the increasing interest in Christian Unity. But there is here a very real danger. Intense interest in Social Science at home and abroad may make us forget that the churches are primarily religious institutions, not organized charity societies. It is true that the names of those who love their fellow men will head the list of those who love the Lord, but there are other legitimate ways of expressing love for God and receiving his help, which must not be

overlooked. There may be scores of societies designed to teach men to do justly and to love mercy, but the Church is the sole means of teaching men to walk humbly with God.

The danger, to-day, is that those who are planning for Christian Unity, in their zeal to supply man's physical needs, will forget that he also has spiritual needs. We must thank the social experts for their protest against selfish sectarianism and impractical other-worldliness, but if they are intelligent they will let the psychologists tell them that *man* cannot live by bread alone, even though every child be given plenty of it, because the human soul is athirst for the Living God. The help of the social expert must be the help of a friendly outsider. He may tell the churches as forcefully as he will that sensible humanitarians consider their divisions inexcusable and shameful, but he is powerless to tell them how to unite. The movement for Christian Unity is not a humanitarian, but a religious, movement.

At this point the theologian offers himself as a guide. We owe him a debt of gratitude which we earnestly acknowledge. He has shown men that God's revelation of Himself in Jesus Christ 'is the fullest disclosure of the nature of God,'¹ and 'that its interpretation of God in terms of divine fatherhood, and man in the terms of sonship, and the final end of life as a kingdom in

¹ 'The Divine Revelation and the Christian Religion,' by Daniel Evans: *Harvard Theological Review*, July, 1912.

which all men realize their nature, is alone adequate.'

The importance of this service few will dispute, but writers of creeds are rarely able to see clearly when their task is done, and the attempts of the theologians to substitute for the religion of Jesus their various theological speculations have caused more disunion than peace. We can, therefore, no more let the theologian lead us than the humanitarian. The movement for Christian Unity is not a philosophical or a metaphysical, but a religious movement.

Offers of guidance from the theologians are numerous. The followers of Alexander Campbell, who spent his life trying to unify Christendom, ask this question as of fundamental importance: 'Do you believe that the Protestant Bible is an all-sufficient statement of Doctrine, of Worship, and of Service?' The question is not an invitation to peace, but a challenge to fight.

The peace proposals of the Protestant Episcopal Church are also suggestive of the dogma which makes for disagreement. The committee it has recently appointed to advance the cause of Christian Unity is named, 'A Commission on Faith and Order,' and it asks us to pray that the day may be hastened, 'when all men shall be enabled to see that Christians endeavor to keep the Unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace'; that among men 'there is one body and one spirit,—one hope of your calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all and through all and in all.'

It would hardly be possible to put more theology into the same number of words, and it is the object of this paper to prove that if we are ever to have Christian Unity it will be because this prayer is not used.

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The following statement by Andrew D. White in the preface to his *History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom* expresses probably the feeling of the most thoughtful men to-day: 'My conviction is that science, though it has evidently conquered Dogmatic Theology based on biblical texts and ancient modes of thought, will go hand-in-hand with religion; and that although theological control will continue to diminish, religion as seen in the recognition of a "power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," and in the love of God and of our neighbor, will steadily grow stronger and stronger, not only in the American institutions of learning, but in the world at large.'

This contention, that the fundamental, permanent element in our ecclesiastical organizations is not theology but religion, is no new discovery. Lord Bacon in Essay 3, 'Of Unity in Religion,' said the same thing. 'Religion being the chief band of human society, it is a happy thing when itself is well contained within the true band of unity. The quarrels and divisions about religions were evils unknown to the heathen. The reason was, because the religion of the heathen consisted rather in rites and ceremonies, than in any constant belief.'

Surely a candid study of the history of the Christian Church shows clearly that religion—not theology—is the important basic matter. The Nicene or the Augustinian or the Mediæval theologies, each and all, no more exhaust the full meaning of man's relation to God than the Ptolemaic, the Newtonian, or the Darwinian theories of the physical universe exhaust the full meaning of man's relation to nature. Because man has a mind he cannot but attempt to formulate his discoveries about God and about nature into systems of theology and of science, but those systems

lose their value when they are considered final and not tentative. They are ways of approach, and not ends of journeys.

For one ecclesiastical institution to suppose that its creedal statement expresses the final truth about God and immortality is as absurd as to suppose that Newton's *Principia* or Darwin's *Origin of Species* gives final and complete knowledge of sky and earth. To assert that the sacramental means of grace performed by one accredited order of priests is the only way of appropriating divine strength is as untrue as it would be to claim that one type of engine utilizes the whole power of steam.

The real value of any movement for Christian Unity depends on the progress it makes toward securing for all an adequate expression of their religious life. The sole test of the worth of theological formularies is their helpfulness toward that end. If that end is conserved, then the dogmatic statement is useful; if not, it is useless. The end in view is an adequate supply of spiritual and moral strength, not a final, unchangeable statement of theological truth. It is not denied that such a statement of truth would make men free from moral weakness and spiritual deadness. What is insisted on is that we can only arrive at the doctrine by doing the work, and that, therefore, in planning for Christian Unity, ethical and religious values are of the first importance; theological definition can be left to look after itself. Right conduct and humble worship are the only ways of becoming acquainted with God, and until men become acquainted with God they cannot write creeds which state exactly what his nature is.

What is desperately needed to-day is not a creed so exact that it contains all the truths that have ever been

discovered about God, but a society in which every child of man can find moral strength and spiritual joy. The problem is psychological, not theological. If the problem were theological it would be hopeless, but because it is psychological it is solvable. We can learn about human nature if we try; and when we know human nature we can so order it that God can find his way in; but by searching, we cannot find out God.

II

Although man has been unconscious of it, the varieties of human nature have always influenced the organization of religion. The Methodist revival in England is an illustration of the successful demand of a kind of temperament for religious satisfaction which the old organization was not supplying,—though that demand could not define itself in exact terms. It is true that followers of Wesley developed a doctrine of the Holy Spirit unfamiliar to the Church of England, but they carried with them the doctrinal statements of the Mother Church, and there would have been no charge of heresy had they remained in the fold and taught 'Christian Perfection.' The real causes of separation were psychological, not theological. They had to do with the nature of man, not the nature of God. We are now able to recognize this basic fact, and in planning for Unity we must give it its place of supreme importance.

This will not be easy, and before we try to discover the types of human nature which must be satisfied, attention may well be called to two obstacles in the way of progress which are so illogical and unjustifiable that once they are known they ought to be quickly removed. The first is practical, and if we resummon the social expert

whom we dismissed a moment ago, he will help us to see the unworthiness of one of the causes of a divided Christendom. The World Almanac for 1911 names 166 different Christian organizations in the United States; and, either consciously or unconsciously, the heads of each organization, the editors of all the papers published in the interest of each of the organizations, the professors in the training schools for ministers of all these denominations, the writers and publishers of all the books in defense of the peculiar tenets of each of these 166 churches, oppose any consolidation which would put them out of business. If Christian Unity were realized in the state in which I live, one man from one office could do the work now done by seven highly paid and respected officials. The influence of the sectarian press is a striking example of sectarian inertia and opposition to progress toward Unity.

In the United States, 86 papers are published in the interest of the Protestant Episcopal Church. These papers support wholly, or in part, a large number of editors, printers, and contributors. Other denominations use even more printers' ink. In the very nature of the case these editors, printers, and contributors must take themselves very seriously as useful public servants, and that seriousness blocks advance toward Unity.

There are in the United States 162 theological seminaries, whose 1350 professors are engaged in earning their salaries by teaching coming clergymen that the particular emphasis for which their church stands in divided Christendom is still worth fighting for. It seems, therefore, as if the leaders of thought were, by a cruel necessity, opposed to unity.

On the other hand, just because they are leaders of thought, there is hope that they will see the strength and the right-

eousness of the movement toward Unity and be willing to lay down their official lives to advance it. The pressure of the demand of the missionary who sees the weakness of a divided front in the foreign field is forcing our Board officials to think seriously. The growing influence and circulation of undenominational Christian weekly and quarterly publications is showing open-minded editors the stupidity of trying to compete in influencing public opinion.

Theological seminaries are coming into closer relation with great universities, as in the cases of Union with Columbia and Andover with Harvard, and such association must make for breadth. There is, therefore, proof that even these naturally opposing forces are weakening their opposition to the great cause of the Unity of Christendom. When the men who constitute them realize the situation, they will rapidly remove such opposition, and laymen will follow their lead. Just because this is not an age interested in theological speculation, those who still attend church are most obedient to authority. They will let their leaders think Unity for them as willingly as they now let them think sectarianism for them.

The other obstacle is found in the inconsistent way in which even enlightened thinkers use the Bible as an authority. Very few advocates of verbal inspiration can be found to-day. Indeed, most leaders of thought in all the churches have accepted in part at least the Higher Criticism. But when it comes to the proof texts of their own sectarian basis, then they forget their modern scholarship and criticism, and go back to verbal inspiration.

A Baptist scholar may agree that St. Paul's rabbinical training made him adopt a mode of exegesis not binding on a modern thinker, but when it comes

to the statement in Romans vi, 4, that Christians are buried with Christ in baptism, he insists that every word is straight from God. There is to-day in the Methodist Church a distinctly rationalistic tendency in its thought of inspiration. Many Methodist scholars teach that St. John's Gospel is an interpretation rather than a verbatim report, but they know that the thought in the third chapter of that Gospel, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God,' fell in exactly those words from the lips of the Lord.

I suppose the majority of Anglican scholars accept the documentary hypothesis of the Gospels, agreeing that in the First Gospel we have a compilation freely made of older documents, and that some of the words put into the mouth of Jesus are not the very words he spoke, but words which the Evangelist felt expressed his meaning. Most of them, however, forget their scholarship when they quote St. Matthew xxviii, 20, and insist that Jesus uttered the very words, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,' and that He meant, as the Prayer-Book puts it, that He 'would be with the ministers of apostolic succession.'

In this very discussion of Christian Unity, we continually hear men of very liberal views of inspiration say, 'We must work and pray for what our Lord prayed for, for in his high priestly prayer did He not say, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us."'

If they were consistent they would recognize that these may not be the words of our Lord at all, but the words which the author of the Fourth Gos-

pel thought that He may have prayed.¹

Still, there are tendencies at work which will force greater consistency. The interpretation of the Bible which is really being read to-day is not issued in the interest of any sect, but by publishers bidding for a wider circle of readers than the membership of any one society. They encourage non-partisan teachers in unsectarian universities to publish their opinions, and even sectarian teachers, writing for commentaries like the Expositors, the International, and the Westminster, or for modern Bible dictionaries and encyclopædias, make an earnest effort not to write as special pleaders, but as careful and judicious scholars.

Sometimes, it is true, sectarian bigotry is commended as church loyalty. In one of our Episcopal papers a thoughtful writer recently suggested that the difference between a loyal investigator and a disloyal rationalist was that the one approached all debatable questions with a bias in favor of the Church's past belief, while the disloyal rationalist began his investigation with a feeling that the Church was probably wrong and that he could prove it if he tried.

The distinction seemed to me an important one when I read it, but the very next day a prominent Mormon — a graduate of the University of Michigan — to whom I had given a copy of Dr. I. Woodbridge Riley's psychological study, *The Founder of Mormonism*, said to me, 'The trouble with that book is that the author approaches the study of Joseph Smith with a prejudice against him. He begins with a definite belief that the

¹ 'These chapters were written down and became accepted Scripture not less than three quarters of a century after they were spoken, by one who, in common with likeminded companions, had experienced the faithfulness of our Lord's promises.' — BISHOP BRENT, *The Sixth Sense*, page 95.

founder of my church was not a prophet of God, and that he must try his best to prove it. But I, as one brought up in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints, feel strongly that such a bias disqualifies the writer for my respect.'

If this apparently admirable point of view of the prejudiced investigator prevented Mormons from seeing the truth about their false prophet, I was forced to wonder whether it was a helpful point of view for any one to take. Why need there be any more bias in the mind of the investigator of spiritual problems than in the mind of the investigator of scientific matters? Perhaps when we make religion, and not theology, the important matter, partisanship will cease. The theologian reasons deductively, and deductive reasoning requires making assumptions and holding to them dogmatically. The study of religion, on the other hand, can be carried on inductively, and preconceptions of any kind are a recognized hindrance to honest inductive investigation.

III

There seems, then, to be hope that progress can be made, and it becomes increasingly important to see which way is really forward. If our argument is valid we must try to ascertain what the religious needs of man actually are, so that the United Church of the future may provide for them. It is believed that there are really but three varieties of religious experience; but three ways in which men approach God, or, perhaps we ought to say, are reached by God.

Some men have always satisfied their religious craving through the senses, — music for their ears, vestments and lights, color and images for their eyes, incense for their noses,

beads for their fingers. In the oldest branches of the Christian Church, the Greek, the Roman, and the Anglican, provision for these means of grace has been especially provided. If it be insisted that such methods of worship were far from the mind of Christ and were borrowed from paganism, such an insistence but increases the proof that some men always have felt and probably always will feel after God, and find Him through their senses. Though superstition and idolatry have resulted from such sensuous means, it is also true that a high type of Christian mysticism has been developed, and noble saints through these visible emblems have found Him who is invisible. The holiness of beauty and the beauty of holiness are related to each other. Art and music have advanced because religion has used them. Religion has been a power to millions because art and music have helped her. Therefore, the United Church of the future must provide for ritualistic worship and for experts to conduct it.

But there always have been, and always will be, those who are irritated rather than helped by elaborate ceremonial. Like Hegel, they worship by thinking. Doubtless many of them will always be individualists, but those who assemble themselves together will do so to listen to addresses by thoughtful, ethical teachers delivered in lecture halls rather than in churches. Their leaders are prophets and not priests. Unitarians and Friends, among the sects of to-day, illustrate the extreme of this type, and they have won credit for intellectual courage and moral earnestness. There can be no doubt that they find God by thus mentally feeling after Him, because they have an heroic passion for truth and righteousness which God alone can inspire. In a United Christendom, provision must be made for those who find God through

the rational and logical powers of the mind.

And in the third place there are the 'twice-born,' those who satisfy their religious craving through the emotions. To the thousands who were spiritually dying in spite of the ritual of Romans and the intellectualism of Anglicans, the appeal to the emotions by Wesley and Whitfield brought the breath of life. The leaders of the old historical churches, with their dignified and stilted ritual, and the preachers of a rational gospel of conduct may feel that the revivalist is irreverent and illogical, but they cannot deny that many — who have not been reached by them — he brings to God through the Christ who, they know, has saved them from their sins. And the emotional appeal finds as many responding hearts to-day as it ever did. Gypsy Smith and Billy Sunday continue the work of Whitfield and Finney and Moody.

The United Church of the future will not be Catholic unless it provides for those to whom God comes in a subliminal uprush. The story is told of a prim English curate, who once entered a meeting-house in which a company of Holy Rollers were manifesting the fruits of the Spirit. He pushed his way to the platform and at last got a hearing. 'Don't you know,' he said, 'that God is not the God of disorder but of harmony? When Solomon built a temple to his glory we are told that there was neither the sound of axe nor hammer, but in holy silence the sacred walls arose.' To which the exhorter retorted, 'But, parson, we aren't building a house, we're blasting the rocks.'

No doubt these three methods of religious expression and divine appropriation combine in different ways. Ritualistic priests deliver thoughtful sermons, and some of them preach re-

vivals which they prefer to call 'Missions.' Puritan reasoners introduce liturgical services of a restrained and limited character. They even replace the stained glass which their fathers smashed. Christian Scientists do not appropriate grace by what other people call logic, and they must, like the twice-born, get it through the subconscious mind, and yet their public services are as unemotional as Quaker meetings. 'Blasters of the Rocks,' like Dowie and General Booth, array themselves in Episcopal vestments and decorate themselves with brass buttons. Still it is believed that these three are the basic types, and that if provision is made in one organization for them, that organization will give adequate spiritual help to the vast majority of men.

Is it possible to evolve or to create such an organization? Unless it can be done, Christian Unity is not desirable, because the religious necessities of all sorts and conditions of men will not be provided for. If our argument is valid, a Church which does not want Christian Unity on such a basis does not honestly want Christian Unity at all.

IV

A group of influential theologians will protest at once that the proposal to *create* an organization is a heresy which denies the faith. They will urge, that, in the mind of Christ the Church is one already, and therefore all we need to do is to *realize* that Unity.

'The Church is essentially one, as there is one God, one Christ, one Spirit, one fellowship.'¹ The Unity of the Church is not produced by man. We may strive in vain to produce it. It

¹ Prof. Edward L. Brown. From a paper read at a conference on Christian Unity of Ministers of the Congregational, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal Churches.

already exists. It is an actual organic unity of believers through Christ, which we can deny, but which we can neither create nor destroy.'

Surely this is misty mysticism. One may talk in the same vague way of the 'Solidarity of the Human Race' and the 'Brotherhood of Man,' because God has made of one blood all nations of men, but that does not mean that the parliament of nations and the federation of the world has been realized, or can be, simply by thinking so. The President of Oberlin is a Congregationalist, and perhaps therefore a hopeless individualist, but there is much wisdom in this warning in his *Reconstruction of Theology*. 'In truth it needs to be said with emphasis that we understand better what we mean by personal relation and by friendship, than we do what we mean by organic relation and organism.'

This contention that the Christian Church is an 'organism' is the theological obstacle in the way of Christian Unity which will die hardest, because it lies at the basis of the dogma of 'the Valid Ministry' held so tenaciously by those churches which call themselves 'historic.' They insist that the life of the organism depends on its continuity, and that, therefore, the tree of Christianity must be in connection with the apostolic root or it will die even though it have a name to live. It is contended that St. Paul argues for this conception of the Church in the First Epistle to the Corinthians and in the Epistle to the Ephesians, and that his argument is in harmony with the argument in the fifteenth chapter of St. John where the analogy of the Vine and its branches is used. I remember well a picture which once hung in the library of a High-Church bishop. In the centre was a great tree with three branches. The trunk was the undivided Church of the first three centu-

ries. The branches were the Roman, the Eastern, and the Anglican churches, all in vital connection with the trunk of the tree. Perched on little branches were foolish heretics sawing themselves off from the great branches. Off in the corners of the picture were Luther and Calvin and Servetus and Wesley and Joseph Smith, Jr., and other ecclesiastics, each planting a poor sickly twig, cut from the great tree of the Catholic Church. But this picture when carefully considered, fails to prove its point, for even the Joseph-Smith-Jr. cutting, once it takes root, becomes just as much of an organism as the parent tree, and it is conceivable that such a cutting may grow into a tree which, judged by its fruits, is a better organism than the old tree itself. As has been wisely said by the Bishop of Michigan, 'It is by fruits, not by roots, we are to be judged.'

An illustration from another form of group-life will make this truth still more clearly evident. The American revolutionists deliberately broke with the mother country and created a new nation. Their Constitution provided for a radically different method of national solidarity and continuance; but will any one assert that at the present day the United States of America is not a living organism in as real a sense as the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland?

Theology may make connection with God depend upon theories of valid ordination, but religion has a confidence of its own that 'God is no respecter of persons but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him,' even though he be not purified according to accredited theological methods. Therefore, even if this organic conception of the Church were true, it would not prove that men's religious needs might not be better provided for if

that article of the theological creed were denied. We are not interested in preserving dogma, but in saving life.

v

What, then, shall this organization be? What is necessary is an organization of religion which shall, with equal authority and credit, provide for the three forms of religious need so that one in search of his soul's health may pass from one to the other with no more suspicion or loss of standing than a citizen of Massachusetts experiences in going from Boston to Los Angeles in search of his bodily health.

Present forms of organization must, of course, be given fair consideration. The Congregational will hardly serve, because it is rather a protest against organization than a form of it, and the present development of organization in the Congregational and Baptist and Campbellite bodies, because of the need of missionary enterprises, is admittedly illogical. The Presbyterian and the Episcopal forms of organization remain, and of the two the Episcopal form has proved itself rather more permanent, and yet more adaptable and flexible than the Presbyterian, which historically was created in the interest of a definite theological system. Indeed, to-day, the distinction between the Congregational and Presbyterian is rapidly disappearing.

Against the Episcopal form of organization is the undoubted fact that it easily falls into sacerdotal temptation, and, because of its historical association, is almost inevitably aristocratic. Possibly the Methodist form of Episcopal leadership may be more useful than either the Roman, the Anglican, or the Greek, though it must be admitted that the Methodist bishop is considered quite as impressive a personage as others who hold that title.

But when once the theological dogma of sacerdotalism is gone, that matter can be decided on practical grounds. By the preservation of the historic Episcopate this truth of fundamental importance will be safeguarded, and it is a truth so important that risks may well be taken to prevent its being forgotten — that Christianity is a historic religion.

The Holy Catholic Church must not only welcome to-day and to-morrow all sorts and conditions of men who profess and call themselves Christians, but she must also claim kinship with all the saints of all the Christian centuries, and make her own the fruits of their victories over weakness and sin. None of the churches of to-day appropriate the Christian heritage, because they are interested in dogma rather than life. Those who boast that they are 'historic' overlook the values of the last five hundred years of Christian history; while the nonconformist churches fail to make their own the treasures of the first five hundred years. Is not the Anglican Church right in the feeling that the possession of the historic Episcopate gives a title to this whole heritage and a continual reminder of its value? Therefore, is not the proposal to give Episcopal orders to the churches that have lost the apostolic succession one which should be seriously considered? There seems to be no more certain way of making the Church, as a wise householder, take out of the treasure things new and old.

The revival of interest in Christian Unity dates from the Edinburgh Conference. Here two thousand earnest men agreed to forget their differences, which meant their theology, and plan together to give the heathen what they all agreed the heathen really needed — the Christian Life. Such a wonderful exhibition of brotherly love suggested

the idea that it might be possible to hold an equally representative conference in which the religious values that all agreed upon should be put in the background, and where there should be a frank discussion of the theological dogmas about which most of them differed.

This was much as if, because a convention of mothers had shown complete unanimity of opinion in praising the glory and dignity of motherhood and the beauty and promise of childhood, some wise one should decide that it would be a good time to secure agreement on the best formula for sterilizing milk.

The suggestion to call a world conference to consider matters of theological difference seemed to be inspired

by the spirit of truth; but if our argument is valid, it might rather have come from that other spirit who, on occasion, is said to disguise himself as an angel of light, and who, Milton to the contrary notwithstanding, has a sense of humor and perhaps said to himself, 'How much more exciting it would be to see these pious brethren fight!'

The real lesson to be learned is that the Edinburgh Conference was only possible because the tolerant charity of religion was for the time given full sway, the divisive influence of theology being excluded. Christian Unity will never come until the followers of Jesus Christ realize that his religion depends, not upon exact thinking, but upon Christlike living.

THE MAGIC OF GUAM

BY MARJORIE L. SEWELL

In the midst of lapping waters floats a far-off, magic island, whose purple mountain-peaks rise from the mists of the sea. The slow-heaving swells turn white along its shore, and rocky cliffs, resounding to the boom of surf on the reef, encircle the same harbor into which Magellan sailed in 1521. There stands Fort Santa Cruz, as it was when so lately fired upon by an American vessel, and there are the white roofs of Piti, from which a barge put out that day and pulled up alongside the American battleship in order to explain that there was no powder on the island with which to return the salute. But it was not a salute, and although

El Gobernador had not heard of the war between Spain and the United States, he at least realized the fact, when, tied to a creaking bullock-cart, in the hot sun, he was slowly conducted back to Agaña, the last of the Spanish governors.

So now the Spanish régime had passed away, and the echoing corridors and sunken gardens of the old 'palace' resounded to the shouts and laughter of small Americans. It was a strange environment for a western child. In the case of a little girl of twelve, there was, of course, the usual routine life of the tropics, — lessons in the morning with a governess, and a siesta in the

afternoon. Now and then a guest would take tiffin at the Government House; the captain of a schooner who had lived for sixty days on copra, and who told wild tales of the Arctic storms; or a German from distant islands, escorted by his bodyguard of savages, whose ear-lobes touched their black shoulders, so heavy were the beads they wore. And once a month, on transport-days, when the mails came, and every *quiles*¹ and bull-cart was pressed into service, as well as the daily ambulance with the blind mule, to carry the passengers from Piti to Agaña, why then all thought of routine was abandoned, even lessons, and a palm tree was cut down, so that the strangers might enjoy a palmetto salad. Then, too, a native swimmer would dive deep into the sea to draw from his home in a coral cave that delicacy, the crawfish. But this, of course, was seldom.

At four o'clock you put on a fresh white dress, socks, and sandals, and then the day really began. If the water was too hot for a swim at Dunker's beach, a romp with the little native girls was the next best thing, — shy children with bright eyes, and eager to learn English. Or, you went to see the fat lady, who made wonderful baskets, or Señor Martinez, the silversmith, who would pound three dollars Mex into a bracelet or spoon if you gave him five.

Sometimes, even, you peeped into Mr. Lhemkuhl's garden, where paw-paw and mango trees were combined in a bewildering maze with every kind of tropical and temperate vegetation, overshadowed by the tall stack of the ice-plant. But that was a joke you could

¹ 'Quiles' is probably a Chamorro word. It is applied to a two-wheeled cart drawn by one horse and seating a driver and four people. It is used at Guam, and throughout the Philippines.
— THE AUTHOR.

never quite appreciate. And besides, not all the interesting things were in the city. Beyond lay the rice-paddies, the yam- and taro-fields, and, best of all, the ranchos, for there you caught and plucked a chicken, and, as it fried over the fire of cocoanut husks, you sat native-fashion eating rice in the doorway of a *nipa* hut. Above roosted hens in woven baskets, beneath grunted the black pig, tied by one hind leg. And there you could suck sugar-cane to your heart's content, fill your pocket with coffee-berries, and cocoa-beans, and then, with oranges dangling from your saddle, race home on a trotting cow.

While the Pacific cable was still under way, and before the first official message went round the world in nine minutes, the child often visited the cable station, a cluster of temporary buildings in a grove of banyan trees. And when weary of the clicking keys and of sending nursery rhymes hundreds of miles along the ocean bottom by Morse code, she would climb high into a labyrinth of banyan branches, where flowers and ferns grew sixty feet in air, until, terrified by the great height, she was rescued, and descended on the shoulders of a strong young operator, who slid down one of the straight roots to the ground.

So the American child learned many things. Learned? No, rather absorbed, and without effort, for she had merely a growing consciousness of the joy of living. To be up with the sun, and, leaving the world wrapped in mist, to plunge through thick jungle, urging the pony on with caresses, — and kicks, — while wet branches brushed the cold dew against the face, and lemon *china* bushes scratched the arms, — this was to live. Then, suddenly, she might look into the depth of a still black pool, surrounded by gigantic trees, gray lichen, and matted,

hanging vines. At one side the spring had overflowed to form a gliding river, through waving pampas-grass, and near the outlet, where the water bubbled over glistening pebbles, stood two ruined pillars of stone. One could not learn about these, but one could feel the hush and awe of that enchanted spring, as it had been felt by an ancient, unknown civilization centuries ago.

And there were other things that could be only felt,—the hoof-beats of the pony on the hard sea-sand, the fresh, salt wind, and the knowledge that this was perfect happiness, free as the trampling surf. And in this beauty, untouched and unharmed by man, one felt akin to the fawn that nibbled morning-glories without trembling, the wild boar that gruffly turned and fled into the jungle, and the stupid blue starfish that could be gathered from the saddle where the water was shallow.

There were moments too from a fairy tale, when the black Alphonso swam and dived about the horse's legs, rubbing them with a split cocoanut-shell, while the Princess of Piti perched high on Demonie's back, till the morning bath was over. Then, snorting through cool lilies on the river-banks, they pranced from the shadows into glistening sunshine, and would have flown, had not the bugle sounded 'colors' and held them motionless.

Another phase of the life greatly impressed the child with the reality and power of the elements. It was first evident one day at dinner when a low rumbling was followed by severe shocks, a lamp fell from a shelf, a wall split, each half falling in a different direction, and the old shaven St. Bernard calmly walked out on the terrace. For he knew, as does any painted junk on the China sea, that it was merely the island's stubbing its toes

on a coral reef. But earthquakes were not the only evidence of nature's power. One dark night, the lightning flashed so incessantly that the *Ordenancas* could be distinctly seen patrolling up and down the plaza. Within, the matting rose and fell in the long, draughty rooms, and a little white-clad figure, creeping into her sister's bed, was mechanically thrust out, and spent the rest of the night on the great eifel-wood table in the salon, with only a small Jap poodle. By daybreak the wind had become a circling typhoon, and though there was a lull at noon, while its centre passed over the island, when the natives might rest from the tiring position of sitting on their roofs to keep them down, yet again the wind blew as fiercely, and again it raised and flattened the bamboo bandstand, but now in the opposite direction, as well-regulated typhoons always do.

When the sun came out after that storm and the trade-winds blew great balls of cotton cloud across the sky, a thrill of patriotism swept over the whole island. Against the clear, deep blue darted all sorts and kinds of kites, and halfway up the line of the largest, was run the American flag. Then of a sudden on the horizon appeared a white battleship, and then another, and another, until at last the whole Asiatic squadron was steaming by like so many white swans on the blue water.

In sharp contrast to the military atmosphere of the island, was the fervent, childlike worship of the natives, all Christians. Now and then, on a well-worn road, one would pass a lonely shrine, covered with creepers and decked with bunches of wild-flowers. And then, on nearing the town at dusk, a tolling bell would break the stillness of the warm night air, and presently, with lighted candles and

bared heads, a long procession would pass by, carrying images of the saints; and winding on, would disappear again into the dusk.

At night the silvery-haired old padre, who knew more about the island and its inhabitants than any one else, would sometimes consent to tell the children stories. They were weird, wandering stories about the *gente del monte* (mountain spirits) or *tauto monos* (giant people), but sooner or later always came the favorite one, the story of why the carabao can only squeak. Of course you know that the carabao is the big, slaty-blue buffalo with long horns, that is always wallowing in the soft, oozy mud with only its eyes and nose out of water. Well, once upon a time, the Virgin Mary was singing the Christ-Child to sleep, when down the street galloped a carabao, bellowing with all his powerful might, and waking up the baby. Whereupon the Virgin Mary pulled off her slipper and tapped the carabao's nose with it, to teach him better manners. And so from that day to this the carabao has been able to make no more noise than a little, tiny mouse.

They were only stories. But in the

deep silences of the night, when the Southern Cross and the Scorpion shone bright in the heavens, and when a meteor turned the whole world now red, now green, now yellow, and disappeared behind the hills, then the spirits of the Anitos lay no longer lost and buried in the jungle, but walked abroad, and the *tauto monos* bathed in the sea by Devil's Point, or, as of old, hurled great rocks to stop the flight of the Chamorros in their swift canoes.

Once, the western child, called by these spirits of the night, could sleep no longer, but crept from bed, and out upon the terrace. The world was very still, — only the dull, distant boom of the surf and the tread of a sentinel on his beat, then — silence. The air was laden with the fragrance of opopanax, and the blossoming ling-a-ling; and blinking from a branch of the lemon tree hung a bat. Below in the old, walled garden, the moonlight cast strange shadows through the tracery of branches, and, as the child flitted with these shapes and thoughts, she breathed the magic of the night, and knew that this was life in the Southern Seas.

THE MONEY TRUST

BY ALEXANDER D. NOYES

PERHAPS no public question of our time has involved considerations of more dramatic possibilities—financial, industrial, social, and, therefore, political—than what is commonly known as the problem of the Money Trust. Stated in its most general terms, the proposition which is to be proved or disproved, and the proof of which, in the view of many people in the United States, has been obtained in the recent public inquiry by the sub-committee of the House of Representatives' Banking and Currency Committee, is the proposition that a comparatively small group of wealthy financiers control in their individual interest, and can utilize for their selfish purposes, the banking machinery of this country, and, through that machinery, all of the country's industries. They can, it has been more or less generally assumed, obstruct the progress of independent industry, can fix not only money rates, and not only prices of Stock-Exchange securities, but prices of merchandise. It has been argued on the floor of Congress, that they can create at will, and do create for their own selfish purposes, 'booms' and panics, prosperity and adversity. On this supposition, their power over the business fortunes and personal welfare of the country as a whole, and of every individual in the country, would be supreme.

Manifestly, if this description of the condition of things were correct, or if the tendency of existing affairs were strongly in such a direction, the prob-

lem would be fundamental to all others in social and political discussion. I propose to discuss this problem without fear or favor; with full and fair consideration of the arguments, both of those who uphold the conclusions as outlined above, and of those who deny them absolutely.

I

Before taking up the particular grounds of the present controversy, it will be advisable to inquire to what extent the indictment of the so-called Money Trust is a wholly new phenomenon of the day, and how far it is simply repetition, in a new form, of the complaint, common to all the past centuries of organized society, over the encroachments of the wealthy and moneymaking classes on the interests of society at large.

The question as it is discussed today could not in fact exist before a period when credit on an enormous scale was utilized, not only for loans to governments and individuals, but for the capitalizing and equipping of great companies in the field of transportation and manufacture. It could hardly have antedated the day of the hundred-million-dollar corporation. We are accustomed to regard the crusade of President Andrew Jackson against the United States Bank as a fight with the Money Power; and so its author declared it to be. But that contest was avowedly against the Money Power in politics, not in trade. Jackson's cabinet

memorandum of 1833 asserted that if the bank were permitted longer to hold the public deposits, 'the patriotic among our citizens will despair of struggling against its power'; and his annual message denounced it on the ground of what he considered the 'unquestionable proof that the Bank of the United States was converted into a permanent electioneering engine.'

That episode, therefore, is something different in essential respects from the present Money-Trust agitation. An accusation, closely resembling that referred to at the beginning of this paper, was voiced with passionate emphasis in the national platform of the People's party, at the opening of the Presidential campaign of 1892. Among its other indictments of what was then commonly styled the Money Power were the following: —

'The newspapers are largely subsidized or muzzled; public opinion silenced; business prostrated; labor impoverished; and the land concentrating in the hands of the capitalists. . . . The fruits of the toil of millions are boldly stolen to build up colossal fortunes for a few, unprecedented in the history of mankind; and the possessors of these, in turn, despise the republic and endanger liberty. . . . Silver, which has been accepted as coin since the dawn of history, has been demonetized to add to the purchasing power of gold by decreasing the value of all forms of property as well as human labor; and the supply of currency is purposely abridged to fatten usurers, bankrupt enterprise, and enslave industry. A vast conspiracy against mankind has been organized on two continents, and it is rapidly taking possession of the world. If not met and overthrown at once, it forebodes terrible social convulsions, the destruction of civilization, or the establishment of an absolute despotism.'

At first glance, this declaration of more than twenty years ago would appear to have in mind the identical conditions alleged to exist at the present day. Close examination, however, will show some rather important divergencies. The gravamen of the charge of 1892 was the allegation that advocacy of the gold standard of currency was prompted by a wish to reduce the money supply, increase the purchasing power of gold, and thereby enable the Money Power to obtain possession of the people's property through the resultant reduction of prices for land, commodities, and labor.

It may doubtless be argued that the prophecies of the platform of 1892 would have been fulfilled but for the then quite unanticipated discovery of new gold fields in the Transvaal, the Rocky Mountains, and the Klondike. But even if this were to be conceded, the fact would remain that the Money Trust was attacked in 1892 for its work in putting down prices, whereas it is attacked in 1913 for putting them up.

II

When we now approach the consideration of the problem as it stands today, our first difficulty is one of definition. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, in his testimony of December 19 before the Pujo Committee, declared that 'all the banks in Christendom could not control money; there could be no "Money Trust." ' This was, to be sure, the opinion of a prejudiced witness. But the counsel of the committee, whose attitude on the general question is far from that of Mr. Morgan, said in a public address in December, 1911, —

'If it is expected that any Congressional or other investigation will expose the existence of a "Money Trust," in the sense in which we use the word "trust," as applied to unlawful indus-

trial combinations, that expectation will not be realized. Of course, there is no such thing. There is no definite union or aggregation of the money powers in the financial world. There certainly is none that can be said to be in violation of existing law.'

It is, perhaps, quite as well to emphasize this admission in the beginning; for, although to people conversant with the financial and banking methods of the day, Mr. Untermyer's statement may seem a mere truism, there are unquestionably thousands of readers of the discussion who have regarded the alleged 'Money Trust' as in all respects in the class of the Standard Oil and American Tobacco trusts. We should not get far in our argument if we did not first reject and dismiss this crude conception of the problem.

It is on the floor of Congress that the most explicit charges have been made against the organization which, for the sake of convenience, I shall continue to describe as the Money Trust. On February 24, 1912, when urging the Congressional inquiry which has since been held, Mr. Henry of Texas, chairman of the Rules Committee, remarked in the House of Representatives,—

'It is sufficient to say that, during the last five years, the financial resources of the country have been concentrated in the city of New York, until they now dominate more than 75 per cent of the moneyed interests of America, more than 75 per cent of the industrial corporations which are combined in the trusts, and practically all of the great trunk railways running from ocean to ocean; until these great forces are in such combination and agreement that it is well-nigh impossible for honest competition to be set up against them'

On December 15, 1911, Mr. Lindbergh of Minnesota, arguing before the House Rules Committee for his own

resolution of inquiry, thus referred to the Money Trust and the banks controlled by it:—

'We know that a few men and their associates control, by stock holdings and a community of interest, practically all the most important industries and also the transportation systems on which the products of all industries must be carried from producers to consumers. These same few men control the finances of the country and may bring on a panic any day that such would suit their selfish ends. We need no evidence of that fact.'

Finally, I may cite some passages from a long speech delivered in the United States Senate on March 17, 1908, shortly after the panic of 1907 had spent its force, by Mr. La Follette of Wisconsin. He began by submitting a list of one hundred men, 'to whom I have referred as controlling the industrial life of the nation.' The places held by these men on various company directorates amounted to 'evidence that less than one hundred men own and control railroads, traction, shipping, cable, telegraph, telephone, express, mining, coal, oil, gas, electric light, copper, cotton, sugar, tobacco, agricultural implements, and the food-products, as well as banking and insurance.'

There was, Senator La Follette went on, 'every inducement for those who controlled transportation and a few great basic industries, to achieve control of money in the financial centre of the country. . . . With this enormous concentration of business it is possible to create, artificially, periods of prosperity and periods of panic. Prices can be lowered or advanced at the will of the "System."'

'Taking the general conditions of the country, it is difficult to find any sufficient reason outside of manipulation for the extraordinary panic of October,

1907. . . . There were no commercial reasons for a panic.

'The panic came,' Mr. La Follette proceeds. 'It had been scheduled to arrive. The way had been prepared. Those who were directing it were not the men to miss anything in their way as it advanced. The historic third week of October arrived; "the panic" was working well. The stock market had gone to smash. Harriman was buying back Union Pacific shorts, but still smashing the market. Morgan was buying in short Steel stocks and bonds, but still smashing the market. The Morse group had been disposed of. Standard Oil had settled with Heinze. . . .

'The smashing of the market became terrific. Still they waited. Union Pacific declined $10\frac{1}{2}$ points in ten sales. Northern Pacific and other stocks went down in like proportion. Five minutes passed — ten minutes past 2 o'clock. Men looked into each other's ghastly faces. Then, at precisely 2.15, the curtain went up with Morgan and Standard Oil in the centre of the stage with money,— real money, twenty-five millions of money,— giving it away at 10 per cent. . . . And so ended the panic.'

III

It is necessary first to inquire if the declarations and descriptions are accurate. In so far as the above-cited speeches set forth what is the actual situation regarding concentrated control of manufacturing and banking institutions, they are dealing with ascertainable facts, of which I shall presently have more to say. Let it for the moment suffice to remark that a concentration of power, quite unexampled in history, over the large banking institutions of the leading cities and over the huge railway and industrial corporations, is not disputed; and has, in fact,

been admitted by competent witnesses in the recent House Committee inquiry.

Mr. George M. Reynolds, president of the Continental and Commercial Bank of Chicago, the largest institution of the sort in the country outside of New York City, repeated in his evidence a previous statement of his own that, 'the money power now lies in the hands of a dozen men,' of whom 'I plead guilty to being one'; and he added to the committee, 'I am inclined to think that excess of power in a limited number of men always is a menace.' Mr. George F. Baker, chairman of the First National Bank of New York, perhaps the most powerful of the so-called 'Morgan institutions,' testified regarding the control of credit, represented by control of banks and trust companies, 'I think it has gone about far enough.' To go further 'might not be dangerous. In good hands, I do not say that it would do any harm. If it got into bad hands, it would be very bad.' These statements would certainly seem to prove the general allegations of concentrated control — though they do not prove, and nothing in the Pujo Committee's hearings has proved, the sweeping declarations which place not only the banking, transportation, and manufacturing industries of the country, but its agricultural production, in the hands of a Money Trust.

But if, as Mr. Henry declares, these few capitalists 'are the supreme dictators of the financial situation'; if, as Mr. Lindbergh assures us, they 'may bring on a panic any day that such would suit their selfish ends,' and if, as Senator La Follette concludes, they did, single-handed, and for purposes of selfish gain, deliberately create in 1907 a panic for which there was no other cause or explanation than their wicked purposes — then we should manifestly

be confronted with a public enemy, which must be utterly destroyed before such a thing as legitimate finance and industry can again exist in the United States.

But the truth of this matter is, that no intelligent man, in the least conversant with the facts, has ever taken seriously these specific accusations of the three statesmen. To be 'the supreme dictator of a financial situation,' a man or a body of men must control not only supply on the security and commodity markets, but demand; not only production of iron and copper and tobacco, but of wheat and corn and cotton. Whoever is for any consecutive time arbitrarily to dictate money rates, must do so through controlling the course, not only of bank loans and liabilities, but of bank reserves, and to be the 'supreme dictators' in such directions, must control such matters as the world's production of gold, the foreign exchanges, the requirements on home or foreign markets arising from war, from large harvests, from political apprehension, from destruction of capital through fire or earthquake, or from a hundred other influences familiar to the calculations of business men, in this year as in all others.

It may be briefly stated, further, in regard to a few of Mr. La Follette's facts, that it is not at all 'difficult to find any sufficient reason, outside of manipulation, for the extraordinary panic of 1907.' The crisis was world-wide; it was due to a world-wide overstrain on credit. It had been predicted by European economists, on the basis of such conditions, months before it swept over the United States; and it broke out in other parts of the world—Egypt, Japan, and Hamburg, in particular—before it touched New York.

As for the picture drawn by Mr. La Follette of the panic itself, the most

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that can be said is that it represents in no single point anything more than the vivid imagination of an excited person almost wholly unacquainted with the facts of that particular episode, and extremely ignorant of the ordinary principles of finance. Nothing in the Pujo Committee's lengthy examination confirmed in a single particular the Wisconsin Senator's extraordinary version of the story. Indeed, nothing stood forth more impressively, in those critical days, than the consideration that the investments and property of no man in the money market, however powerful, were safe unless the panic itself were checked.

Mr. Woodrow Wilson, in his speech of August 7, 1912, accepting the Democratic nomination, said, 'There are vast confederacies (as I may perhaps call them for the sake of convenience) of banks, railways, express companies, insurance companies, manufacturing corporations, power and development companies, and all the rest of the circle, bound together by the fact that the ownership of their stock and the members of their boards of directors are controlled and determined by comparatively small and closely inter-related groups of persons who, by their informal confederacy, may control, if they please, and when they will, both credit and enterprise. There is nothing illegal about these confederacies, so far as I can perceive. They have come about very naturally, generally without plan or deliberation, rather because there was so much money to be invested and it was in the hands, at great financial centres, of men acquainted with one another and intimately associated in business, than because any one had conceived and was carrying out a plan of general control. But they are none the less a potent force in our economic and financial system on that account. Their very exist-

ence gives rise to the suspicion of a Money Trust — a concentration of the control of credit which may at any time become infinitely dangerous to free enterprise.'

It will be observed that this statement of the case, though conceived in an altogether different spirit from the sweeping and detailed assertions of the Congressional orators previously cited, none the less pictures a state of affairs which calls for very serious and impartial consideration. From the temperate statement of Mr. Wilson's speech of acceptance, and from the frank admissions, already cited, of Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Baker, one conclusion becomes inevitable; and that is, that we are in the presence of a novel and striking condition of things in American finance, whereby active or potential control of a very great part both of our financial institutions and of our industrial institutions, is concentrated in the hands of a comparatively small group of financiers. If, as President Wilson has said, this 'came about very naturally' and 'without plan or deliberation,' all the more reason is there for inquiring what were the circumstances and conditions of its origin.

IV

Notwithstanding the Populist party's allegation of 1892, already cited, the historical fact is that the state of things in American finance and industry which is the basis of the pending discussion had its origin during the period following the panic of 1893. Low prices, over-production, agricultural depression, speculative over-construction of railways, speculative over-capitalization of manufacturing enterprise, had brought the country into a state of very general insolvency, which, through mismanagement of the national finances, had all but touched

the government. Of the country's railways in particular, more than sixty per cent of the outstanding capital stock was receiving no dividend, and twenty-five per cent of it represented companies in the hands of receivers.

Ownership and control of these railways had been widely distributed; there was actually less of concentrated domination, by a few capitalists or groups of capitalists, than had existed a dozen years before the panic of 1893. Ownership of the comparatively new industrial trusts (a good part of which came to grief financially in 1893, or shortly afterward) was hardly concentrated at all. There was no joint control of groups of banking institutions; in New York City itself, each of the great banks was an independent power.

But the problem confronting the community when the panic of 1893 had spent its force, was one of financial reconstruction. The work was long surrounded with discouragement; for, in order to place these great corporations on their feet again, large amounts of fresh capital were necessary, and an even larger command of credit. These requirements arose at a time while the country itself was poor; when available capital was lacking, and credit hard to obtain because of the doubt and suspicion surrounding the previous history of the enterprises. It was natural, and indeed inevitable, that the owners of these insolvent properties, having failed to obtain consent of the conflicting interests to their plan of reorganization, and having failed to obtain assurance of the fresh capital required, should have asked the powerful international banking-houses to undertake the task.

It was then that the contrivance of the 'voting trust' — another much-discussed phenomenon of the Pujo inquiry — began to play an important part. The reasons for that departure

from ordinary company management obviously were, that many of the corporations in question had lately been wrecked by incompetent managements, and that subscribers of the requisite capital for reorganization laid down the stipulation that, for a stated term of years, selection of directors and general oversight of the companies' finances should be irrevocably placed in the hands of the banking-houses which had assumed the task of reorganization, and in whose financial sagacity and financial probity confidence was general.

So far nothing had happened which, in the light of the actual situation, was not logical and reasonable. What would have followed, had the ensuing decade been one of slow and deliberate industrial expansion, is not wholly easy to conjecture. Within half a dozen years, however—partly because of the world-wide recovery in staple prices, partly because of great good fortune of American agriculture, partly because of the disappearance of the depreciated-currency peril—a wave of extraordinary prosperity swept over the United States. One speedy result of this remarkable turn in the situation was that capitalists of every stamp began snatching for control of properties in some one else's hands.

From 1899 to 1901 inclusive, three tendencies shaped the financial history of the period. One was the excited bidding of rival groups of capitalists, to get possession of one or more of the great railways and industrial corporations. Another was the effort to avert mutual hostility and destructive competition by arranging that two or more rival companies should have representation in one another's directorate. The third was the buying-up of outright control in a group of competing corporations, either through actual purchase, by one of the companies, of the outstanding shares of its competi-

tors, or through organization of an entirely new company, which bought and held controlling interest in the shares of its competitors.

To what extent the second and third of these processes were, in their origin, simple protective measures, honestly adopted by conservative banking interests to safeguard a given corporation from outside attack or from capture by unscrupulous adventurers, and to what extent they were suggested by growing ambition for centralized control, it is not easy absolutely to measure. The public-spirited motive certainly played some part in dictating the policy, especially during the earlier year or two of that extraordinary period; that fact will be admitted by all who studied the episode at close range, and who knew the personal character and principles of the newly-made millionaires who were then conducting their campaign of booty. There was at least the conceivable possibility of another era of Jay Goulds, Jim Fisks, and Commodore Vanderbilts, with another orgy, on a far larger scale than that of 1869, of corrupt and dishonest administration of the affairs of corporations.

As late as 1902, one of the most important railway companies in the United States actually passed, through the medium of Stock-Exchange trading, from the control of conservative English capitalists to the control of an American gambler and speculator, who had acquired his fortune by company promotions of an altogether unscrupulous sort. It was rescued from his grasp through its purchase by another railway company controlled by conservative banking interests, and thus, apparently without any such original purpose on their part, became a link in the concentration of control over corporations. This was only one out of numerous similar instances.

V

But movements of this nature very rarely stop with the achievement of their original purpose, and there were special reasons why that movement did not stop. The period in which it occurred was itself of a character to stimulate enormously the movement of corporate concentration, and it was manifest from the start that a mixture of motives was at work in it. An era in which unprecedentedly easy credit and unprecedentedly large supplies of capital seeking investment, coincided with the letting-down of the bars against unlimited combination of corporations, was bound to arouse the activities of ambitious financiers. Some of them bought up rival companies and merged them with their own, simply to crowd aggressive competitors out of the field. Some of them grasped at such other corporations merely to insure their own personal supremacy. Some of them bought up one company, or a group of companies, in order to sell the whole property, at a large advance in price, to some one else.

On the one hand, the speculators grew to believe that they had found the philosopher's stone of profit; on the other, the serious promoting financiers began to talk of an age in which business could no longer be done save under such auspices. It was from this period that there dated the subsequently familiar talk, repeated *ad nauseam* in the Anti-Trust law controversies and in the last presidential campaign, about the impossibility of America's 'keeping in the race of industrial competition' unless equipped with these monstrous corporation mergers.

The Standard Oil, the American Tobacco, the Amalgamated Copper, the billion-dollar United States Steel, the International Mercantile Marine — these and a hundred other less cele-

brated 'holding-company' enterprises were organized and floated during a period of hardly four consecutive years, from 1899 to 1902 inclusive. The whole thing happened so suddenly and swiftly that the community scarcely seemed to be aware what was happening.

Mr. J. P. Morgan, in a certain famous statement to the court, set forth, in the manner of one inviting unqualified approval, his belief in a system of corporations so large that nobody could get control of them, and that no existing management could be dislodged. Mr. Morgan was right in assuming that, if the 'holding company's' capital was large enough, there was no human possibility of its management being dislodged. It was, however, a justice of the Supreme Court who pressed the logic of this new machinery of corporations pitilessly to its real conclusion. Pending the hearing on appeal, he asked the counsel for Northern Securities — the holding company in which had been lodged two rival railways and two rival interests in one railway — why the same contrivance might not be utilized 'until a single corporation whose stock was owned by three or four parties would be in practical control of both roads, or, having before us the possibilities of combination, the control of the whole transportation system of the country.' The eminent lawyer who represented the holding company replied that such a thing was possible, even though improbable.

VI

Such was the situation which was coming to exist in 1902. Because it was an unprecedented situation, however, it did not necessarily follow that it was a mischievous or an undesirable situation. With their recollection fixed on the reckless and unprincipled guer-

illies of high finance in that and the three preceding years, the bankers who were riveting this machinery of concentration publicly contended that, so far from being either mischievous or undesirable, it was altogether for the best interests of the investing public. But that assumption naturally remained to be proved.

It was disputed, first, by a question immediately put to the promoters of the impregnable corporate strongholds, and reflected with curious exactness, a decade afterward, in Mr. Baker's testimony before the Pujo Committee. Even supposing the financiers, now irrevocably occupying the Seats of the Mighty, to be men so perfectly disinterested and capable in their policies that no minority shareholder would wish to dislodge them, who was to answer for their successors? For, manifestly, those successors would be virtually named by the present incumbents, and would be equally free from any fear of discipline by shareholders for blunders and malfeasance in office. The assumption appeared to be that no mistakes could be made in selecting the heirs to such responsibilities. Whether or not the public mind would have been willing to surrender itself to an inference so foreign to its ordinary instinct and experience, a highly instructive test was soon to be applied to the question of the impeccability even of existing managements of these colossal corporations.

A series of events raised the question whether the mere possession of such power had not perverted the ordinary business common-sense of the supposedly infallible directorates. Two of these companies, so organized that permanency of existing managements was insured, were the Amalgamated Copper and the United States Steel. Beginning with 1901, the career of the Amalgamated holding company was,

from the copper trade's own point of view, a story of stupidity and misjudgment such as, if practiced by the managers of a ten-thousand-dollar company, would have necessitated their summary and contemptuous ejection from office. The directorate of this corporation displayed a complete and constant misjudgment of the market for their product. When the price of copper was abnormally high, they not only held back their own metal from market, but bought the metal of their competitors. When, on the contrary, it was abnormally low, as a result of the collapse which inevitably followed, they were heavy sellers. The only principle of trade of which they ever demonstrated their mastery was the principle that copper-producing companies would pay larger dividends with copper at 16 or 20 cents a pound than with copper at 10 or 12, and their only distinct programme of policy was based on their idea that a producing company with money enough to hold back its output for an abnormally high price could make the consumer buy it at that price, in the usual quantity.

The United States Steel began by paying dividends on an inflated common stock, largely exchanged for stock of other companies on which no dividends had ever been earned or paid. When it was discovered — what conservative steel experts had predicted from the start — that the company's preferred stock would probably, on occasion, fail to earn its stipulated dividend, the management proposed to turn something like half of the \$500,000 seven per cent preferred stock into five per cent bonds — an expedient worthy of the infancy of financial science, and yet for insuring which, millions were handed over to underwriting syndicates; an expedient which was eventually stopped by the protest of some of the company's own directors.

These incidents I mention merely to show that there are flaws in the theory that the interests of the investing public are safe with any corporation in the hands of self-perpetuating directorates, whatever their prestige or affiliations. As events turned out, however, this tendency to the rapid and permanent massing of the agencies of production and manufacture in the hands of a few autocratic groups of financiers encountered a different and more effective challenge than that of minority shareholders or outside critics.

The Anti-Trust law of 1890 was drawn with a clear view to such future possibilities; for the process of concentrated control of various industries had begun even then. That law unquestionably voiced a public sentiment which has prevented, during the twenty-two subsequent years, any weakening of its legitimate scope or force. The Northern Securities dissolution, in accordance with the Supreme Court decision of 1904, supplemented by the Standard Oil and American Tobacco dissolutions after the decisions of 1911, put a definite end to the process of gathering productive industry into the hands of a few huge corporations, under the management of small groups of men who could never be unseated.

Now, the fact of particular importance, in the chapter of history which I have just reviewed, is that the movement, whether accidental or deliberate, toward monopoly of transportation and industrial production, has been definitely blocked. An attempt to-day to organize another holding company such as the Northern Securities or the United States Steel, would almost certainly encounter a Federal injunction which would strangle it in its cradle. New Jersey itself, whose lax and mischievous corporation laws, adopted twenty years or so ago, made of that state a nest for the new corporations—

the Steel Trust, the Tobacco Trust, the Northern Securities, the Standard Oil, the Mercantile Marine — which wanted charters permitting them to do anything they should choose, has this year repealed those laws in favor of a sound incorporation statute which will surround both new and old companies with restrictions from which no American corporation ought ever to have been free. Under the proposed provisions, the ‘holding-company’ device can never be invoked again, and mergers of corporations will be permitted only subject to the approval of the Public Utilities Commission.

One after another, the most dangerous of the combinations of 1899 and 1901 have been dissolved and reduced to their component parts. It was none too soon; for although a complete private monopoly of industrial producing agencies could never have been realized, continued and unhindered progress toward such monopoly, in default of the Anti-Trust law, would probably have invoked, in the public defense, the establishment of a national bureau to fix the maximum prices for the products of such concerns. And if the maximum prices, then, in due course (as the Interstate Commerce Commission’s regulation of the railways indicates), the minimum prices also. In other words, granting the permanent supremacy of these enormous holding companies in all avenues of productive industry, we should presently have been confronted with a public declaration that the law of supply and demand no longer operated, and with governmental commissions to fix the cost of living.

That this formidable step in the direction of state socialism should actually have been proposed by the executive head of the largest of these industrial holding companies, was conclusive proof that the promoters had aban-

doned all hope of unimpeded control of the avenues of production. A political party and a Presidential candidate last year repeated this proposal, on the grounds, first, that disruption of the trusts meant economic chaos; and secondly, that the companies already formed out of such dissolutions were making too much money. But the very absurdity and contradiction of the reasoning showed that the country had not yet reached the necessity for any such alternative. Nothing could have demonstrated more conclusively than the sequel to such dissolutions of holding companies, without disturbance to their respective industries, that the argument from the necessity of these colossal mergers to our national progress is nonsense, that 'Big Business' can be conducted as successfully and as profitably without them as with them; in other words, that the 'holding company' on the scale of the speculative decade 1899-1907 is a malignant excrescence on the economic organism.

VII

But after all this corrective process, which is still uncompleted, there was left another field for the activities of concentrated capital. A dozen years ago, when organization of the huge industrial trusts was the order of the day, the problem of having such promotions originally financed by powerful banking institutions, was a part of the calculations. Since financial rivalries, disputes as to the wisdom of the undertaking, and doubts over the propriety of devoting fiduciary funds in large amount to purposes of the sort, were bound to arise, it became a manifest advantage for the organizers of the industrial combinations to possess a voice in the councils of the banks themselves.

That such influence was an essen-

tial factor in the ambitious enterprises of the day, was never questioned or denied. In 1899, one of the largest national banks in New York City audaciously handed over its facilities to the promoters of the Copper Trust, to facilitate an operation so surrounded with questionable financial methods that even Wall Street protested angrily against it. When the utterly unsound and obnoxious plan to convert the Steel Trust's preferred stock into bonds was intrusted to an underwriting syndicate, powerful banks were again brought in among the underwriters. Both operations, in my judgment, were illegal under the National Banking law. When Wall Street high finance became sharply divided into two contending factions, which collided with disastrous results in the famous battle of 1901 for control of Northern Pacific stock, the great banking institutions of New York were already becoming known as 'Morgan banks,' or 'Harriman banks.' No one who kept abreast of Wall Street affairs during that period, will have forgotten the extraordinary rise in the market for stock of both kinds of institutions — a rise which carried prices of such shares to heights out of all relation to the net investment-yield from dividends.

The panic of 1907 — which, like all great panics, marked the end of an epoch of whose financial extravagances it was the natural result — necessarily altered this situation. The government's successful challenge of the movement toward industrial monopoly through holding companies would of itself have put an end to the huge railway and manufacturing promotions. No such exploits as the Northern Securities railway merger, or the Steel and Harscoer combinations, have even been attempted since the Supreme Court's dissolution decree of 1904. New laws, enacted as a result of the scandals of

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1905 in the life-insurance field, and of 1907 in the domain of the trust companies, have fixed a barrier against such use of those institutions' funds as prevailed in 1901 and 1902, and even if the old-time facilities were still open, the panic has taught an impressive lesson as to the dangers of such enterprises.

When, therefore, we talk of the concentration of banking power since 1907, we are discussing a different situation. The process of drawing powerful banking institutions under the general control of other groups or institutions has undoubtedly been pursued, since 1907, in some respects on an even more extensive and ambitious scale. But its immediate purpose has necessarily changed with the embargo on future hundred-million and thousand-million mergers.

The familiar form of indictment of our present banking organism is that it has placed, in the hands of a limited group of financiers, control of the larger machinery of credit. Mr. A. Piatt Andrew, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has lately shown, from a compilation of official statistics, that the number of separate national banks in the United States (25,176 in 1912) had increased two and a half times in the past twelve years, and whereas, in 1900, there was one such bank on the average for every 7,357 people, in 1912, there was one for every 3,788. The cited figures also showed that percentage of increase in number, capital, and resources of the banks, during that period, had been two to four times as great in the West and South as in the East, where the Money Trust's concentration of capital was presumed to converge.

But this does not altogether meet the question at issue, since nobody has contended that the alleged 'Money Trust' was controlling all of the coun-

try's banking institutions. At the great financial centres, however, there has been in progress a quite undeniable concentration of general control over the larger institutions. The Pujo Committee presented figures showing that 6 banking firms of New York and Boston, and 12 banking institutions of those cities and Chicago, whose partners or directors numbered 180, held, through such representatives, 385 directorships in 41 banks and trust companies, 50 directorships in 11 insurance companies, 155 directorships in 31 railway systems, 6 directorships in 2 express companies, 4 directorships in one steamship company, 98 directorships in 28 producing and trading corporations, and 48 directorships in 19 public utility corporations. All told, these 16 firms and institutions, with 180 partners or directors, held 746 seats on the managing boards of 134 corporations. Without going in detail into the figures of the report regarding the capitalization, deposits, and earnings of the corporations in question, it is enough to say that they are, in their respective fields, the largest in the United States, and that, if regarded as a matter of concentrated control, they show an aggregate financial power in finance and industry never paralleled in history.

So far as the representation of these banking firms in the managing boards of the large industrial corporations is concerned, I have already shown, in discussing the financial movement from 1899 to 1902, how it came about. It was not altogether, as Mr. Wilson said last August, 'because there was so much money to be invested' and 'because it was in the hands of men intimately associated in business.' It was largely because these industrial companies wished to affiliate themselves with strong and conservative banking-houses and to prevent their own capture by capitalists of the speculative

class. Whether the process of sealing such affiliation through so general a representation of the banking-houses on the managing boards was carried too far or not, is another question.

It would also be a legitimate matter of inquiry, on general principles, first, how far these banking representatives dictated the policy of the industrial concerns; secondly, how far that policy was wise and in the public interest; thirdly, how far such directors, if dominant in the councils of the corporations, used their power disinterestedly or turned it unfairly to the advantage of their own banking institutions. That this group of capitalists, or any other group, has through its influence in the industrial corporations managed to put up prices generally to extortionate heights, is not true. To make that assertion is to confuse the problem of manufacturing combinations, taken by itself, with the problem of banking-house representation on the boards of such corporate combinations. The question of arbitrary control of prices, through mergers, holding companies, and hundred-million-dollar corporations, is a question by itself, and the government has already dealt with it by itself. In all their dissolution suits, the federal prosecuting officers have taken no account of the personality or outside affiliations of the directors of such companies.

The question at issue was, what the industrial company was doing, or had been organized to do. That was the logical and effective way to approach the matter. It laid the heavy hand of the law on corporations, or the directors of them, not because of the composition of their directing boards, but because of the actions and powers of the companies as companies. The danger of arbitrary and artificial prices for commodities is being met in that way, and it could be effectively met in no

other. The danger of arbitrary and artificially high transportation rates on the country's railways has long since passed away. The power of the Money Trust in these directions — if we assume that there is a Money Trust — must be judged in accordance with such facts.

VIII

But the concentration in general control of the largest city banks, which dispense the greater part of the credit required for very large financial operations, remains as a problem in itself. The fact of this position of the important city institutions is, I believe, disputed nowhere. It has, in fact, been frankly recognized and defended by the financiers promoting it. Their arguments in its favor may be thus summed up: First, the consolidation of two or more banking institutions makes for greater economy of management and efficiency of operation. Next, banking institutions of larger power and resources than hitherto are required for the much larger operations involved in present-day business and finance. Further, the bank suspensions, in New York particularly, during the panic of 1907, emphasized the dangers created for the community at large by weak or ill-managed institutions in a central money market. Finally, the incidents of that panic — including the temporary breakdown of credit facilities, the distrust by banks of one another, the lack of quick and effective coöperation to relieve the crisis — taught the supreme necessity for a banking power strong enough to meet the worst emergency. Concentration of the banking resources at the country's money centre is, in the absence of a central institution such as the Bank of England, the only means of controlling, promptly and effectively, a crisis of that kind.

The arguments are plausible and, up to a certain point, convincing. The general criticism which they invite is, however, much the same as that which converged upon the not dissimilar programme of industrial combination. Bank consolidations may promote economy and efficiency. But to that argument alone there must be some limit, as there was to the similar argument for manufacturing combinations; otherwise, the ideal state of things would be complete monopoly. Larger banks are undoubtedly needed to finance the larger needs of modern business; but this by no means proves that one already large institution must therefore be affiliated, in management or general ownership, with another. Weak institutions will naturally tend to seek the protection of union with strong and prosperous banks; but it does not follow that there must be a common control or ownership for all such combined institutions.

The argument for meeting panic is in some respects the most forcible of all. Yet two rather striking weaknesses in the argument must be noticed — one, that the strongest New York banks, with one or two exceptions, gave little ground for believing, in October, 1907, that their usefulness in meeting such emergencies is proportioned to their financial strength; the other, that the tendency for the largest banks to fall under the general domination of one financial group has been, and is, an absolute barrier to the establishment of a central banking institution on proper and scientific lines. It is argued, very properly, that only through such a semi-governmental institution can the power of a so-called 'Money Trust' be restricted or curtailed. But it will quite as surely be argued by Congress and the public that, in some way, directly or indirectly, a financial power which appears on its face to be getting

under its own general control the largest private banks would acquire a dominating influence in a central bank as well.

I am stating the arguments, both pro and con, for what they are worth. Neither is conclusive — a fact which usually means that the truth lies somewhere between the two. I have left out of the foregoing summary, moreover, the allegation on which a great part of the pending discussion has been made to hinge. Does the movement of concentration, in the ownership or potential control of the larger banking institutions, mean that virtual control of the market's credit facilities is passing into the hands of one strong group of financiers? Mr. Morgan's answer to the question as to the possibility of such control of credit, that 'all the money in Christendom and all the banks in Christendom cannot control it,' I have already cited. When asked whether, if he himself 'owned all the banks of New York, with all their resources,' he would not then 'come pretty near to having a control of credit,' he replied emphatically, 'Not at all,' and further declared that, if a competitor or potential competitor of his own industrial enterprises should come to these banks to borrow money, he would get it.

Yet just at that point a question of by no means unreasonable doubt arises. Supposing the general control of the country's greater banking institutions to be in the hands of a financial group who also dominated certain railway companies and certain industrial corporations, would it, or would it not, be possible for an important legitimate enterprise, competing with those railways or industrial corporations, to be organized as easily as before? Human nature being what it is, the answer must be in the negative.

Something of this consideration may

well have been present in Mr. Baker's mind, when he said of the machinery of concentrated banking capital that, 'if it got into bad hands, it would be very bad.' It has not been proved, in all the collated testimony on the question, that discrimination in granting credit, with a view to obstructing competition, has been practiced on any such scale. In one or two cases, unsuccessful projectors of railway or other enterprises, who have failed to obtain the necessary funds, have accused the 'Money Trust' of standing in their way; but the event has proved that the enterprises were themselves financially unsound. Nevertheless, we have to deal, not alone with what has actually been done, through unusual and abnormal powers of this nature, but with what may be done hereafter, if the existing system and tendencies are perpetuated. It is in some respects the problem with which the Supreme Court was confronted, when counsel for the Northern Securities set forth that the company had performed no overt act whatever beyond declaring dividends, and therefore could not have acted in restraint of trade; yet admitted that the logical development of its scheme of organization might enable it to own all the railways in the country.

The question what, if anything, we are to do in the way of legislation on the problem, is full of complications. It is peculiarly a subject to be approached with caution, conservatism, and a full recognition of all the facts which bear upon it; for blundering efforts at a remedy would inevitably touch the sensitive nerve of general credit. Nothing will be gained by such wild extravagances as the Congressional allegations from which I have

repeated the striking passages. To deal with the problem in such fashion is the surest way to create and emphasize the impression, among thinking men, that there is nothing but malice or ignorance behind the agitation. Some new provisions in our banking laws have probably been made inevitable by the changed conditions which have arisen in the banking organism. Restrictions may be necessitated on the purchase of one fiduciary institution by another, to the extent at least of requiring the approval of responsible public officers. There is plausible argument for the regulation of banking and corporation directorates, so that the same man or group of men shall not be allowed to sit on the boards of competing institutions.

It is not my purpose here, however, to discuss the grounds for or against any specific measure of reform in the existing situation, but to show what that situation actually is. If the problem is conservatively dealt with, the banking interests of the country will have reason to be as grateful as the business community and the general public; for it is difficult not to believe that the financiers who thus far have conducted this movement of banking concentration are themselves aware that they have set in operation machinery which they cannot check or stop, and which is liable to get wholly out of their own control. That was the fact with the movement of industrial concentration. It was the head of a powerful banking and promoting interest, and a party to the suit, who said, when the Northern Securities decree put an end to that infatuation of our great Wall Street financiers, that the decision 'is a blessing in disguise, for the movement has already gone too far.'

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

CHAPTER XIV

KEY WEST (*continued*)

If Tampa had been in a seething hubbub, it was nothing to Key West, which felt itself in all but hallooing distance of the seat of war, and, in the mediæval phrase, stood within the Spanish danger; the little town of foreign-looking houses and brilliant tropical shrubbery, among which one might recognize many old friends of the conservatory uncannily grown and naturalized, was incredibly crowded; the hot, white streets swarmed with people; the harbor was jammed with shipping; the quays in a roaring turmoil. Somebody pointed out to Van Cleve the Spanish prizes anchored here and there, a piebald collection of steam and sailing-vessels, and told him they were to be auctioned off at public outcry that very morning. 'Some of 'em ought to go cheap, by their looks,' said Van; and the other man laughed. In truth, they were a dirty and down-at-heel set. The transport had touched five hours earlier, and gone on without delay; another big liner now in the government hire was just standing out to sea, loaded with supplies and the army mail, as Van was informed. Every one was eager to talk and answer all his questions, the young fellow found; there was the same extraordinary feeling of kinship and ready-made acquaintance in the crowds which he had noticed in Tampa.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Takuhira had
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entered upon what promised to be a difficult and complicated negotiation with the authorities over his passage to Cuba, which it appeared even the accredited representative of a foreign power could not accomplish without the consent or connivance of every official in the place, and a truly bewildering display of red tape. Van Cleve left him at the beginning of it, and took his own way to the office of the *Key West Sentinel*; he could think of no better starting-point for his haphazard search, and here, for once, chance befriended him.

The *Sentinel* was housed and served in much the same style as the Tampa newspapers; it might have been the same flimsy wooden building, the same cluttered little office-room, opening full on the street, with a white awning over the door, and a manila-paper broadside with 'LATEST NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR,' skewered on the lamp-post opposite. The same crowd jostled in and out; the same men chewing unlighted cigars, perspiring in shirt-sleeves with handkerchiefs tucked inside their collars, hammered on the typewriters, or dictated to other hammerers. As Van had more than half expected, nobody knew anything about a Robert Gilbert, or had ever heard of him, or had any time to listen to or answer questions about war-correspondents. He was turning away, when there came in a thin, slow-moving man dressed in soiled white ducks, with a thin, yellow, scrubby-bearded, and inexpressibly tired face, who took off his hat

and wiped his forehead with a languid gesture, as he leaned against one of the tables, and asked if there was any mail for him. Van Cleve, who could not get by in the higgledy-piggledy little place without dislodging him, hesitated an instant, wondering, with that slight inward recoil which most people would have felt at this date, if the other might not be just coming out of an attack of *the fever*; he had plainly been very sick recently — was sick still, for that matter. The typewriter-girl recognized him, and got up to search a pigeon-hole in the desk alongside her. ‘You don’t look very good yet, Mr. Schreiber,’ she said kindly; ‘I don’t believe you ought to be out in the sun. It brings it on again sometimes.’

‘Oh, I’ve had my dose,’ said the visitor, with a kind of haggard jauntiness. He was a young fellow, about Van’s own age. ‘Anyway, you might as well be good and sick as half-up and half-down this way. It’s more interesting. Is n’t that mine?’

She handed him a yellow envelope with *Gulf States Monthly* printed in the corner of it, remarking amiably, ‘Say, that’s a dandy good magazine. I buy a number every now and then — only ten cents, you know, and I can’t see but what it’s got every bit as good stuff in it as *Century* or any of the high-up ones. Are you going to have something in pretty soon?’

‘I sent ’em an article and some photographs just before I was taken sick, — don’t know when they’ll be out, of course, but I should n’t wonder if it was in the next issue. They want all the war news to be right up to the minute,’ he said not without some importance; and added in a slightly lowered and confidential tone, ‘Want a news-item? For the society column?’

‘Sure we do. Always. What is it?’

‘Well, then,’ said the convalescent, unsmiling, with ironic impressiveness,

‘you may just say that I leave for Cuba to-night or early to-morrow morning on my private yacht, the Milton D. Bowers, which is now coaling up and laying in a store of provisions, wines, etcetera, my special extra dry champagne, and my own brand of cigars, at Wharf 8, foot of Cadoodle Street, or whatever the name of it is — down here three squares to the right, I mean. Now don’t make any mistake; I don’t want to have that telegraphed all over the country with my name spelled wrong. I’d nevah be able to show my face in Newport or Tuxedo again, don’t you know, they’d all make so much fun of me. Beastly bore, don’t you know?’

The stenographer did not laugh, however. ‘Oh, my, Mr. Schreiber, you ain’t honestly going, are you?’ she said with concern. ‘Why, you ain’t near well enough yet. I think that’s awful reckless.’

Van Cleve did not hear her remonstrances; he was busy trying to remember where he had heard before of the Milton D. Bowers; it must be the same vessel, for no two that ever sailed the seas would have been christened with such a name. Suddenly he recollect ed. He spoke to the other young man abruptly. ‘I beg pardon, are you one of the war-correspondents?’

At this unexpected attack, the stenographer jumped, with a little scream; Mr. Schreiber faced about with his fatigued movements, bracing himself by the desk, and eyed Van Cleve inquiringly, a species of jocular hostility or wariness showing on his fever-stricken youthful face.

‘Yes, I’m a correspondent. Are n’t you the speedy little guesser though?’ he said lightly, still with an indescribable air of being on his guard.

‘I heard you mention the Milton D. Bowers. That’s one of the newspaper boats, is n’t it?’ Van pursued.

‘Yes.’ And before Van Cleve could

open his mouth for his next question, the other stuck out a hand and, grabbing Van's, pumped it up and down with exaggerated warmth, exclaiming, 'Why, if it is n't my dear old friend, Chauncey Pipp from Hayville, Michigan! Howdo, Chauncey? How's the folks?'

It took Van Cleve a moment or two to perceive what this fantastic performance implied. When he did, he frowned. 'Oh, come off! Do I look like a green-goods man?' he said impatiently. 'I just want to ask you something. I'm looking for a man that's been on that boat — a correspondent, you understand. I thought you might have met. His name's Gilbert — R. D. Gilbert.'

Mr. Schreiber became another man on the instant; he relinquished Van Cleve's hand, entirely businesslike and serious. 'Why, yes, I know a Gilbert. We were on a cruise together on the Milton D. We got to knowing each other very well,' he said, interested; 'I don't know what his first name was, though; I never happened to ask him. What's your Gilbert like? Tall, light-haired fellow? This one was reporting for a Cleveland paper, I think.'

'No, Cincinnati. My man is from Cincinnati.'

'Well, maybe it was Cincinnati — I don't recollect — it was Ohio, anyhow. You say you're looking for him?'

'Yes. It must be the same man. He —' Van Cleve stopped himself, glancing at the stenographer, who was an open-eyed spectator. 'Here, let's go outside and talk. We're in the way here,' he suggested.

'Well, I call that a funny coincidence!' the young lady ejaculated as they left.

Outside, in chairs under another awning in front of the saloon across the way, Schreiber said, 'You are n't a brother of Gilbert's, are you?'

'No, just a friend of his and the family's. The man I mean is a heavy drinker. You'd know it even if he kept sober while he was down here,' said Van Cleve, bluntly. 'I did n't want to talk about it before that girl. You saw that.'

'Yes,' Schreiber said at once, 'that's the same Gilbert; he's all right, if it was n't for that. Good fellow, if it was n't for that. Just can't let it alone, that's all. I don't mind a man taking a drink once in a while — *Here* now, don't do that, that was n't a hint; I could n't take anything but mineral water, anyhow — I say I don't mind a man taking a drink once in a while, but Gilbert —!' he made a gesture — 'he just can't let it alone. Were you expecting to meet him here?'

Van Cleve explained. 'I've been looking for him for a week. His paper has let him go and the family want him to come home. They don't know where he is, nor what's happening to him.'

The newspaper-man nodded with full comprehension of what these statements left unsaid. 'Well — all right, apollinaris — I'm afraid you're going to have a hard time finding him because the last I knew he was going to Cuba. I had it all fixed to go myself, only I came down with this blankety-blanked fever instead!'

'Yellow?'

'No, it's what they call calenture. It's nothing like so serious as yellow, but you certainly do feel rotten after it. What day of the month is it, do you know? I've lost count — one day's so much like another when you're sick.'

Van Cleve himself had forgotten, and was obliged to refer to the *Sentinel* which he was still carrying in his pocket. It was the 30th of June. 'Three weeks since I began to feel so bum I had to go to bed! The army left the next day,' said Schreiber, dolefully.

'However —!' He shrugged away his disappointment with one shoulder. 'We've all got to take what's coming to us. I will now proceed to drown my woes in *drink!*' he announced, reverting to his attitude of defiant levity, and took up the mild tumbler of mineral water with a flourish. 'Here's your good health, Mr. —?'

'Kendrick — my name's Kendrick.' Van Cleve got out a card and gave it to him, with a word of half-humorous apology. 'I suppose you're used to a lot of wild-eyed cranks butting in on you the way I did, though. Is n't that so? Newspaper men have the name of being ready for almost anything.'

'Well, I don't call it particularly the act of a wild-eyed crank to take me out and buy me a drink,' said the other, good-naturedly. He looked at the card and read aloud, '*Mr. Van Cleve Kendrick,*' and repeated his toast, 'Here's looking toward you, Mr. Kendrick. I have n't got any cards with me, or I'd exchange with you. My name's Schreiber, however, — if you'll take my word for it, — and I'm here for the *Gulf States Magazine* partly, and partly on my own. If there's anything I can do for you, I'd be glad to.'

Van said that he was much obliged; and they finished, one his apollinaris, the other his Baccardi rum, in extraordinary amity. It was a great place and time for these hit-or-miss fellowships.

'Funny you should happen to ask me about Gilbert,' the correspondent commented; 'no, thanks, I can't smoke yet. Oh, wait till you have calenture; you'll understand! — I say it's funny you should have picked out *me* to ask about Gilbert, because I'm probably the one, single, solitary man in the whole place that could tell you!'

Van Cleve explained about the Milton D. Bowers. 'If I had n't heard you say that, I'd have gone on without

speaking. But I just happened to remember Bob — Gilbert, you know — mentioning that as the name of the dispatch-boat he'd been on, in one of his letters home. It's an absurd sort of name and stuck in my head on that account, no doubt.'

'It is a queer name, I suppose,' said Schreiber, reflectively; 'I don't know why, I never noticed that it was queer before. Yes, Gilbert and I were on the Milton D. together. It was an interesting cruise. She is n't a dispatch-boat, however; the dispatch-boats have these big, high-powered engines, and they get over the ground, or the sea rather, like an express-train. The Milton D.'s nothing but a sea-going tug — kind of a little bull-tug, you know, very stout and strong, but not at all fast. She could get along well enough to keep up with the transports, and that's all that's necessary.'

'Is that so? How long were you on that trip?'

'Why, a week or more. We went down by the Isle of Pines, keeping out a good way from Havana on account of the fleet, you know. And then we came around by the east end of Cuba. We must have been very near where the army landed the other day. It's a wonderful coast, tall cliffs right to the edge of the sea, no beach at all, and a whacking big surf piling up all around the bases of 'em. The mountains are all over thick woods, and every now and then you can see a little white streak of a waterfall tottering out like a ghost between them. The sea's almost always very blue, and the surf's white, and the mountains deep-green — George!' he shook his head in admiration; 'it's beautiful, only it doesn't look real, somehow. It makes you think of a drop-curtain.'

'Must have been a great sight,' said Van Cleve, with full appreciation. 'I did n't think you'd have time to look

at scenery, on account of dodging Spanish gunboats and so on.'

Schreiber laughed. 'Spanish gunboats never bothered us. We had to keep on the hop to dodge our own. They'd have eaten us up in a minute.' And seeing the incredulity on Van's face, he added with emphasis, 'Yes, they would. The fleet's not a very safe neighborhood for little Milton D. Bowerses, or any other non-combatants. They don't know who you are, and they can't risk stopping to find out. Shoot first and explain afterwards — that's their motto! Those big warships just loaf around the ocean all night long without a sound or a light, and if they run across you — Bing! Dead bird! They have to, you know. You might be a torpedo-boat sneaking up on 'em.'

Van Cleve pondered this information with a certain stirring of the adventurous longings he had had in boyhood, and had thought long since dead and buried. What St. Louis soap-factory, what distillery, what office-stool and desk, might be their tombstone! With something of an effort, he got back to the business of the hour.

'You say you think Gilbert went to Cuba when the troops did?'

'Oh, yes, positive. They all went. Everybody went but me.'

'How did they get there — the newspaper men, I mean? Did they have their own boat?'

'Well, yes, some of them. Some were on the Associated Press boats, the Goldenrod and the Wanda and the others — you've probably seen their names in the papers. There were a good many on one of the transports. You can get to Cuba any old way; it's easier than going from here to New York! I was to have been on the Milton D., but of course that all had to be put off. They took the route by the north coast, and the Milton D. could do that nicely.'

It's shorter, and does n't take so much coal. Coal's a very serious item with these little tin tea-pots.'

Van Cleve surveyed him thoughtfully. 'Were you in earnest just now when you were talking about going to-night?'

The other nodded. 'Of course I was in earnest — of course I'm going. What made you ask?'

'Why, you're too sick still, are n't you?'

'Oh, sick — thunder!' said Schreiber, in genuine irritation. 'No, I'm not sick any more. I'll be all right in a day or two, anyhow. Besides, I can't stay loafing here. There's something doing every minute over there, and I don't want to miss any more of it. The war is n't going to last forever, you know — a few months, or a year maybe, and we may never have another, not in our time, anyway. If you knew anything about the newspaper game, you'd know a person can't worry around over every little pain and ache, when he might be out getting a good story.'

He spoke with a vehemence for which Van Cleve, who was not given to vehemence or excitement himself, rather warmed to him; Van thought it might be foolish and exaggerated, but it showed at least the proper spirit with which any man ought to regard his work. 'If everybody felt that way about their job, there'd be a good deal more done, Mr. Schreiber,' he said; 'the reason I asked you, though, was that I was wondering if I could make an arrangement to go with you. Would there be room on the Milton D. Bowers for one more?'

Schreiber stared. 'You want to go to Cuba? Why, look here, are you in the newspaper business, after all?' he asked ingenuously.

'No, I just thought I'd like to go if I got a chance. I'd like to see it. If we

should happen to run across Gilbert, I'd get him to come back with me,' said Van Cleve, in as casual a manner as he could put on; it was not well done, for he had no talent for that sort of deception, but Schreiber noticed nothing.

CHAPTER XV

ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER!

The correspondent's full name was Herman Schreiber, and he came originally from Blucher, Illinois, as he informed Van Cleve in the course of the negotiations, adding, with extreme seriousness, that he was of Irish descent. Although he knew nothing of Mr. Kendrick's character and antecedents, he made no difficulty about accepting him for a companion on the voyage. 'Why, if you want to go, I'm sure it's all right as far as *I'm* concerned,' he said with genial indifference. 'You'll have to speak to Captain Bowers, but I don't believe he'll object, provided you can rustle the price. He's a Yankee; comes from New Bedford, or Gloucester, or somewhere down east, and he's about as mellow as a salt cod. Of course, it'll be rough; you don't need to be told that. But if you don't mind sleeping with a lump of coal in your ear, and eating hard-tack and canned stuff, and going without a shave or clean clothes for a while, why, it's a good deal of fun. The thing is, you *see it all*, you know. That's the thing, you *see it all!*'

He went back to the hotel — Key West has, or had at that date, but one — with Van Cleve, and there the first person they encountered was Mr. Takuhira, whom the journalist already knew, and saluted as Take-your-hair-off, in a cheerfully informal style. Takuhira's own prospects, as he told them, with his equable smile, were very dubious. 'I should have gone by the mail-boat that left this morning. Ar-

rangements had been made, they say,' he said; and permitted himself a slight shrug. 'Unfortunately they omitted one rather desirable arrangement, that is, to tell me. I did not know anything about it. And now nobody knows anything about *me*. The government of Uncle Sam has troubles of his own, as you say, without to bother about one Japan attaché.'

'D'ye *have* to get there?' inquired Schreiber.

The Oriental gentleman shrugged again. The other two men could not help exchanging a glance, each one wondering and knowing that the other was wondering whether this Japanese would not be quite capable of committing *harakiri* to satisfy his fanatical Eastern standards of honor, if he failed in his mission. Almost simultaneously they proposed to him their own vessel as a way out of his difficulties.

'And he won't be the funniest traveler the old tub's carried, either,' Schreiber said, after they had, all three, completed the bargain with Captain Bowers, who had been willing enough to take Van Cleve, but inquired a little austere why it was necessary to ship the Chink? He was won over, however, by an argument which Schreiber assured the others in private was always irresistible with him; give Captain Bowers enough (he said) and he'd sail his namesake to a very much warmer place than Cuba — which Mr. Schreiber specified. And he hinted at a sinister past, and at various desperate exploits of the Captain's in the way of blockade-running during the Civil War, filibustering in the Caribbean, and so on, which Van Cleve inwardly decided to discount a trifle.

Captain Bowers was a lean, leathery, hard-featured man, upwards of sixty, who, indeed, looked quite capable of the dark deeds attributed to him; at some stage of his career, he had lost

two fingers off his right hand, which, some way or other, strengthened the grim impression. But Van was shrewd enough to know that to the landsman the sea and those who follow it will always be a mystery, attractive and forbidding, in the same breath; pirate or preacher, the Captain would probably have looked the same to *him*, he thought, with a laugh; and what difference did it make, anyhow?

Their craft, Captain Bowers announced, would sail at midnight, a choice of hours which, of itself, savored of deep-sea secrecy and danger, but which, Van Cleve vaguely supposed, had something to do with the tide. It left them all the rest of the day for preparation, but somehow Van never can remember nowadays exactly how he spent that time. He wrote to his Aunt Myra and to the bank, and a long letter to Lorrie. Takuhira was writing, too, on the other side of the desk in the hotel lounging-room, filling page after page with Japanese characters, with what might be called an unnaturally natural rapidity, as facile as Van himself. The latter wondered whether their letters might not be a good deal alike. There they sat, each one a parcel of memories and associations as different as possible, yet doubtless fundamentally the same. Some slant-eyed little lady in a sash might be Takuhira's Lorrie; and instead of Van's great, muddy river, and bricked, noisy, sooty, well-loved town, the Japanese must be calling up some fantastic vista of bamboos, cock-roofed temples, and rice-fields, and naming it, with as strong a feeling, home.

Afterwards, to the best of Van's recollection, they went together and got some express checks cashed, and visited a shop where they bought apparel which they dimly conjectured to be suitable for the trip — flannel shirts, canvas shoes, a blanket apiece — they

had no idea what they would need. The little Japanese in a sou'wester and jersey, with a bandanna knotted around his neck, cowboy fashion, was a sight for gods and men, but it must be said to Van's credit that he refrained from laughter. He felt too much of a clown in his own seafarer's haberdashery. One of the last things he remembers doing was going with Schreiber to buy a revolver, which the newspaper-man insisted upon as an indispensable part of his outfit. 'Got to have a gun,' he said seriously. 'It's war-times where you're going, you know. Even if you only needed it once, you'd need it mighty bad.'

'Well, but I never handled one of 'em in my life — I don't know which end they go off at,' Van Cleve objected. 'I'm not going to mix into any fight anyhow — not if traveling's good in the opposite direction, I know that.'

'Makes no difference. You've got to put up a good, strong bluff just the same,' said his new friend sententiously. Van had to yield at length.

'All right,' he said, gingerly stowing the weapon in his hip-pocket; 'this is where it's considered good form to carry it, I suppose? You'll change your mind about my needing it after I've blown your ear off, or plugged a hole in the boiler. Come on, fellows.'

They went down to the pier.

As the compiler of these records knows next to nothing of the sea, and as it has always been difficult to get anything out of Van Cleve Kendrick about this experience, it is plain that we cannot be going to enter upon any thrilling nautical adventures. I could not invent them, and Van never will admit that there were any. It seems that nothing of much moment happened during the first half of the voyage, at least; their tug was not a rapid traveler, and she labored along pro-

saically off the northern coasts of Cuba, which were sometimes in sight at a prudent distance for fully forty-eight hours, day and night, without storms or warships or sensational encounters of any kind. The population of the Milton D. Bowers, meanwhile, crew and passengers alike, lived at inconceivably close quarters, in democratic freedom and astonishing harmony, and with a disregard of dirt, discomfort, and inconvenience, which any lady who reads these lines would have looked upon with shuddering horror.

What would Van Cleve's aunt, what would any of his female relatives, have said to the more than dubious bunk and the species of dog-house wherein he slept of a night, to the greasy bench amidships at which he sat down to meals, to the terrific tea and coffee and ships'-biscuit and canned tomatoes and sizzling fried onions which he consumed (with thorough relish!) out of tin plates and mugs and unspeakable skillets? What would they have thought of his shipmates than whom no stranger company were ever assembled on a boat, since Noah went aboard the Ark? Van Cleve himself got along admirably with them. 'They were all right. They were just *man*, you know, just plain *man*', he once rather obscurely said, in an effort to describe them; the astute tolerance of the phrase better describes himself. There was only one of them whom Van felt he never would understand, and that was Takuhira, between whom and these American men there would forever hang the impalpable veil of race, and of habits of mind, unconquerably alien. 'You can't get on the inside of him, somehow; you can't think his thoughts. It would n't make any difference how long you were with him, you'd never *know him*', Van Cleve remarked to Schreiber one day.

The reporter stared. 'What! Little Take-your-hair-off? Why, he's easy

enough to know. Why, *I've* never had any trouble knowing him,' he declared; 'he's just as white as any man I ever met, if he *is* a Jap.'

'I did n't mean anything against him,' said Van Cleve. And, seeing that it would be impossible to make Schreiber comprehend what he did mean, he gave up the subject. He had observed Schreiber's character, at least, to some purpose. In fact, the newspaper man afforded a curious and entertaining study. Writing was his profession, yet he was no more capable of a page of good English than of a page of Choctaw; but what he wrote commanded a price, and was sufficiently readable. He was a perfectly upright man, yet he would sacrifice or distort beyond recognition any fact to make a 'good story,' a trait of his which Van had been quick to discover. 'Get out and get news. If you can't get it, make it!' Schreiber enthusiastically quoted to him as one of the imperishable maxims of an editorial celebrity under whom he had worked; he was eternally quoting this authority. And with all his cheap standards, his bondage to catch-words, his jingo patriotism, he displayed not a few of the qualities which we associate with very high and strong characters, among them a devotion to his duty of 'getting out and getting news' — or making it — which touched the heroic. Barely recovered from a dangerous and wearing illness, he undertook these not inconsiderable hardships for the sake of his magazine, single-mindedly, as if there were no other course to pursue; he was distressingly seasick, he could scarcely eat or sleep, the fever came back upon him intermittently, he suffered tortures from sunburn, — and he bore it all without a murmur.

Van Cleve, for his part, had never felt better; and, moreover, turned out a good sailor and acceptable shipmate,

lending a hand to the management of the vessel when extra strength was needed, and frankly interested in all her workings, and in the crew, whom he found to be not in the least like the sailors about whom he had read. They were neither so profane nor so simple nor so blackguardly nor so sublimely honest as the pages of Captain Marryat and Mr. Clark Russell had led him to expect. The engineer had been a motorman in Chicago, then shipped for a couple of seasons — so he told Van — on a Duluth freighter, then drifted to New York, and worked for a while on the Staten Island boats, etcetera, etcetera. His helper was some sort of half-breed Cuban. The cook hailed from somewhere in Connecticut, he said; and he also said that he had once cooked in a Maine moose-camp for Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Van thought he might possibly be telling the truth, although he was not wholly reliable, either with the cook-stove or the whiskey bottle.

'In every sea-story I ever read the cook was a Lascar,' Van Cleve said to him one day; 'I feel as if you ought to be, by rights.'

'Well, I ain't. I'm Connecticut from the ground up — never was farther west than Milwaukee in my life,' retorted the other. 'Though I did think some of going to the Klondike last year when the rush was on,' he added, pensively turning the bacon. 'But I ain't Alasker, not me.'

Captain Bowers, who was standing near, smiled grimly. He afterwards told Van Cleve that he had seen Lascares — 'plenty of 'em, in the China Seas, and 'round the Straits. They wa'n't doing any cooking, though,' he said, gazing off to the horizon reminiscently. Van longed to ask what they were doing? Boarding his ship with cutlasses between their teeth, in some onslaught of demoniac pirate junks?

Whatever the captain's experiences in that line, he had no tales to tell about them; he was a taciturn man. His taciturnity even extended to their chief recreation on board the Milton D. Bowers, a game of cards, which, whenever the skipper took a hand, invariably had to be whist. Unfortunately the ace of spades went over the side in a light blow the morning of the second day out, and thereafter they were obliged to play euchre and call the deuce the ace, which was awkward but effective.

The next day was Sunday, a fact which would have escaped Van's notice had it not been for certain Sabbath-day observances on board; the engineer's helper washed his shirt; and Captain Bowers shaved in front of six inches of looking-glass tacked up in the cabin, balancing himself nicely to the roll of the boat, and wielding the razor with uncanny dexterity, between his thumb and two remaining fingers. Already in the early morning it was beginning to be unbelievably hot; the horizon, where no land was just now visible and not another sail or smoke-stack, swam in a glare of sea and sky intolerable to the vision. 'We're good and tropical now,' Schreiber said, rearing painfully up from his favorite recumbent posture along the decks, to look at it. 'We ought to make Baiquiri to-night, is n't that so, Captain?'

'T ain't *Baiquiri*, it's *Daiquiri*,' said Bowers, over his shoulder, as he walked forward. 'Yes, I guess so, if we have luck.'

'Is that where we land?' Van Cleve asked.

'That's where the army landed,' said the captain, non-committally. Van felt startled at the sudden nearness of the journey's end.

However, man proposes! It was only a short while after this conversation that the engines of the Milton D. Bow-

ers, to the surprise and consternation of her passengers, began perceptibly to lag; they slowed down; they ceased utterly! A great pow-wow arose between the engineer and his assistant; Captain Bowers took a hand; the engineer disappeared into the bowels of his machine, and ere long boiler-factory hammerings and clinkings resounded. Van Cleve and the attaché, after offering their help, thought it best to keep out of the way, and refrain from annoying questions; but Schreiber had no such scruples. He made repeated trips to the seat of trouble and at last brought back the doleful information that they were going to be held up for the Lord knew how long! ‘I believe it is n’t anything very bad, because he says he can fix it, only he does n’t know how long it’ll take. This is grand, is n’t it? This just suits us. We’re not in any hurry to get there; we don’t give a darn if we *never* see Cuba. I’d like to spend a summer vacation right on this spot. The bathing facilities are so good, you know.’

‘How far are we out, anyhow?’

‘Too far to swim, that’s all I know,’ said the correspondent. He resumed his lounge. They all sat awhile in disconcerted silence, until at length somebody proposed the cards to pass time away; and they were on the seventh hand of cutthroat, when Captain Bowers came and joined them. For a moment, this looked encouraging; but to their eager inquiry about the prospects, he would only say that he did n’t know — it might be two or three hours yet — perhaps more — he could n’t say — depended on what Tom found when he got the jacket off — he could n’t say — ‘It’s your deal, ain’t it, Kendrick? My cut.’

As they were sitting, Van having just dealt, and turned the queen of diamonds, on a sudden, they heard, a good way to the southwest, a dull roll-

ing and booming sound that paused and presently broke out again.

‘Hello!’ said Schreiber, looking up and around; ‘storm somewhere?’

Captain Bowers laid down his hand of cards and said, ‘Boys, that’s cannon!’

In a minute the engineer, chancing to stick out his head for a breath of air, stopped in the act of mopping the sweat from his forehead and arms with a handful of waste, and called in surprise, ‘What’s the matter? D’ye see anything? What did you fellows all jump up that way for?’ He had heard nothing in the midst of his own noise and clangor. The rest looked at one another shamefacedly; they discovered that they had all, on the same unconscious impulse, scrambled to their feet, and were crowding and staring in the direction of the cannonading, as if they might expect to see it, or get nearer to it by the action. In fact, by some illusion, the next detonations seemed to them for an instant much louder. It kept on. They stood a long while listening. Once Schreiber said in a subdued voice, ‘My Lord, fellows, that sounds like the Fourth of July back home, and it’s killing men right along!’ Van Cleve, too, had been thinking of that; and of that evening, scarcely three weeks ago, when he had sat with Lorrie on the porch, and they wondered what cannon sounded like.

The captain looked at his watch and said it was ten o’clock; and one of them asked him where he thought the battle might be going on — if they were shelling the city, would we hear it? He shook his head. ‘Don’t know. Them guns are firing at sea, though, whichever way they’re being p’nted. The sound comes quicker to you on the water — leastways that’s what I’ve always been told,’ he said circumspectly.

‘Do you believe the fleet’s trying to come out?’ Van Cleve and the news-

paper man chorused in one excited breath.

'I presume likely,' said Captain Bowers.

He went to speak to the engineer, and Schreiber watched him with a certain admiration. 'If he was in a book now, you would n't believe in him; you'd think he was ridiculously over-drawn,' he said to Van; 'he does n't seem *possible*, somehow, with his tug-boat and his chin-beard, and that funny down-east drawl. "Presume likely!" Like any old New England deacon! You notice he never swears? You can't faze him — *nothing* fazes him!'

The day wore on. The cannon ceased, and the silence left them all at a higher tension than ever. The cook fished out from somewhere an old battered pair of glasses with a flawed lens, and from that on somebody was constantly on the lookout (though the thing would scarcely carry a hundred yards), sweeping the seas round and round in expectation of no one knew what. At some time in the afternoon they sat down to a belated and half-cooked meal whereat the engineer complained loud and bitterly. He wanted to know what all you dubs (and sundry other unamiable designations) were doing, anyhow? He opined that he was the only man within sight or hearing who was on his job. He intimated highly uncomplimentary doubts as to the mind, morals, parentage, and previous career of everybody on board, especially the cook, which the latter gentleman naturally resented. Captain Bowers had to intervene; and in the middle of it all somebody cried that the guns were going again, producing peace on the instant, as if by magic! Afterwards, realizing that there was some justice in his point of view, one or other of them volunteered as engineer's helper, and held a candle, or passed

tools, or hung on a wrench at intervals the rest of the day. Van Cleve, for one, was glad of any employment; his nerves, like everybody's, were feeling the strain. It was dark before they got started.

It was night, in fact, which came on them with the startling suddenness of the tropics, clouded over, with no stars or moonlight. The little tug, crowding on all steam, ploughed through the vast, black, watery silence with as much commotion as leviathan, reckless of consequences. Excepting Captain Bowers and the Japanese, both of whom contrived to keep an appearance, at least, of stolidity, everybody was very much excited, and there was a good deal of random talk and laughing at nothing; also the cook wanted to sing, and wept when Bowers forbade it and sternly took away his bottle of whiskey.

Schreiber expostulated sympathetically. 'Why, with all the noise we're making, what's the odds if he does sing, Captain? Nobody could hear him.'

'We could hear him,' said the captain, with epigrammatic force. They all thought this was a prodigiously good joke on the cook; Van Cleve never remembered to have laughed so heartily!

'I suppose if we *should* run into a Spanish ship, they would n't do a thing to us?' he said to Schreiber in ironical gayety.

'Not a thing!' agreed the other. Then he added more seriously, 'But they won't be coming this way, you know. They'll make for Havana most likely — if they get away at all.' That the Spanish might have won in the contest did not occur to either of them.

Some while after this, Van Cleve observed a small, steady star, very low down near what should have been the horizon, as he judged, if they had been able to distinguish sea from sky; he pointed it out casually to the captain,

who threw a perfunctory glance in the direction and grunted.

'That's the land,' he said; 'that's a light somewhere on shore. You could 'a' heard the surf if you'd listened. Hear it now?'

Van strained his ears, but could make out nothing; the throbbing of their machinery and the loud rush of water alongside overpowered his landsman's senses; Schreiber affirmed that he could see the coast in black outline against the lesser blackness, but perhaps his fancy helped him. In a little the light vanished, blotted out, no doubt, by some reach of land, for they were both quite sure they felt the vessel veer sharply and change her course. And now, all at once, there came to them a great, hot, sighing breath, off-shore, laden (or so they imagined) with earth odors, strange and familiar; then a cool puff; then another warm. The feeling of it was curiously welcome; land is good after the sea. The Milton D. Bowers slacked up; she had a grotesque air of suddenly remembering something.

'Guess the old man thinks we'd better go slow here,' Schreiber suggested in an undertone; 'he does n't quite know where he is — no lights nor anything. We must be somewhere off Guantnamo, I think.'

He had not finished speaking when there roared up out of the darkness a huge devastating bulk, a thing of terror coming at them like the end of the world. There was a light. Van Cleve for one appalling second beheld a mighty gray shoulder towering above them, imminent, unescapable. 'It looked as high as the Union Trust Building,' he said afterwards. It was in reality the bow of the torpedo-boat destroyer, Inverness, not considered by naval judges at all a large or powerful vessel. She thundered upon them; the Milton D. Bowers raised a wild screech as from one throat, and went astern in a frenzy;

and the Inverness must have sheered just in the nick of time, or they would all, herself included, have been at the bottom of the sea, and this tale need never have been written. As it was, the glancing blow she struck them sent the poor tug staggering, and there was a bloodcurdling noise of splintered wood. When Van got his breath, he found himself in the foolish attitude of clinging to the far rail, and 'holding back' with might and main! They were still afloat; they were still on an even keel. Near him Schreiber sprawled on the deck, clutching one ankle and cursing voluminously; he had sprained it, falling over a pile of coal, and was in severe pain. Extraordinary sounds arose from every part of the boat; somebody was praying in a loud, rapid, fervent voice like a camp-meeting preacher. There was a hail from above.

'Goldenrod, ahoy! Are you much hurt?'

'This ain't no Goldenrod. This is the Milton D. Bowers,' shouted the captain, crossly; and in a moment Van saw him aft with a lantern over the side, studying the damage. The prayers ceased abruptly; Van Cleve had a suspicion they proceeded from the cook, but he never knew. Takuhiira appeared from nowhere, and helped Schreiber take off his shoe. Up overhead an invisible power manipulated the light this way and that, until the tug lay within its zone; they could see faces, kindly and concerned and inquiring, peering down at them. A man whom Van, in his ignorance of naval matters, supposed to be a 'petty officer,' whatever that might mean, repeated the former question. 'Are you much hurt? Need any help?' he asked.

Captain Bowers, after further scrutiny, pronounced the Milton D. in no danger. 'She ain't started anywhere, fur's I kin see, jest her side planed off some,' he said; and, walking to the

engine-house, called in, 'All right there, Tom?'

'I guess so,' said the engineer from the depths.

'You ought to have kept out of the way, Captain. We can't have anybody gum-shoeing around here, *you know that*,' remarked the Inverness, and made another offer of standing by in case they discovered trouble. Captain Bowers grumpily declining, the officer turned away, probably to report to a superior. Some of the heads disappeared from the rail; one of those remaining facetiously invited his mates to come and see the bunch of Weary-Willies in the cup-defender. Another wanted to know who the reverend conducting services was? Van Cleve stared up at them in wonder; he had supposed that everybody — of the rank and file, at least — had to keep mum as a mouse on board a warship. They could hear an order given; the big hull vibrated; the Inverness began deliberately and impressively to back away. Even in the midst of his suffering, professional zeal awoke in the newspaper correspondent; he hobbled upright, clinging to Takuhira's shoulder, and hailed desperately.

'Hi! Wait, will you? What's happened? We heard cannon. What's doing? Was there a fight?'

The Inverness did not answer; silence had suddenly fallen on board of her, and all the faces retreated. In a moment the man who had spoken to them first came back, making way at the rail for a tall gentleman in a beautiful, clean, snowy-white, tropical uni-

form, at once cool and radiant in the half-light. He could be seen to look them over with good-natured condescension, while the subordinate pointed and explained; then he nodded, gave the other an order (as it seemed), and walked away. Schreiber witnessed the pantomime in an agony of curiosity. The first man stepped again to the side; he set a hand to his mouth and cried out, 'Newspaper boat?'

'Yes. *Gulf States Magazine*, Jacksonville *Telegraph*, Atlanta *Post*, Charleston *Mail!*' the correspondent roared back impatiently. None of the last-named papers had any existence outside of his own imagination, as he later informed Van Cleve. 'That ought to be enough for you,' he added under his breath. 'Newspaper boat! Take us for a party of Episcopal bishops?'

'Well, you can tell 'em the fleet came out!'

'Where are they? What became of 'em? What — who — which —?' Schreiber was fairly inarticulate from excitement; he hopped madly on one leg.

'Sunk — beached — burned up — the whole shootin' match!' bawled their informant, succinctly. He made a dramatic pause. 'Had to chase one of 'em down the coast a good piece, but we nipped her, too!' The Inverness gathered way, moving off, and the wash she kicked up slapped against the tug, causing it to rock violently. He raised his voice, making a trumpet of both hands this time. 'Pity you missed it. It's all over but the shouting. There ain't any more Spanish Fleet!'

(*To be continued.*)

TO THE WATCHER

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

SHE is still a child, my lord. She runs about your palace and plays and tries to make you a plaything of her own.

When her hair tumbles down and her careless garment drags in the dust, she heeds not. When she builds her house with sands and decks her dolls with tinsels, she thinks she is doing great works.

Her elders warn her even not to hold you of small account. She is frightened, and she knows not how to serve you. Suddenly she starts up from her play and reminds herself she must do what she is bid.

She falls asleep when you speak to her, and answers not. And the flower you gave her in the morning slips to the dust from her hand.

When the storm bursts in the evening with a sudden clash and darkness is on land and sky, she is sleepless; her dolls lie scattered on the earth and she clings to you in terror.

We are ever afraid lest she should be guilty of remissness. But smiling you peep at the door of her playhouse, you watch her at her games, and you know her.

You know that the child sitting on dust is your destined bride. You know that all her play will end in love. For her you keep ready a jeweled seat in your house and precious honey in the golden jar.

A DEFENSE OF PURISM IN SPEECH

BY LEILA SPRAGUE LEARNED

In the first century of our Christian era, Quintilian, a learned grammarian, said, ‘Language is established by reason, antiquity, authority, and custom.’ It would seem from the general carelessness in our present use of language, that we show allegiance more often to custom than to common sense. No one denies that language is an attribute of reason, — the ‘peculiar ornament and distinction of man’; but man seldom shows a proper respect for this priceless heritage.

Some geniuses pretend to despise the trammels of grammar rules, as some men, other than geniuses, feel themselves too big for the limitations of man-made laws. Genius may often impart a fine inborn sense of propriety in the use of language, and a life-long familiarity with the best in literature naturally develops a delicate taste and a keen sensitiveness to what is right and wrong in speech. But less favored mortals need guide-posts to keep them from stumbling into the pitfalls of ignorance. Reason, the rightful arbiter in matters of language, should not be dethroned by irresponsible usage.

Many believe with Horace, that usage is the deciding authority, binding law, and rightful rule of speech, but it seems to me that there is a prevailing slovenly use of language which is really abuse.

No amount of wisdom, genius, or usage can justify a singular noun with a plural verb, and we never hear, ‘The boy are gone’; but we so often hear from the lips of educated persons blun-

ders like, ‘Every one must paddle their own canoe,’ that no less an authority than Professor Carpenter of Columbia says that in referring to every one, everybody, anybody, and the like, we may use the plural pronoun. He gives as illustrations: —

Every one here may ask me any questions he chooses.

Every one here may ask me any questions he or she chooses.

Every one here may ask me any questions they choose.

Fortunately for him he adds that the first form is preferred in literary English and that the last construction, condemned by rhetoricians, is to be avoided. But why, I make bold to ask, should this unreasonable form find any place in a grammar, or have any sanction? And what are we to think of the license given to students by Professor Carpenter, when he writes the following: “‘It is me’ is an idiomatic colloquial expression used without hesitation by the mass of the people and shunned only by the fastidious.” Professor Carpenter says further, “‘It is I,’ however, retains its place in literary English, as a more solemn and impressive expression, though not to the exclusion of the other phrase. It is also tenaciously preserved even in speech by those who have a strong feeling for consistency in grammar forms.”

When a college professor expresses the idea that correct speech is solemn and impressive, and that improprieties are excusable because of their frequent use, it seems to me timely and justifiable

to suggest that our teachers of English be examined for their qualifications. No man would be judged competent to teach arithmetic who would be indifferent to a pupil's statement that $8 \times 7 = 54$. Is this error more deplorable than 'It is me'? To be sure, arithmetic is an exact science. So is language in its fundamental principles, as in the relations of verbs to their subjects and objects. Shall we regard language as a go-as-you-please affair, with no laws, even though this complicated product of evolution is not fixed or final?

The growth of language is marked by many changes in the meanings and pronunciations of words, and by the introduction of new words where needed. Its decay is influenced by the ever-increasing tendency to slang and to colloquialisms, which form a 'peculiar kind of vagabond language, always hanging on the outskirts of legitimate speech, but continually straying or forcing its way into respectable company.' Whatever the changes, constructive or destructive, can any professor or armies of wise and learned men make 'It is me' correct, any more than they can justify $4 \times 8 = 36$? Such teaching gives rise to the attitude of many school-girls who have the idea that it is affected to say, 'It is I.' They expect to be laughed at when they use correct constructions. Even a lawyer of my acquaintance told me that if he were to speak correctly he would lose business with certain clients, men 'in the rough,' who would think he felt superior to them. Is it not sad that an intelligent use of language is so rare that it sets the accurate speaker apart?

Well may we ask, Is there any criterion of good English? To what source must we go if we wish to speak and write our mother tongue with purity and without affectation? How shall we choose when the men who write books on the subject disagree? How

many of us, after reading Richard Grant White's thirteen pages devoted to the unqualified condemnation of 'had better, had rather, and had n't oughter,' have made a real effort to accustom ourselves to 'would rather' and 'might better'? Of course, only the most ignorant ever said, 'had n't oughter.' And now we read Professor Lounsbury's thirty pages of defense for 'had liefer,' 'had rather,' and 'had better,' three legitimate idioms, dating from the thirteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, respectively. He sanctions 'would rather,' but says that the use of 'would better' is distinctly repugnant if not absolutely improper, and that 'when met with, it is apt to provoke a cry of pain from him who has been nurtured upon the great classics of our literature.'

Dare we say that sometimes Professor Lounsbury's use of language might impress the critical student as inconsistent with the rules of rhetoric, for he allows great license to speech, and does not believe in sacrificing spontaneity to gain correctness. But whoever is endowed by nature with spontaneity, a quality which can hardly be cultivated, might well devote some energy toward making accuracy a habit. There need be no loss of spontaneity in the process.

This reminds us of Henry Ward Beecher, who, when a college youth presumed to point out errors in his speech, replied, 'Young man, when the English language gets in my way, it does n't stand a chance.' Of course, the most rigid purists must acknowledge that it is not freedom from faults that marks either the great man or the great linguist. Each is distinguished rather by that commanding quality that takes no note of trifles.

But, inasmuch as many trifles make perfection, is it not incumbent upon the authors of English books to avoid

faulty expressions? We are surprised to find in Professor Lounsbury's excellent book, *The Standard of Usage*, the following sentences, for which, I presume to suggest, in parentheses, better constructions: —

The process is liable (*likely*) to take place in the future.

This was due (*owing*) to the ending.

How tame it would have been to have used (*to use*), etc.

Such a desirable (*so desirable a*) result.

The opposition to new forms is apt (*likely*) to assume, etcetera.

He accomplished feats full (*fully or quite*) as difficult.

'Donate' has been pretty regularly shunned — (why 'pretty'?).

One example is so curious (*queer*).

No one seemed to think of or care for the other adjectives — (*no one seemed to think of the other adjectives or care for them*).

It was not for the like of me (*such as I*) to contend.

We find also, 'two last words' (*last two*). This suggests the frequent misuse of last for latest, and calls to mind the clever girl who, because of her discriminating use of the words, won the coveted autograph of a blasé popular author. In his formal, unsigned, type-written reply to her request were these words, 'Have you read my *last* book?' Her bright retort, 'I hope so,' brought the desired autograph from the author, who, of course, meant to say, 'latest' book.

In the English book mentioned, appears also, 'every now and then,' which like 'every once in a while,' is hardly a reasonable use of language, since 'every' applies to what may be counted, and since there are no periods of time known as 'now and then' which may be enumerated. 'Every' is again misused in, 'I have every confidence

in this man,' when we mean *entire* or *full* confidence.

Another clause which arrests our attention is, 'He was the one above all,' etc. Would not a better construction be, 'It was *he*, who, above (or more than) all *others*, made it his business,' etc.? Most rhetorics warn us against using 'one' and 'ones,' and what need is there of saying, 'This is the one I mean' when a book is the object meant, or 'Are these the ones you wish?' when we mean gloves?

In Bechtel's *Slips in Speech*, a useful little volume of 'Don'ts' in language, we read with amazement the following: —

"‘I ain’t pleased,’ ‘You ain’t kind,’ ‘They ain’t gentlemen,’ serve to illustrate the proper use of ‘ain’t,’ if it is ever proper to use such an inelegant (*so inelegant a*) word.' What a damaging influence such a statement (or so shocking a statement) must have upon the student!

Even the much-praised Richard Grant White did not live up to the standards of purism that he advocated, when he wrote, —

'Most all of the writer’s argument' — (*almost the entire argument of the writer*).

'We hear that all around us among well-educated people, but who know better' — (why 'but who' when 'who' suffices?)

He is also guilty of 'so perfect,' even though 'perfect,' like 'unique,' 'square,' 'round,' 'universal,' 'unanimous,' and many other adjectives, requires no modifying adverb to express degree.

Again, we have so long cherished that old familiar rule in the words, 'We cannot look or feel 1—y, ly,' that we do not like to excuse Professor Hill for shattering one of our pet idols by authorizing 'I felt badly,' the excuse being that 'bad' has two senses.

So long as the propriety of any word

or expression is questioned, one is wise to seek a substitute which has received the approval of polite society. Such a procedure would enrich our vocabulary, prevent our speech from becoming monotonous, and aid us in forming the estimable habit of using speech to convey fine shades of thought rather than to set people to guessing.

Let us continue to look beautiful (not beautifully) and feel indisposed, weary, or well (not nicely or finely), leaving 'bad' and 'badly' to fall into disuse. It may be helpful to note that the 'i—y, ly' rule offers an exception in the case of 'feeling friendly,' for here is an adjective in 'ly.' It is the adverbs that must be avoided after 'look,' 'feel,' 'seem,' 'appear,' and such verbs, which may be replaced by some form of the verb 'to be.' We prove the correctness of such sentences as, 'The sun shines bright,' and 'The child stands erect,' by substituting 'is' for the verb: the sun *is* bright; the boy *is* erect. And we arrive safe and sound (not safely), the idea being that we *are* safe.

The fact that people appreciate in language the excellencies to be imitated, more readily than they discover the blunders to be avoided, may excuse my pointing out the few flaws selected from many pages of forceful and expressive English,—the object being to arouse us to a realization of our own inaccuracies. Any one who attempts to criticize another's language is sure to realize the truth in Shakespeare's words, — 'I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teachings.'

In view of the facts noted, that our most eminent teachers of English give the sanction of usage to ungrammatical locutions, that slipshod methods of expression abound in the speech of the majority, as well as in the writings of good authors, may we not say in Pro-

fessor Lounsbury's own words that grammatical sentinels are needed in the watch-towers, ready to attack the numerous linguistic foes? Though he may class with these the 'purists, whom, like the poor, we have always with us,' some of us will rather agree with Professor Kittredge of Harvard that the purist is a necessary factor in the development of a cultivated tongue.

The cry of several centuries has been that the English language is on the road to ruin, and periodically a Swift, a Bentley, or a Johnson has appeared with the hope of fixing language, a hope futile so long as the language is alive,—so to speak. Every living thing grows and changes. Latin and Greek, belonging to books rather than to living speech, are called 'dead languages.' They are therefore fixed.

But the influence of a Swift, whose passion was purity of speech, does stem the tide of corruptions threatening to ruin the language. Though his efforts toward the foundation of an academy to regulate and protect speech failed, and though other purists since the Restoration have carried the project no further than plans and proposals, an English Richelieu may yet create an institution similar to the French Academy. Though one of our purist-haters underestimates the efficacy of such a 'linguistic hospital, equipped with physicians and supplied with remedies to cure all the ills resulting from ignorance and heedlessness,' there is reason to believe that the influence of such a body of scholars would tend to awaken interest in English, and to stimulate our respect for the tongue we speak.

We need a Hume or a Dryden to erect danger signals along the rocky road of speech, as warnings to those who think it safer to sin with the elect (authors of renown) than to be righteous with the purist.

PRECISION'S ENGLISH

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

LANGUAGE is a vehicle of intellectual traffic; its business is to carry ideas, mental concepts, information, and at times the truth. It is a clumsy wagon, inadequate to its purpose; indeed all of the arts are required to accomplish that purpose. Some ideas are best expressed in prose, others in verse; some by mechanical drawing, others again in paint; some in marble and others in bronze; and many find their only means of expression in music. Sometimes a glance of the eye tells the story, and at other times a gesture is enough. Sometimes it would seem that nearly all the arts are needed at once. The tale is told of a couple of partially Americanized old men of the florid East who met unexpectedly. The first cried out his happy greetings and straightway grasped his friend in a close embrace. The second was smitten with sudden aphasia; he grew red in the face, his features became contorted, and finally, with a mighty effort he brought himself to say, 'Leggo-ma-hands-ai-vanta-talk!' Language alone was inadequate; he needed gestures.

There is no doubt of the truth of the assertion that we do not study our language enough. Without an intimate sense of it we are nearly helpless. True, some of us seem to achieve an understanding of the anatomy of sentences almost intuitively, while others, despite intense study, are unable to bring grace and action into our speech. But no one, with a love of literature in his heart or a desire to read or to hear things said, will deny the value of the

study of language to those who must use it. If we are to discuss Purism in Speech, we must assume at the outset that all parties to the discussion believe in the best possible use of language.

The point at issue, as I take it, has to do with the primary requirement of language: whether it shall carry the idea with the greatest precision, or whether the greatest effort should be directed toward making the vehicle which carries the idea a thing of faultless construction. There is a wide difference here — the difference between the wagon and its load; and we are often called upon to decide between the two. So precision in the one must often give way to precision in the other.

The purpose of language is fulfilled when an idea is carried from the mind of the speaker or the writer to the receiving mind. Now, unless language is used aright, it foments discord and often proves the greater wisdom of silence — when the speaker knows that if he but had the art, the right thing said would indeed be golden words. The lack of the art of speech is the inability to say the precise thing. Therefore, without a thorough equipment in language, the speaker is as likely to fail in saying what he means as he is to fail in constructing his speech on academic lines.

If the rule of precision in construction stands in the way of efficient expression it should be made secondary to it. Beethoven broke the rules of

composition and accomplished wonders. To-day he is a classic, but in his own day he was a dreadful radical. So, too, painting would be an inefficient art now, had the best usage and the rules current at the time been followed by the masters of the brush.

In English speech the words that sin most against clear expression are adverbs. Thus under stress of dire need you may say, 'Come here, quick!' or 'Come here, quickly!' The former is theoretically incorrect, but it carries the idea. The latter is theoretically correct, but it lacks force. Adverbs are poor things compared with adjectives. Indeed, if an Anti-Adverb Society should ever be organized, I desire to record here and now an application for membership. It might worry us a little to read:—

Take her up tender,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slender,
Young and so fair.

but that is only because we are accustomed to the adverbs. The meaning is all there without the adverb forms. I pick up a book from my library table by an author of merit and read 'refreshingly,' 'flamingly,' 'purringly,' 'noisily,' besides many other of less offense in half a score of pages. What sickly, puling words they are! Henry James uses adverbs of his own make in even greater abundance and he seems to need them, just as the old gentleman from the florid East needed his hands for gesticulation. But we shall do well to grant to Mr. James all the adverbial privileges he takes; he manages to conceive ideas, and through the medium of written language to get them over into the understanding of many of us who take great delight in them. I do not like his adverbs, and I often wish that he would adjust his ideas with wings that fluttered less—but that is his business; and his desire for truth in his

art doubtless leads him to cover all the ground—and the waters under the earth as well. The Anti-Adverb Society would never prohibit adverbs if it expected to live; it would only discourage them. The Germans manage to accomplish a meritorious precision of speech, and they have no adverbs in the sense that these differ from adjectives. So if the expression, 'Come quick,' means more than 'Come quickly,' the chances are that in time we shall receive grammatical warrant to use the words that carry the idea with the greatest efficiency.

The English language leads a dissolute life, and welcomes any word that comes its way. There have always been bars-sinister on its arms, but this has never seemed to worry it. In the Far East there are hundreds of Asiatic words in current use in English and they are gradually creeping into the dictionaries. This catholicity—to use a more gentle expression—is its very strength. The danger may lie in a splitting-up of the language into different dialects, and it is the business of scholarship to use every effort to avoid this. But in doing so it must be prepared to make compromises, and to welcome expressions which our grandfathers would have rejected. Do what we please—teach, instruct, threaten, cajole, or plead: nine out of ten boys will answer, 'It's me!' to the question, 'Who's there?' There must be a reason for this. The French, who are supposed to pay some attention to their language, use the same form,—and it has received scholastic approval. 'Me' seems, somehow, more intimate, and is stronger than 'I'; which may be the reason why the child will say, 'Me go to mother,' and not, 'Give it to I.'

Scholarship has changed in the last fifty years. Science has taught us different methods of thought from those of our grandfathers. We have innumer-

able new facts to coördinate, and so language is beset with many new difficulties. It is not a question of haste,—that persistent and pestilent excuse of the ignorant,—but it is a question of scope, efficiency, and precision in idea. Whatever words will best carry the idea — get it over, so that the receiving mind comprehends it — are doing their real work.

When the time comes that we have used up our resources, and in the swing of the awful pendulum old age is upon the land and the people, and this our

day is become a golden age; when scholarship looks backward again and inspiration is wholly sought in the forgotten night, savants will probably revert to the ways of the mediæval Latinists. But now, to-day, when things are in the making and in the doing, the work of a teacher of a living language is that of an engineer of traffic. He must do all he can to keep the vehicle in order and condition to carry the greatest loads of thought. The vehicle will not break down; the loads of thought may.

RECENT REFLECTIONS OF A NOVEL-READER

To confess one's self a confirmed and complacent novel-reader for fifty or sixty years may seem a humiliating, even a stultifying, admission, yet every department of human thought yields gold to the persistent prospector. It is as profitable to 'stay with' novel-reading as with severer forms of intellectual endeavor. The substantial rewards may be late in coming, but they do arrive. If, as children, we who are predestined novel-readers read chiefly for the story, and, as youths, chiefly for style and form, in maturer years, while we may seem to be devouring merely as a pastime the heaps of fiction that fall twice yearly from the press, eating them up as a girl eats bonbons, the truth is that, having arrived at the time of life when generalizing is inevitable, we find in this confused, parti-colored pile, so delicately redolent of paper and printer's ink, much food for generalization, and a rich contribution to our knowledge of current emotion.

All the great and most of the little movements of the day make their way into fiction rather speedily: sometimes explicitly and with intention; sometimes, and this is even more interesting, blindly and implicitly. Here, to-day, is the great 'march past' of the tastes, opinions, passions, and ethical ideas of our fellows. To review this motley troop is to gain a certain insight, not otherwise easily obtainable, not only into the main currents of contemporary thought and feeling, but also into the cross-currents, drifts, and eddies due to the complications of our society. If, often, these records are neither literature nor life, at least they do not fail of being personality. If the new writer (they are almost all new writers nowadays!) tells us nothing else very valuable, he gives us a pretty clear notion of his own attitude toward life and art; even when oblivious of the latter and biased as to the former, he throws the spot-light on the point of view of one more human creature with

parts and passions like ourselves. This is not what he means to do, but for the reader it may often prove the better part of his performance.

Obviously, to read with this in view means that we are no longer judging novels chiefly as literature or with strictest reference to the canons of perfection whose results we knew and loved aforetime. In the last fifteen years, life has rushed into fiction and trampled those canons a little rudely at times. Needless to say, the happiest literary results are still secured when life and art join hands, but this union is not, to-day, so frequent or so perfect as one could desire. If, then, one reads current novels very extensively, and judges them, one must read them for other qualities than their artistry. Putting aside the finer critical standards, one must be willing to rejoice in them, where it is possible, as life, as experience, as intimations of the human struggle, as broken fragments of the human dream.

Some twenty-five years ago Robert Bridges, then and for years afterward the lightest-of-hand and most acute of our critics of fiction, made strong complaint of the lack of novels dealing with men and their affairs; there was, he claimed, a field for tales of business and the professions. At that time this was a new suggestion. There was not even any very large amount of reading-matter for the tired business man, let alone notable novels about him. He read the Henty books and the *Youth's Companion* for his amusement, and Silas Lapham was almost his only representative in the higher walks of literature. The most conspicuous and significant development of our fiction in the quarter-century has been along these two lines. Novels are no longer written mainly for or about women. The majority of them, in importance as well as numbers, are for and about

men. I remember wondering as I read Mr. Bridges's complaint, how novelists were going to unite the practical experience necessary to depict large affairs with the retirement and study necessary to learn to write, never suspecting the answer — that many of the most popular would write without learning how!

Three or four years later began the still-rising flood of historical romances, of tales of gore and crime, whose popularity has remained and increased. Some of them were pretty enough, and some were poor indeed. The average technique of this particular kind of story has improved wonderfully in the last eight years, an amendment largely due, one suspects, to the standards and rewards of the one American periodical which conspicuously caters to the average male reader.

A little later the novel of achievement, of the material activities of men, began to come into its reward. Here lies the future stronghold of the American novelist. There is bound to be a movement in literature reflecting our material expansion and commensurate with it. The most noteworthy novel of the winter, Theodore Dreiser's *The Financier*¹ lies wholly in this field.

The Financier is an imposing book, both in intention and execution. If it resembles a biography more than a work of art, that, doubtless, is an aspect of the matter with which the author deliberately reckoned before he began. The critic is entitled to ignore it in view of Mr. Dreiser's success in presenting an intimate picture of the development of a man of financial genius whose kind is only too common in America. Should the type become extinct (Heaven speed the day!) and the novel survive, our descendants will have in it the means of reconstructing

¹ *The Financier*. By THEODORE DREISER.
New York: Harper & Bros.

for themselves the business life and immorality of a whole period.

The book details with endless particularity, but forcefully, the character and career of Frank Cowperwood, a Philadelphia boy: his rise in the financial world, his rocket-like descent to the status of a convict, and the means by which he, later, recoups his fallen fortunes. The picture includes his business associates, alleged friends, entire family connection, and the family of the girl whom he finally marries after a long *liaison*, wrecking a first marriage. The author has all these threads of his tapestry well in hand, and no less clear is his presentation of the ins and outs of Philadelphia politics, and the opportunities they afforded for unscrupulous money-making. So painstaking, so lavish of detail, so determined to cover the large canvas closely, is he, that he seems to propose to himself the feats of an American Balzac. If this is the case, he has made a good beginning and is alone in a field that is ready for harvest.

Perhaps the most extraordinary quality of this unusual book is the dryness of its atmosphere. We are reminded of those caverns where nothing ever decays, where all dead things lie mummified, retaining the outward aspect of life for centuries. This effect is, in part, intentional. I do not make out to my own satisfaction whether it is wholly so. Certainly Mr. Dreiser wishes us to feel the extreme aridity of nature in a man like Cowperwood, who sees life under the categories of strength and weakness, and in no other way; certainly also it is hardly possible to overestimate the desiccating effect of absolute materialism in a man of his ability; doubtless, too, the environment and relations of such a man would inevitably tend to grow more and more arid. Still, one would like to ask the author if, as a matter of technique, this

juicelessness of the money-maker might not have been brought out more poignantly by the introduction into the book of somebody with a soul — somebody, that is to say, who sees our existence under the categories of good and evil, right and wrong. This is the chief thing that gives atmosphere and perspective to life. Lust and greed, the pride of the flesh and the joy of life, are not shown in their proper values unless they are contrasted with something quite different. This something different, the spirit-side of life as opposed to the material side, is wholly omitted from *The Financier*. As the book stands, the part of foil is played by a hard-headed old contractor and politician, the father of the girl with whom Cowperwood becomes entangled. Butler is a soft-hearted parent, and is sufficiently shocked and vindictive on learning of the illicit relation in which his daughter exults. He is more nearly human than any other character of the tale, but even he fails really to touch the reader.

Since the death of Frank Norris, no American novelist has attempted anything on the scale of *The Financier*. Far apart in temperament and method, the two writers are alike in the resolution to do a big thing in a big way. For the novelist, I apprehend that the biggest way of all is one which is, as yet, closed to Mr. Dreiser by his philosophy. One must not be rash in formulating this philosophy, but it seems to be negative, to consist in the belief that life is an insoluble problem, and that the existence of predatory types in nature and society justifies us in indicting that dark Will which places man in a universe where 'his feet are in the trap of circumstance, his eyes are on an illusion.'

Whatever the truth of such a philosophy, one thing is certain: the consensus of men's opinions through the

centuries has demanded a different basis from this for the enduring things, the great things, in literature. And the long consensus of opinion is our only real criterion. But to quarrel with Mr. Dreiser upon this point is, after all, to praise him, since it makes clear the fact that his achievement must be looked at from the highest ground.

A man's philosophy is determined in part by his length of days. Knowing nothing as to the fact, I would place the author of *The Financier* near forty-three — too old for the optimism of youth, too young for the optimism of late middle life. If the horribly cold and insanely bitter realism of Strindberg melted at sixty, under the impact of life, into a believing mysticism, who can say what insight and tenderness, what softness of atmosphere and richness of feeling, a dozen years may not add to the already very notable performances of Mr. Dreiser?

One cannot help wishing that Mark Lee Luther might have attacked the making of *The Woman of It*¹ in somewhat the same spirit in which Mr. Dreiser assailed *The Financier*. The former had a story to tell which would have justified twice as long and painstaking an effort. A country Congressman, who has made a fortune exploiting his wife's favorite pickles, goes into politics to acquire dignity. Life at the capital does strange things to the futile, weak-principled man; a finishing school does disagreeable things to his untutored daughter; Yale does amusing things to the pert and practical son. Only the simple, domestic-minded wife keeps her heart in the right place, and her head sufficiently unturned to resolve the tangles into which her family get themselves. There are the 'makings' of something substantial and distinctively American here.

¹ *The Woman of It*. By MARK LEE LUTHER. New York: Harper & Bros.

*The Olympian*² by James Oppenheim, a writer of vigorous short stories, also essays the field of big business. The hero comes to New York from Iowa to conquer the world and to become, eventually, a steel magnate, by marriage. The early steps of his career are convincing enough, for his creator evidently knows the stuff in which he is working; but later on the texture of the tale grows looser and attention falters, palpably because the writer does not know enough about steel, or magnates, or matrimony, to make them absorbing to us. This difficulty is one which the young writer frequently encounters when he attempts a large theme demanding realistic treatment. It raises a question worth considering, namely, what are the most fortunate themes for young writers to attack?

Obviously, if literature is the calling with which a youth is called, he cannot defer the pursuit of his profession until middle life furnishes him with the rich experience and mature judgment a realist requires. Once or twice in a century there appears a writer under thirty whose literary judgments of life the man over thirty-five will listen to. But one may have a very real and worth-while talent for literature without being one of these exceptional intelligences. If this talent betakes itself to romance, — the natural element for young talent, — there result such dewy successes as R. H. Davis and some others knew at the start. But if, like James Oppenheim, the young writer burns to attack serious subjects in a large way while yet his reach exceeds his grasp, what must he do about it? Prudence would counsel him to stick to the short story, but this, while practical, is no solution of the problem.

Doubtless many answers are possible. Owen Johnson has recently found

² *The Olympian*. By JAMES OPPENHEIM. New York: Harper & Bros.

one that meets with general approval. The young English author of *A Prelude to Adventure*¹ has found another. His book has to do wholly with undergraduate life at Cambridge. With a single blow struck in anger, the hero kills a fellow student whom he has so despised that his conscience immediately assumes the burden of murder without thought of evasion. There is nothing to connect him with the act but his own knowledge. The reaction of the event upon his own mind, and the minds of the two men to whom it becomes known, makes a singularly direct and powerful story. The writer assumes that the deed brought with it instant certainty, never experienced before, of a God as an ever-present reality, and an increasing consciousness that, as he had broken the normal relation of man to his fellow by the act, so he must, by following the inner leading which he recognizes as God's pursuit of him, work out as the way is shown him the debt he has contracted to society. Here we have our ancient acquaintances 'conscience' and 'remorse' in work-a-day garments. Their names are never so much as mentioned, so intent is the author on the reality of the feelings for which those words have become hackneyed symbols.

Here is a serious theme; and here, granting the premise, is realism; yet no one can say nay to the writer's facts or his psychology, or accuse him of immaturity. He is thoroughly within his rights in setting, subject, and treatment. The result is a story which carries us wherever it goes. It is grim, certainly, but never repellent; and it is done with such finish that there are no sentences the critical reader would omit, no words he would alter. Hugh Walpole is worth watching.

¹ *A Prelude to Adventure*. By HUGH WALPOLE.
New York: The Century Co.

Walpole's absolute concentration upon the work in hand, and his belief in it, are qualities which he shares with a very different English writer, Mrs. Barclay. It is because she believes in the stories she has to tell, believes in them every minute, and shows that belief in every line, that she holds her large audiences in spite of their own doubts. She is sentimental certainly, often weakly so, but sentimentality and conviction are a strong combination. Plenty of people who are old enough to know better have a sneaking fondness for them. *The Upas Tree*² is particularly strong in both qualities, and should stand second among the author's successes.

The season's output of exciting stories — which are related to business life insomuch as the tired business man likes to get them from the circulating libraries and read them o' winter nights because they tend to keep him awake — is large and meritorious. Among the best are *Smoke Bellew*,³ *The Closing Net*,⁴ *Good Indian*,⁵ *The Tempting of Tavernake*,⁶ *The Net*,⁷ *The Red Lane*,⁸ *Billy Fortune*,⁹ and *The Drifting Diamond*.¹⁰ All are good reading, as the phrase goes. From Sicily to the China Sea their scenes are laid, with side-excursions into the Klondike, and stops at London and Paris.

² *The Upas Tree*. By FLORENCE BARCLAY.
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

³ *Smoke Bellew*. By JACK LONDON. New
York: The Century Co.

⁴ *The Closing Net*. By H. C. ROWLAND. New
York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

⁵ *Good Indian*. By BEATRICE M. BOWER.
Boston: Little Brown & Co.

⁶ *The Tempting of Tavernake*. By E. PHILLIPS
OPPENHEIM. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

⁷ *The Net*. By REX BEACH. New York: Har-
per & Bros.

⁸ *The Red Lane*. By HOLMAN DAY. New
York: Harper & Bros.

⁹ *Billy Fortune*. By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON.
New York: D. Appleton & Co.

¹⁰ *The Drifting Diamond*. By LINCOLN COL-
CORD. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Smoke Bellew is good without approaching the best of Jack London's work; it relates the physical remaking, by hard toil under the primitive conditions of Alaskan life, of a young San Francisco journalist and dilettante. To make the book complete there should have been some demonstration of what Bellew was good for after he was remade. He felt much better, no doubt, to be tough and fit and primitive, but was he not quite as useful in journalism? A hard-muscled, primitive man is a satisfaction to himself, but not of much value to the rest of God's creatures.

Billy Fortune is a humorous ranch-hand whose racy human comments on the stories he has to tell are better than the stories themselves. Probably the fates will never give us another *Virginian*, but failing that high delight, Billy Fortune is an acceptable understudy to Lin McLean.

The author of *The Drifting Diamond* is comparatively new at the job of purveying adventure stories to a hungry public, and he is of a generous disposition. Therefore, he gives us good measure of excitement, and several other things which we have no right to expect; they are none the less, but rather the more, a delight. The tale follows the fate of a jewel which takes captive the hearts of men, fascinating them to the point of passion. It appears and disappears on its own dark errands, furnishing always a supreme test of his own character to the enthralled and temporary owner. Into the telling of this tale, set in the Eastern seas, Mr. Colcord has put much imagination, something of poetry, a touch of philosophy, an apprehension of the spiritual values underlying all life — and this without stinting us of our due need of breathless adventure. May he never learn to hold his hand! Is it too much to ask, incidentally, that his publish-

ers provide cover designs less likely to frighten away the sensitive reader?

Mr. Grant Richards also has written an exciting story with a difference. He seems to have said to himself, 'Why not construct a tale of the favorite American type in which dark adventure and high finance dovetail, but write it with a chiseled style? Why not drape the steel frame with orchids? Why not be witty, cultivated, elaborate, in this species of writing, no less than if one proposed a Meredithian task? Is there any objection to a well-mannered, civilized hero who knows how to eat, to drink, to dress, who is really connoisseur as well as good-liver? Let me take such an Englishman and give him a love-affair with an American girl; let me add such custom-staled elements of interest as high play at Monte Carlo, miraculous wealth made in a day on Wall Street, the kidnapping of a man by his opponents in the financial game, and see if I cannot make of the *mélange* something piquant, flavor-some, appetizing.' The result is *Caviare*,¹ and it is truly an adventure story *de luxe*.

The immigration problem is a very serious and discouraging affair when looked squarely in the face, but as broken into fragments and reflected in such books as *Eve's Other Children*,² Mrs. Van Slyke's stories of the Syrian quarter in Brooklyn, or *Elkan Lubliner, American*,³ it loses some of its terrors. Both writers are optimists, and their work makes one feel that, in spite of the decadence of New England and all one's worst fears, the melting-pot may yet prove a crucible for something precious, instead of the

¹ *Caviare*. By GRANT RICHARDS. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

² *Eve's Other Children*. By LUCILE BALDWIN VAN SLYKE. New York: F. A. Stokes & Co.

³ *Elkan Lubliner, American*. By MONTAGUE GLASS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

witches' cauldron it has undoubtedly appeared to the sane citizen since the immigration from southern Europe began. Whether or not it is well politically to have our fears thus allayed, as a literary sensation the effect is distinctly pleasing.

*Miss 318 and Mr. 37*¹ by Rupert Hughes, is the love-story of a fireman and a girl in a department store. Judging by dialect, one might almost classify it among the literary excursions into our foreign quarters, but the sturdy quality of the human nature offered for inspection is such as we are glad to think American. Mr. Hughes has a mastery over his material, a grip on the essentials of life, and a vigorous, clear-cut way of expressing himself. These things would have made his work conspicuous twenty-five years ago, but to-day he is pressed hard by a dozen or so of short-story writers almost equally worth while. It has always been conceded that our authors have the art of the short story as none save the great Frenchmen have ever possessed it, but never has it been so able-bodied, so mature, so richly representative of our manifold life and its underlying spirit, as it is to-day.

At the other pole from the books for the tired business man lies the small and select class of tales for those whose fiction flavors a pleasant leisure. These are the books which lie about on mahogany work-stands and bed-side tables, dipped into at moments as their readers might sip tea or partake of sweets. Such an audience does not demand the excitement of swift action; liking sentiment, it does not reject reflection, and has a palate for the flavors and sub-flavors of style. The books which please these readers best are usually, when ripest and most genial, the product of the masculine mind, and

¹ *Miss 318 and Mr. 37.* By RUPERT HUGHES. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

the mind of an Englishman at that! The *London Lavender*² of Mr. Lucas is one of these agreeable, friendly volumes; *Pujol*,³ *Prudent Priscilla*,⁴ *Concerning Sally*,⁵ *The Arm-Chair at the Inn*,⁶ and *The Heroine in Bronze*,⁷ are other well-finished examples of this kind. James Lane Allen's filagreed style was never so dainty as in the latter tale, and F. Hopkinson Smith's bric-a-brac, table-service, and food were never more elaborate and picturesque than in *The Arm-Chair at the Inn*. It contains, besides, among the storilettes applied on that effective background two — namely, the anecdotes of the penguin people and of the cannibal's wife — that are of singular poignancy and interest. Locke, of course, is almost a contemporary classic in this style, and *Pujol*, if not quite his delightful best, is still abundantly good. Mr. Hopkins is rapidly becoming, if he has not already become, one of the most pleasing exemplars in America of this kind of fiction. His Sally, an adorable child who carries the weight of a whole family upon her competent, if often weary, shoulders, is a satisfactory small chip of Plymouth Rock; but I confess that of all this group *Prudent Priscilla* amuses me most. She is gently, deliciously humorous; it is as though the maid on a Watteau fan shyly opened her inviting lips and related the story of her life, revealing herself as a tender-souled person whose well-meant Christian efforts

² *London Lavender.* By E. V. LUCAS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

³ *The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol.* By W. J. LOCKE. New York: The John Lane Company.

⁴ *Prudent Priscilla.* By MARY C. E. WEMYSS. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

⁵ *Concerning Sally.* By W. J. HOPKINS. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

⁶ *The Arm-Chair at the Inn.* By F. HOPKINSON SMITH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

⁷ *The Heroine in Bronze.* By JAMES LANE ALLEN. New York: The Macmillan Co.

at sympathy are always placing her in droll dilemmas.

The Romance of Billy Goat Hill,¹ and *The Inheritance*,² might be included in fiction for the leisurely. Though the latter story has a clean-cut and definitely interesting plot, the main intent seems to be to bring back the atmosphere of the eighties as it looked to those who were young in that decade. Mrs. Bacon is very successful in handling the form of story-telling by reminiscence, and though not herself entitled to any pose of middle age, she has undeniably diffused this story of youth in a Connecticut town with the mellow autumnal glow that warms old and young alike.

Considering the conspicuous part played by the feminist movement in the serious literature of the day, its reflection in current fiction is inconsiderable. This sets one wondering if the importance of feminism to the people who really matter most in any movement, namely the middle-class fathers, mothers, and offspring the country over, has not been vastly exaggerated, for fiction now takes on very rapidly the colors of life in these things. Perhaps feminism and *A Woman of Genius*³ ought not to be mentioned together, for the heroine of Mrs. Austin's novel admits that hers is a case apart. Her story only serves to confirm the traditional difficulty of having one's cake and eating it too. It is the struggle of a woman with the histrionic gift, first, to achieve an opening for self-expression, and, again, against her other self—when her full-fledged career seems in her eyes to forbid her the domestic life and love she really craves.

¹ *The Romance of Billy Goat Hill*. By ALICE HEGAN RICE. New York: The Century Co.

² *The Inheritance*. By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

³ *A Woman of Genius*. By MARY AUSTIN. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Any one who can stand this book at all, will find it very interesting. Many fastidious readers will not be able to stand it, because it reveals somewhat nakedly the workings of an egotistic soul. Olivia Lattimore presents herself as self-centred, bitter, lax. She hews out no philosophy, she achieves no principles, she makes no one happy, not even herself. On the other hand, she works hard at her art, is generous where it costs her nothing, has many emotions, a clever tongue, a mordant wit, flashes of insight, and what she calls her supernal Gift which 'does with her what it wills.' She snatches with one hand what she throws away with the other. She wants to make the world over so that women of her type can be beloved wives, revered mothers, contented housekeepers, at the same time that they yield themselves to passion and dedicate themselves to art. Well—it can't be done. Women do very much as they please nowadays, but it is a mathematical certainty that one can no more manage two diametrically opposed lives than two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time. This is not saying that Olivia and her lover might not have achieved a comfortable compromise between their warring interests. Both were stupid and selfish, but Olivia the more so. She blames Taylorville, Ohianna, organized society, and, above all, the domestic woman, because none of them instructed her as to how justice might be done simultaneously to a stage career and to a husband and two step-children.

There are some feminine tragedies for which society is deeply to blame, but Olivia's is not of them. Curiously enough it never occurs to her that it is the chief duty of an individual to work out the answer to his own problems, thus accomplishing the end for

which he was born, and realizing his own soul.

The present reviewer knows little or nothing about geniuses, men or women, having encountered only three or four who could be thus classified. None of these ever so much as mentioned a desire for self-expression. They had in common a brave acceptance of their limitations, human or feminine, as part of the game of life and work. It is ill generalizing from such scanty data, but their attitude leads one to suspect that bitterness and rebellion spring from insufficient or diseased talent. Possibly clever, unhappy, interesting Olivia was not a woman of genius after all!

*The Wind before the Dawn*¹ and *The Soddy*² are books that bring life near, in spite of faulty technique. The former is a large-minded story of a Kansas farmer's wife, having in it something of the breadth of the prairies and the stir of the prairie winds. The writer has hampered herself with a thesis, namely, that the lot of the farmer's wife will be blessed, and her marital relations satisfactory, only when she has financial independence; but Mrs. Munger has enough of the story-teller's instinct to hold her preaching in check. Besides, as theories go, this one has justice on its side. Where Olivia Lattimore had a 'grouch,' Elizabeth Hunter had a genuine grievance, and one should be able to listen patiently to the latter, even in fiction. One may doubt whether a 'mean' man like John Hunter would be so easily reformed by economic means as the writer believes, but perhaps it is worth trying.

Conflict between husband and wife is the theme of *The Soddy* also, but here the author escapes from feminist

¹ *The Wind before the Dawn*. By DELL H. MUNGER. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

² *The Soddy*. By SARAH COMSTOCK. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

propaganda into the region of the personal. Her question is: when a husband has once imbued a wife with his enthusiasm, his ideal, is he entitled to lose the former, change the latter, and expect her to follow him? The answer is, No, not even if both starve to death in the process of holding fast their first belief! This is uncompromising, but also so rare as to be rather refreshing. The husband's enthusiasm, in this instance, is for the semi-arid lands of Nebraska and the sod house of the pioneer, and the young wife refuses to leave them when he returns, beaten, to the East to earn the bread the plains denied them. Common sense is distinctly against the wife in her struggle, but then, common sense and enthusiasm have long been enemies, and even in this practical world the former does not always win.

Merely as studies in enthusiasm, there could hardly be two finer, more vividly contrasting, pieces of work than *A Picked Company*,³ and *The Children of Light*.⁴ The former tale crystallizes about the great desire of a righteous man, seventy years ago, to follow the Oregon trail into a new land, taking with him such chosen folk, and such only, as would aid in the upbuilding of a commonwealth of God; the latter deals with the great desire of the young sons and daughters of wealth to-day to create in the slums of industry a fair new life and conditions. It is good to ponder these two books together. The characters in the first rely solely on God and the righteousness of the individual; in the second, they rely on economic propaganda and the development of socialism. The reader is entitled to suspect that by neither of

³ *A Picked Company*. By MARY HALLOCK FOOTE. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

⁴ *The Children of Light*. By FLORENCE CONVERSE. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

these means alone shall the world be fully saved. The social conscience must work for a world fit to live in, and the individual conscience for a self that is fit to be alive, before the New Jerusalem shall descend like a bride adorned to this our earth.

It must be said that the religion of *A Picked Company* made more powerful and vital characters than the religion of *The Children of Light*. The strongest and most useful of the latter are Helen, who refuses to enter their economic fold, and Cyril the martyr, whose weapon is prayer. But I know no more delightful children in recent literature than these young people in their earlier days. The chapter of their plays entitled, 'A Franciscan Revival' is so visualized that it seems painted rather than written; it quivers with the exquisite, naïve beauty of certain early Italian paintings. The whole book, indeed, is tremulous with feeling, as a book which deals with young enthusiasm has need to be. Nevertheless, the writer is incomparably more persuasive as a preacher, when, as in the chapter cited, she is most wholeheartedly the artist.

*Cease Firing*¹ is not in any proper sense a novel. It is history and elegy, a tapestry shot through here and there with the scarlet thread of individual tragedy. War itself is protagonist here as in *The Long Roll*, and individuals are only introduced that in their swift loves, brief matings, great loyalties, and heart-crushing deaths we may taste more implacably the strange and bitter cup that war must always be to the individual. Miss Johnston's long labor of love is a work apart, and not on the plane of things to be praised or censured. To come upon it in company with the fiction of the day is like hearing down a glittering, busy street the

¹ *Cease Firing*. By MARY JOHNSTON. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

roll of a drum and the vibrant beat of that Funeral March which seems always to strike on the naked heart.

The most interesting thing about the novels of H. G. Wells is the record they contain of the author's own development. Mr. Wells, as some shrewd observer said of certain English radicals, is educating himself in public. Do such writers guess how many shrewd eyes note their crises and comment upon the slow education of their philosophy?

I know a group of readers who delighted, some sixteen years ago, in that clever skit, *The Wonderful Visit*, wherein Wells gayly outlined the way this world would strike an angel—an angel of art, not of religion—if he fell through into our atmosphere by accident. These readers followed him closely thereafter, bearing with his Islands, Sleepers, Martians, as necessary pot-boilers, waiting expectant of something fine. In their judgment it did not come, and finally they rebelled. Wells, they said justly, had no conviction, no philosophy, no clue to the labyrinth, no glimpse of the Gleam. His criticisms of life were as little helpful as those of his own puzzled angel; all he could do was to depict hopelessly muddled creatures in a hopelessly muddled world. They tore him to tatters for continuing novelist with only this to offer—and surely he deserved it. Yet all the time his popularity increased. The reason dawned slowly upon these critics, but at last they recognized that the essentially modern world for which Wells writes is, itself, muddled, drab, uncertain, not learning its lessons, not holding fast its clues. Such a world finds its faithful reflection reassuring. Two years ago, in *Mr. Polly*, appeared a braver note. For, though his heart's desire was but the humble comfort of a riverside inn, Mr. Polly knew what he wanted, and fought

for it. By that much he exceeded Wells's other heroes and announced himself a Man. If his creator had really learned that we are on earth to fight for whatever is, to us, the surpassing beauty, then he might learn anything!

A member of this circle wrote of *Marriage*,¹ 'I am enthusiastic over it. For, more and more, Wells really thinks about life as it is. He may not always think logically or coherently, but he is always candid, and you know that, so far as his thinking has gone, you are getting the best of his conclusions.'

Marriage is a book built up on certain axioms of the sociologist, as a sculptor builds a clay figure on supporting sticks. The particular generalizations which serve as skeletons for Trafford and Marjorie are the well-worn statements that man is the more kinetic, spasmodic, intense, and abstract; woman the more static, stoical, vividly concrete, and detailed of the sexes. Their first meeting is sufficiently striking. Trafford falls from a monoplane at Marjorie's feet just after her engagement to another man, and their subsequent romance makes headway against many external difficulties. They marry; Marjorie spends too much money beautifying the domestic life; Trafford gives up research work, his calling and passion for applied science, that Marjorie may have enough to spend; Marjorie promptly enlarges all her schemes of living so as to spend still more.

With financial success, life palls on Trafford. He is rich enough to stop working, but research no longer lures; social problems disturb him; he and Marjorie, though still fond, have grown apart. He develops an immense, tragic discontent, a desire to go into the wilderness and think about life. At last the two undertake a winter in the Labrador wilds. Primitive life, hard work,

¹ *Marriage*. By H. G. WELLS. New York: Duffield & Co.

the iron air, make them forget their problems. The very best thing in the book is this clear apprehension that where the life of a man and a woman is lived in the open, in necessary mutual helpfulness, marriage has no problems. It takes cities, alleged civilization, comforts, to develop senseless, fatal discontents. Trafford is clawed by a lynx, and breaks a leg while hunting. The heroic efforts these events impose on Marjorie bring the pair close together again in that unity maintained by service and tenderness.

They have their talk out at last. In this discourse it is made clear that Trafford is less an individual than the Man of sociology, the seeking spirit reaching out vaguely, muddled still, into the void after truth, solutions, God. Marjorie is less an individual than the embodiment of all the concrete, detailed tendencies evolution has forced on the woman, including, happily, the supreme tendency to do the uttermost for the man heaven has given her, even to the effacing of her legitimate qualities. The thing Trafford demands of his wife is the sacrifice of her evolutionary attributes to his evolutionary attributes, and, once she sees the point, she joyously promises it.

Just here one's mind recurs to Olivia Lattimore and her predicament. Undeniably, if Olivia could not have her cake and eat it, neither in strict justice can Trafford. He is better mannered than Olivia, but their problems are the same. The fact seems to be that the highly evolved individual is willing neither to remain an unmated half of the biological unit that man and woman together become, nor to make the needful sacrifice of personality involved in entering that unit. If we maintain that woman must pay the price for what she wants, and that it is in better taste to pay it silently, then, in equity, we must ask the same of

man. In real life, men usually settle this particular account without unseemly haggling. However, we infer that Mr. Wells thinks they should not do so. Marjorie has a flash of insight in which she sees that women are the responsible sex; that their final mission is to save men from feminine demands, to save them for dreaming, for creative pondering, to the end that the world may finally, somehow, be saved. With this understanding between them, the Traffords leave Labrador, and Mr. Wells drops the curtain. This is 'so far as his thinking has gone' about marriage. Marjorie's conclusion that it is her part to sacrifice, is probably masculinism as opposed to feminism, but it has behind it precisely those powerful sanctions of experience and convention to which Wells is usually opposed on general principles. One suspects that the great thing he has yet to learn is that most sanctions of experience and convention are based on something deep and vital.

Trafford recognizably presents the author's apology for that grayness and lack of conviction we find so irritating. There is, he claims, no real faith in thought and knowledge yet; religions and philosophies have pretended too much; the immortal idea is just now struggling to be born; therefore the mind must be detached, must observe and synthesize at leisure. From this point of view lack, or rather postponement, of conviction makes almost the demand of religion. They also serve who only stand and wait, recording whatever may, by any means, increase comprehension of the great idea for the birth of which men stand expectant.

Is it unfair criticism to say that here we have Wells's own mental peculiarities shaped into a philosophy which is practically a religion? He has plodded along, working according to his bent. Gradually, as happens to all candid

thinkers, the light that lightens every man who comes into the world, filters down into the dim places of mind and soul. Comprehension begins, the seeds of conviction are sown, but because they have not yet sprouted richly, he feels that the world is all expectancy. — What if it is Wells, and not the world, that is waiting for light?

Mrs. Wharton's style has never been smoother, more masterly, more enriched by felicitous phrases connoting what other writers must say clumsily in half a page, than in *The Reef*.¹ And this is well, for never has she essayed a theme so demanding the service of a flexible, perfect style. She writes of the reef of incidental lust, emerging from primeval ooze into the shallower channels of being, there to menace the incoming cargoes of ships which have long been steadily homeward bound. If this is a slightly florid description of her subject-matter, one can only say it seems to demand the palliation of whatever sentiment one may be able to bring to it.

The book is admirably clever and wonderfully done, but the people who are likely to inquire most pointedly whether it was worth doing are, precisely, the enthusiastic admirers of *Ethan Frome* and *The House of Mirth*. In the light of those notable achievements, *The Reef* does indeed appear meagre and inadequate. The Gallic theory regards such themes as appropriate subjects for literature because of their psychological value; the English-writing world pretty consistently holds that perversities of impulse, at war with the whole bent and direction of a character, only become literary subject-matter by taking part in the making of a man who finally forces his feet to carry him whither he would go. Mrs. Wharton eschews both theories,

¹ *The Reef*. By EDITH WHARTON. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

choosing only to show that distressing but lightly considered incidents may involve the actors in them in sudden, almost cyclonic, drama. That this drama ends as polite comedy is one's final arraignment of the story. Neither George Darrow nor Mrs. Leath, his fiancée, is real enough to be important except as a comedy figure. Darrow is civilly distressed, and Mrs. Leath is appropriately agonized, jealous, or comprehending, as occasion demands, but one never feels them flesh and blood. The only person in the book who bleeds when stabbed is poor, discredited little Sophie Viner. She not only monopolizes all the vitality, but also all the finer feelings and all the force of character in the story. Next to hers in vividness is the portrait of Mrs. Leath's deceased husband. This partiality in the distribution of qualities makes one suspect that the author herself does not find the chief figures very congenial creations. She seems to have proposed the plot to herself as a mathematician sets himself a problem. As a *tour de force* it succeeds, but Mrs. Wharton's enduring successes are of another nature.

As the basal incident of *The Reef* is sheer flesh, so is that of *The Flaw in the Crystal*¹ sheer spirit. It is equally difficult to handle,—such is our dual world,—and it is handled with a mastery

¹ *The Flaw in the Crystal*. By MAY SINCLAIR.
New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

that equally demands our admiration. Whether or not you believe in the gift of healing as a psychic endowment when you begin, you will believe in it sufficiently for all literary purposes before you finish. That is, you will freely admit that, if it exists, it must inevitably be the thing Agatha Verrall found it, and it must be conditioned and limited as she tentatively and agonizingly experienced it to be. These are large concessions, but Miss Sinclair is entitled to them by virtue of the great lucidity with which she has set forth her heroine's experience. That it takes place in a world apart, which most of us do not explore, does not at all impair the value of the limpid directness with which it is recited. Most accounts of psychic experiences appear nebulous, not to say murky, whether we read or hear them, but this has a really crystalline clarity. It is instructive to see what a restrained and finished art can do with material usually left to a befogged enthusiasm.

It is, as we premised, only fair, as well as richly compensating, to measure a novel by its intimations of life, but we do inevitably measure the novelist by his execution. With this difference clearly in view, we must confess Mrs. Wharton and Miss Sinclair have distanced their competitors in the season's fiction. Both have managed to say the unsayable, and to say it with distinction.

WHAT INDUSTRIES ARE WORTH HAVING

BY F. W. TAUSSIG

THE title of this paper puts in familiar terms a question which economists state in more technical phraseology. They speak of the principle of comparative cost, and of the relative advantage to a country from prosecuting one or another industry. The doctrine of comparative cost has underlain almost the entire discussion of international trade by English writers. It has received singularly little attention from the economists of the Continent, and sometimes has been discussed by them as one of those subtleties of the old school that have little bearing on the facts of industry. I believe that it has not only theoretical consistency, but direct application to the facts; and that in particular it is indispensable for explaining the international trade of the United States, and the working of our customs policy. Neither the familiar arguments heard in our tariff controversy nor the course of our industrial history can be understood unless this principle is grasped and kept steadily in view.

Briefly stated, the doctrine is that a country tends under conditions of freedom to devote its labor and capital to those industries in which they work to greatest effect. Hence it will be unprofitable to turn to industries in which, although labor and capital may be employed with effect, they are applied with less effect than in the more advantageous industries. The principle is simple enough; nor is it applicable solely to international trade. It bears on the division of labor between indi-

viduals as well as on that between nations. The lawyer finds it advantageous to turn over to his clerk work which he could do as well as the clerk, or better, confining himself to those tasks of the profession for which he has, by training or inborn gift, the greatest capacity. The business leader delegates to foremen and superintendents routine work of administration which he doubtless could do better than they; he reserves himself for the larger problems of business management for which he has special aptitude. The skilled mechanic has a helper to whom he delegates the simpler parts of his work, giving his own attention to those more difficult parts in which he has marked superiority.

It is in international trade, however, that the principle, if not most important, needs most attention; because it is obscured by the persistence of prejudice and shallow reasoning in this part of the field of economics. It is closely related to the problems concerning the varying range of wages and prices in different countries. There is perhaps no topic in economics on which there is more confusion of thought than this; and although fallacies of much the same sort are prevalent in all countries, it is in the United States, above all, that there is need of making clear the relation between the rate of wages and the conditions of international trade.

Whatever may be the differences of opinion among economists on the theory of wages, — and those differences

are less in reality than in appearance, — there is agreement that a high general rate of wages rests upon general high product, that is, on high effectiveness of industry. It is agreed that high general wages and a high degree of material prosperity can result only from the productive application of labor; good tools or good natural resources, or both, being indispensable to high productivity. And when 'labor' is spoken of, not only manual labor is meant, but the equally important labor of organization and direction. In the United States particularly, the general effectiveness of labor depends in great degree on the work of the industrial leaders.

Now, when once there prevails a high range of wages, due to generally productive application of labor, this high rate comes to be considered a difficulty, an obstacle. The business point of view is commonly taken in these matters, not only by the business men themselves, but by the rest of the community. To have to pay high wages is a discouraging thing to the employer; does it not obviously make expenses large, and competition difficult? People do not reflect that if wages are high, and steadily remain high, there must be something to pay them from. High wages, once established, are taken, in a country like the United States, as part of the inevitable order of things. The ordinary man regards them simply as something which he must face, and too often as something that constitutes a drawback in industry.

The important thing, of course, is that wages should be high not merely in terms of money, but in commodities — 'real' wages as distinguished from money wages. Of money wages more will be said presently. High real wages, to speak for the moment with reference to these, cannot possibly be paid by employers generally unless the

workmen generally (as guided by the employers and aided by tools and machines) turn out a large product. In current discussions of the tariff and wages, it has often been alleged that in one industry or another the skill or effectiveness of the workmen is no greater in the United States than in England or Germany; that the tools and machines are no better, the raw materials no cheaper. How, then, it is asked, can the Americans get higher wages unless protected against the competition of the Europeans? But, it may be asked in turn, suppose *all* the Americans were not a whit more skillful and productive than the Europeans; suppose the plane of industrial effectiveness to be precisely the same in the countries compared — how could wages be higher in the United States? The source of all the income of a community obviously is the output of its industry. If its industry is no more effective, if its labor produces no more than that of another country, how can its material prosperity be greater, and how can wages be higher? A high general rate of real wages could not possibly be maintained unless there were in its industries at large a high general productiveness.

But when once these two concomitant phenomena have come to exist, — a high effectiveness of industry and a high general rate of wages, — it follows that any industry in which labor is *not* effective, in which the plane of effectiveness is below that in most industries, finds itself from the business point of view at a disadvantage. It must meet the general scale of wages in order to attract workmen; yet the workmen do not produce enough to enable that general scale to be met and a profit still secured. Such an industry, in the terms of the principle now under discussion, is working at a comparative disadvantage. It has a heavy compara-

tive cost. In other industries, product is high; that is, labor cost is low. In this industry, product is low; that is, labor cost is high. The industry does not measure up to the country's standard, and finds in that standard an obstacle to its prosecution.

Consider the same problem from the point of view of money wages. Here again we are beset by everyday fallacies and superficialities. High money wages, it is commonly alleged, cannot be paid unless there be high prices of the goods made. A dear man is supposed to mean dear bread, and a cheap man, cheap bread. Yet is it not obvious that if all bread and meat and coats and hats were high in price, high money wages would be of no avail? It is certain that not only are money wages higher in the United States than in European countries, but the prices of things bought are, on the whole, *not* higher. Although some things cost more, and the higher money wages therefore do not mean commodity wages higher in the same degree, these higher money wages do mean that real wages are higher by a substantial amount. The dear man does not, in fact, mean dear food. The explanation is obvious: although wages in money are high, the effectiveness of the dear man's labor on the whole is also high, and therefore goods on the whole are not dear. When a man who is paid high wages turns out a large number of pieces, each piece can be sold at a low price, and the employer still can afford to pay the high wages. With reference to individuals, the business world is constantly accepting this principle. A good man, we are told, is cheap even at high wages. To use the same phrase, a good industry is cheap even although high wages are paid in it. Where labor is effective, high wages and low prices go together.

None the less, an established high

rate of wages always presents itself to the individual employer as something that has to be overcome. And to the employee it presents itself as a thing in danger, — something that must be jealously guarded. Yet there is a real difficulty for the employer only when the effectiveness of labor is not great. And, for the employee, so far as the competition of foreign products is concerned, an industry needs no protection where this same essential condition is found. If, indeed, such effectiveness does not exist, then the American employer cannot pay the prevailing high rate of wages and hold his own in free competition with competitors in countries of lower wages. In other words, he cannot hold his own unless there is a comparative advantage in his particular industry. The general high rate of wages is due to the fact that in the dominating parts of the country's industrial activity the comparative advantage exists. These dominating industries set the pace; in them we find the basis of the high scale; it is they which set a standard which others must meet, and which presents itself to others as an obstacle.

The principle of comparative cost applies more fully and unequivocally in the United States than in any country where conditions are known to me. The difference in money wages between the United States and European countries is marked; the difference in 'real' or commodity wages, though not so great, is also marked. Notwithstanding these high wages, constituting an apparent obstacle for the domestic producers, the United States steadily exports all sorts of commodities, — not only agricultural products, but manufactures of various kinds. Evidently they could not be exported unless they were sold abroad as cheaply as foreign goods of the same sort are there sold. That these products of

highly paid labor are exported and are sold abroad, is proof that American industry has in them a comparative advantage.

There are other goods which, though not exported, are also not imported; goods where the balance of advantage is even, so to speak. They are the products of industries in which American labor is effective, yet not effective to the highest pitch; effective in proportion to the higher range of money wages in the country, but barely in that proportion.

And finally, there are the goods whose importation continues, even though there is no obvious obstacle to their domestic production from soil or climate. These are things which, it would seem, could be produced to as good advantage at home as abroad. They *could* be produced to as good advantage; but they lack the comparative advantage. They do not measure up to the standard set by the dominant industries. There are no physical difficulties in the way of their successful production; but there is an economic difficulty. They find in high wages an insuperable obstacle to competition with the foreigners. And in this class belong those industries which are protected, and which would not hold their own without protection. They are in a position analogous to that of the strictly domestic industries in which labor is not effective, but which are nevertheless carried on of necessity within the country, with high prices made necessary by high money wages. The obvious difference between the two cases is, that the force which causes the strictly domestic industries to be carried on is an unalterable one, such as the difficulty or impossibility of transportation; while that which causes the protected industries to become domesticated is the artificial one of a legislative barrier.

What, now, are the causes of com-

parative advantage? or, to put the question in other words, what are the industries in which a comparative advantage is likely to appear?

The more common answer has been, the agricultural industries. In a new country, with abundance of fertile land, labor is turned with most effectiveness to the extractive industries. Hence the United States has long exported wheat, cotton, meat products. Hence Canada is now a heavy exporter of wheat. Wheat is specially adapted to extensive culture, and is easily transportable; it is the commodity for which nature often gives to a new country in the temperate zone a clear advantage. Throughout the nineteenth century, the international trade of the United States no doubt was controlled chiefly by this cause. The country was in the main agricultural.

It should be noted, however, that not only the natural resources told, but the manner in which they were used. From the first, effectiveness and invention were shown. The United States soon became the great country of agricultural machinery. During the second half of the nineteenth century, the skill of the makers of agricultural implements, and the intelligence of the farmers who used the implements, were not less important factors than the great stretches of new land. Still another factor of importance was the cheapening of transportation. Our railroads have cheapened long hauls as nowhere else. The most striking improvements of this sort were made in the last third of the nineteenth century. Then new lands were opened and agricultural products exported on a scale not before thought possible. When the effectiveness of labor is spoken of by economists, the effectiveness of *all* the labor needed to bring an article to market is meant; not merely that of the labor immediately and obviously

applied (like that of the farmer in this case), but that of the inventor and the maker of the threshing-machine, and that of the manager of railways and ships. The labor of the directing heads, of the planners and designers, tells in high degree for the final effectiveness of the labor which is applied through all the successive stages of industry.

The economic condition of the United States began to change with the opening of the twentieth century. The period of limitless free land was then passed, and with it the possibility of increasing agricultural production under the specially advantageous conditions of new countries. For one great agricultural article, cotton, the comparative advantage of the country has indeed maintained itself, and the exports of cotton continue to play a great part in international trade. The exports of other agricultural products — wheat, corn, barley, meat products — have by no means ceased, nor will they cease for some time. But they tend to decline, absolutely and, even more, relatively. Other articles grow in importance, such as copper, petroleum, iron and steel products, various manufactures. For some of these, such as copper, the richness of our natural resources is doubtless of controlling importance. But the manner in which these natural resources are turned to account is important throughout; and in many cases the comparative advantage of which the exports are proof, rests not on the favor of nature at all, but solely on the better application of labor under conditions inherently no more promising than those of other countries.

What are the causes of advantage under these less simple conditions?

The question may be asked regarding a closely allied phenomenon, referred to a moment ago. A considerable range of manufactured articles,

though not exported, are yet not imported. The domestic manufacturer holds the market, while paying higher wages than his foreign competitor. The range of such industries is, in my opinion, wider than is commonly supposed. It is obscured by the fact that our tariff system imposes useless and inoperative duties on many articles which could not be imported in any case. On the other hand, there is a considerable range of articles on which the duties have a substantial effect; articles which would be imported but for the tariff. There are, again, things which continue to be imported notwithstanding high duties, — which pour in over the tariff wall. Why the difference between the two sets of cases, — those in which the domestic manufacturer holds his own, irrespective of duties; and those in which he needs the duties, or even is beaten notwithstanding tariff support?

The answer commonly given is that American producers can hold their own more easily when much machinery is used. Then, it is said, wages will form a smaller proportion of the expenses of production, and the higher wages of the United States will be a less serious obstacle. But it requires no great economic insight to see that this only pushes the question back a step further. Why is not the machinery more expensive? The machinery was itself made by labor. A commodity made with much use of machinery is in reality the product of two sets of laborers, — those who make the machinery and those who operate it. If all those whose labor is combined for producing the final result are paid higher wages than in foreign countries, why cannot the foreigner undersell when much machinery is used, as well as when little is used?

The real reason why Americans are more likely to hold their own where

machinery is much used, and where hand labor plays a comparatively small part in the expenses of production, is that Americans make and use machinery *better*. They turn to labor-saving devices more quickly, and they use devices that save more labor. The question remains one of comparative advantage. Where Americans can apply machinery, they do so; and not only apply it, but apply it better than their foreign competitors. Their machinery is not necessarily cheaper, absolutely; often it is dearer; but it is cheap relatively to its effectiveness. It is better machinery, and the labor that works it turns out in the end a product that costs not more, but less, than the same product costs in countries using no such devices, or using devices not so good.

This sort of comparative advantage is most likely to appear in two classes of industries, — those that turn out large quantities of staple homogeneous commodities, and those that themselves make tools and machinery. A machine-using people directs its energies to best advantage where thousands of goods of the same pattern are produced. Specialties, and goods salable only in small quantities, such as luxuries bought by the rich, goods of rare pattern, and the like, — these are likely to be imported. Ready-made goods, all of one pattern, bought by the masses, are likely to be produced at home, without danger from competing imports. Goods made to order *must* be supplied by domestic producers, and these are likely to be what the customer thinks inordinately dear; because they are made preponderantly, or at least in greater degree, by hand labor, which is paid high wages, and which by the very condition of the case cannot use labor-saving machinery. Again, implements themselves, big and little, are likely to be well made in a country

where people are constantly turning to machinery: from kitchen utensils and household hardware to machine tools, electric apparatus, and huge printing-presses. These are things in which the success of American industry is familiar; which are exported, not imported; in which it is proverbial that the Yankee has a peculiar knack — only another way of saying that he has a comparative advantage.

In creating and maintaining this sort of advantage in manufacturing industries, the importance of the industrial leader has probably become greater in recent times. The efficiency of the individual workman is often dwelt on in discussions of the rivalries of different countries: aptitude, skill, intelligence, alertness, perhaps inherited traits. No doubt, qualities of this sort have counted in the international trade of the United States, and still count. The American mechanic is a handy fellow; it is from his ranks that the inventors and business leaders have been largely recruited; and he can run a machine so as to make it work at its best. But there is a steady tendency to make machinery automatic, and thus largely independent of the skill of the operative. The mechanics who construct the machines and keep them in repair must indeed be highly skilled. But when the elaborate machine has been constructed and is kept in running order, the operative simply needs to be assiduous. Under such circumstances, the essential basis of a comparative advantage in the machine-using industries is found in management, unflagging invention, rapid adoption of the best devices.

The business leader has been throughout a person of greater consequence in the United States than elsewhere. He has loomed large in social consequence because he has been of the first economic consequence. He has

constructed the railways, and opened up the country; he has contributed immensely to the utilization of the great agricultural resources; he has led and guided the inventor and mechanic. I am far from being disposed to sing his praises; there are sins enough to be laid to his account; but he has played an enormous part in giving American industry its special characteristics. His part is no less decisive now than it was in former times; nay, it is more so. The labor conditions brought about by the enormous immigration of recent decades have put at his disposal a vast supply of docile, assiduous, untrained workmen. He has adapted his methods of production to the new situation. His own energy, and the ingenuity and attention of his engineers and inventors and mechanics, have been turned to devising machinery that will almost run itself. Here the newly arrived immigrant can be used. So far as the American can do this sort of machinery-making to peculiar advantage, so far can he pay the immigrant wages on the higher American scale, and yet hold his own against the European competitor who pays lower wages to the immigrant's stay-at-home fellow. But it is on this condition only that he can afford (in the absence of tariff support) to pay him wages on the American scale, or on some approach to it,—namely, that he make the total labor more effective. The main cause of greater effectiveness must then be found, not in the industrial quality of the rank and file, but in that of the technical and business leaders.

A new possibility then presents itself, however, and one which has played a considerable part in recent tariff discussion. The more automatic machinery becomes, the more readily can it be transplanted. Is there not a likelihood that this almost self-acting apparatus

will be bought by the countries of low wages, and there used for producing articles at lower price than is possible in those countries of high wages where the apparatus originated? In hearings before our Congressional committees, a fear is often expressed that American inventors and tool-makers will find themselves in such a plight. American skill, it is said, will devise a new machine; then an export of the machine itself, or of its products, will set in. Next, some German will buy a specimen (the Germans have been arch-plagiariasts), and reproduce the machine in his own country. Soon, not only will the exports of the machine cease, but the machine itself will be operated in Germany by low-paid labor, and the article made by its aid will be sent back to the United States. Shoe machinery and knitting machinery have been cited in illustration. The identical apparatus which has been brought in the United States to such extraordinary perfection is sent to Europe (even made in Europe by the American manufacturer), and is there worked by cheaper labor. The automatic looms, again, which have so strikingly influenced the textile industry of the United States and so much increased its effectiveness, are making their way to Europe, and here again are being pushed into use by the American loom-makers themselves. Is it not to be expected that they will be operated by cheaper English and German and French labor, and that their products will be shipped back to the United States, to the destruction of the very American industry which they had first made strong and independent?

This possibility is subject to exaggeration. It is not so easy as might be supposed to transplant an improved system of production, and all that hangs thereby. However automatic a machine may be, some intelligence and

knack in operating it are always called for; though less, perhaps, among the ordinary hands than among the machine-tenders and foremen. It is a common experience that machinery will yield better results in the country of its invention and manufacture than when transplanted. Those very automatic looms, just referred to, are making their way into Europe very slowly. They do not fit into the traditional industrial practices, and do not accomplish what they accomplish in the United States.

The difficulties which thus impede the transfer of machinery and methods, are most strikingly illustrated in the rivalry of the Orient. We hear frequently of the menace of the cheap labor of China, India, Japan. Will not those countries deluge us with the products of cheap factory labor, when once they have equipped themselves with our own machinery? The truth is that in all probability they will never equip themselves. To do so, would require more than the mere shipment of the machinery and the directions for working it. A completely different industrial environment and equipment would need to be transplanted. The yellow peril has been as much exaggerated in its economic as in its military aspect.

None the less, some possibility of this sort does exist, especially in the rivalry between those countries of advanced civilization which are more nearly on the same industrial level. It is by no means out of the question that shoe machinery or automatic looms may be worked as well in Germany as in the United States. Supposing this to be done, cannot the German employer, who gets his operatives at low wages, undersell the American employer, who must pay high wages? Is not the comparative advantage which the United States possesses in its ingenious ma-

chinery necessarily an elusive one, sure to slip away in time? The advantage may indeed be retained indefinitely, where skill or intelligence on the part of the individual workman is necessary. Even here there is a doubt whether it will persist, in view of the spread of education and technical training the world over. Certainly in the widening range of industries where the workmen merely tend semi-automatic machinery, the manufacturing industries of the country having high wages would seem to be in a perilous situation.

The only answer which can be given to questioning of this sort is that the leading country must retain its lead. As fast as other countries adopt the known and tried improvements, it must introduce new improvements. Unrelaxed progress is essential to sustained superiority. He who stands still, inevitably loses first place. Such was, in the main, the relation between England and the other Western countries during the first three quarters of the nineteenth century. English machinery was exported, and English methods were copied, throughout the world; but the lead of the British was none the less maintained. As fast as the other countries adopted the devices which originated in England, that country advanced with new inventions, or with goods of new grades. A similar relation seems to exist at the present time between Germany and the other countries which follow the German lead in some of the chemical industries. It appears again in the position of the United States in those manufacturing industries which contribute to our exports. As fast as the American devices are copied elsewhere, still other improvements must be introduced.

This will seem to the American manufacturer a harsh sentence, and to the ordinary protectionist a heartless, even unpatriotic. What? To be

deprived of the fruits of our own enterprise and ingenuity, without protection from a paternal government against the interlopers? Yet I see no other answer consistent with a rational attitude toward international trade and the geographical division of labor. The gain which a country secures from its labor is largest when its labor is applied in the most effective way; and labor is applied with the greatest effectiveness only when it proves this effectiveness by sustained ability to hold the field constantly against rivals.

This course of reasoning can be carried further. It is conceivable that improvements and inventions will be so completely adopted in the end by all the advanced countries as to bring about an equalization in their industrial condition. The necessary consequence would be a lessening of the volume of trade between them. Where an invention is introduced in a single country, it gives that country at the outset a comparative advantage, leads to exports, and swells international trade. But if the improvement is adopted in all countries with the same effectiveness, if there is universal adoption of the best, then the ultimate consequences will be different. No one country will then possess advantages in manufactures over others; no one will be able to export to another; trade between them in manufactured goods will cease. All countries will secure, in the same degree, the benefit of the universalized inventions. All will be on the same plane, and differences in general prosperity and in rates of wages will be wiped out. Then there will be no room for comparative advantages based on invention, peculiar effectiveness, better machinery, more skillful organization. Under such conditions the only trade between countries would be that based on unalterable climatic, or physical, advantages; such trade, for

instance, as arises between tropical and temperate regions, and between temperate regions having markedly different natural resources.

This consummation will not be reached for an indefinite period; nay, probably it will never be reached. Certainly it is beyond the range of possibility for any future which we can now foresee. But some approach to it is likely to come in the relations between the more advanced countries. There is a tendency toward equalization in their use of machinery and of factory methods, and so in their general industrial conditions. For the United States especially, the twentieth century will be different from the nineteenth. The period of free land has been virtually passed. That great basis of high material prosperity, and of high general wages, is no longer as broad and strong as it was during the first century of our national life. The continued maintenance of a degree of prosperity greater than that of England and Germany and France must rest on other causes. In the future, a higher effectiveness of labor must depend almost exclusively on better implements and higher skill; on labor better led and better applied. It may reasonably be hoped that the United States will long remain the land of promise, in the van of material progress; but the degree of difference may be less than it was. This lessening difference will probably come about, not because the United States will fall back, but because other countries will gain on her. Such has been the nature of the changed relation between England and the countries of the Continent during the last generation; and such — to go back earlier — was the change in the relative positions of Holland and England in the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. England no longer retains the unmistakable leadership which she had over

the Continent during the greater part of the nineteenth century. But she has not retrograded; the countries of the Continent have progressed. Such is likely to be the nature of the coming race between the United States and other advanced countries. And this outcome is one which every friend of humanity must welcome. It means diffused prosperity, wider social progress.

For an indefinite time, however, differences in general industrial effectiveness will remain. They will obviously remain, so far as natural causes underlie them,—differences in soil, in mineral wealth, in climate. They will remain also in many manufacturing industries in which physical causes are not decisive. The United States, we may hope and expect, will apply labor-saving appliances more freely. The growth of the different industries will unquestionably continue to be affected by the accidents of invention and of progress, by dominant personalities in this country and in that, by the historical development of aptitudes and tastes, by some causes of variation in industrial leadership that seem inscrutable. But a general trend is likely to persist: in the United States, labor-saving devices will be adopted more quickly and more widely, and the people of the United States will direct their labor with greatest advantage to the industries in which their abilities thus tell to the utmost.

Nothing is more familiar in current talk on the tariff than the implication that it is desirable to 'acquire' an industry. When it appears that certain linen or silk fabrics are imported, or

lemons or sugar, some one will be sure to suggest that we slap on a duty in order to acquire one of these 'valuable' industries. The assumption is that domestic production is advantageous *per se*, and imports always disadvantageous. This is the unqualified protectionist doctrine: the crudest form of protectionism, but very widespread. He who holds it will, of course, pooh-pooh everything that has been said in the preceding pages. To him, all domestic industries are worth while, and always worth while. There is no question of choosing, still less of allowing capital and labor to take their unfettered choice. No; let us acquire any and every industry, and make all things within our own borders.

He who, on the other hand, accepts the reasoning of the preceding pages is not necessarily an unqualified free-trader. He may admit, for example, the force of the young-industries argument: that sometimes an industry which, in its earlier stages, failed to measure up to the country's standards, improves its methods in the course of time, and becomes effective and self-supporting. He may admit, too, that there are considerations not of a strictly economic character which may tell in favor of some protective duties. The tariff controversy ramifies far, and its aspects are quite too varied to be disposed of within the range of an article like this. But it is essential for an understanding of the controversy that one should reflect on this first question: What industries are worth while? Any and every industry? or those in which the energies of the country operate with greatest effectiveness?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE MONSTRIFEROUS EMPIRE OF WOMEN

'First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women.' This title blows like a winter wind in these days when our magazines and papers are filled with controversies on the woman question, and with hot polemics on the feminist mind; and when suffragettes in England are smashing windows on the Strand, burning the King's mail, blowing up the house of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and crushing the orchids in the gardens at Kew. It is the title of a book by worthy John Knox, written in Dieppe in 1557, and published in the goodly city of Geneva in 1558.

Brave John Knox was moved to blow this blast on the trumpet because a group of five women seemed to have in their control the realms of England, Scotland, and France, and the destiny of the Protestant Faith. These militant suffragettes were Catherine de Medici, Queen of France; Marie de Lorraine, Queen Regent of Scotland, and her daughter and sole heir, Mary, afterwards Queen of Scots; Mary Tudor, Queen of England, and her heir apparent, the Princess Elizabeth.

The horror of the persecutions in England under "Bloody Mary" was the immediate cause for this first blast of the trumpet. All this woe, Knox believed, was due to the 'monstriferous empire of women,' especially as they were personified in Mary, 'the cursed Iesabel of England.' So, as was his custom, brave John Knox spoke out, when most men considered it 'discrete' to be silent and to walk softly. 'And

therefore, I say, that of necessitie it is that this monstriferous empire of women (which amongst all enormities that this day do abound upon the face of the hole earth, is most detestable and damnable) — be openlie reviled and plainlie declared, to the end that some may repent and be saved.'

The reader will see that he blows his trumpet with no uncertain tone. He is not afraid of those who sit in the seats of the mighty. Let them hear! 'Even so may the sound of our weake trumpet, by the support of some wynd (blowe it from the southe, or blowe it from the northe, it is no matter) come to the ears of our chief offenders.'

Like a true Scotchman, John Knox is logical. He places his arguments in battle array. The Empire of Woman is

1. Repugnant to nature.
2. Contumelie to God.
3. The subversion of good order, of all equity and justice.

The first argument is obvious. 'Man, I say, in many other cases blind, doth in this behalf, see verie clearlie.' It is repugnant to nature that the blind should lead the blind, and 'that the foolish, madde, and phrenetike should govern the discrete.' And it is plain to see, he adds, that 'women compared to men are weak, sick, impotent, foolish, madde, phrenetike.'

The second argument is no less obvious to John Knox. The Empire of Woman is 'contumelie to God, a thing most contrarious to his reveled will and approved ordinance,' because so saith the scripture, especially Genesis and St. Paul. If females are not worthy to speak in meeting, how can the monstrous regiment be rulers of the realm?

And like a good scholar he has his weighty authorities. What a scholastic artillery he commands! Listen! 'Politcarum Aristotelis; Lib. 50 de regulis juris; lib. digestorum; ad Senatus consul. Velleianum; Tertull. de virginibus velandis; August. lib. 22. contra Faustum; Ambros. in Hexaemero; Chrysost. homil. in genes.'

John Knox does n't translate his Latin like Chauntecleer. He does n't say: —

In principio,

Mulier est hominis confusio;

Madame, the sentence of this Latin is —
Woman is mannes Joye and al his blis.

Quite the contrary. 'Madames, the sentence of this Latin is that the regiment of women is monstriferous, madde, foolish, and phrenetike.' This is his translation of Tertullian: 'Let women hear what Tertullian, an olde Doctor saith. "Thou art the porte and gate of the devil. Thou art the first transgressor of Goddes lawes. Thou diddest persuade and easily deceive him whome the devil durst not assault."

Nor does John Knox sympathize with the familiar argument that women's votes will remove divorce, prohibit the saloon, and cleanse the body politic of all diseases. 'And Aristotle, as before is touched, doth plainly affirme that wher soever women beare dominion, ther must nedes the people be disordered, living, and abounding in all intemperance, given to pride, excess, and vanitie. And finallie, in the end, that they must needes come to confusion and ruine.'

And what comfort and consolation must come to the hearts of Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Lloyd George, when they hear this valiant question addressed to the monstriferous regiment of women: 'Whose house, I pray you, ought the Parliament house to be, Goddes or the deuilles?'

'And nowe,' says John Knox in his Admonition, 'to put an end to the first blast, — by the order of nature, by the malediction and curse pronounced against woman, by the mouth of St. Paul the interpreter of Goddes sentence, by the example of that commonwealth, in which God by his word planted ordre and policie, and finally by the judgement of most godly men, God hath dejected women from rule, dominion, empire, and authority above men.'

Within three years after John Knox had blown this *first* blast on the trumpet — and he intended to blow it thrice — Mary Tudor and Mary de Lorraine were dead, Knox was leading the Reformation in Scotland, and Elizabeth was Queen of England. Naturally, Elizabeth for several reasons did not look with enthusiasm on this book. So the editions of 1559 and 1561 contain 'John Knox's Declaration' and 'Second Defence to Queen Elizabeth.' Notwithstanding such illustrious women as Deborah of Israel, and Elizabeth of England, he stands bravely by his guns. These women are only exceptions which prove the rule. On the whole the empire of women is monstriferous. And so concludes John Knox to Elizabeth Tudor: 'Yf these premises (as God forbid) neglected, ye shall begyn to brag of your birth, and to build your auctoritee upon your owne law, flatter yow who so list, youre felicitie shal be schort.'

O John Knox, if this was your first blast upon the trumpet against the monstrous regiment of women, what would have been the second and third if you were living to-day! You could face Elizabeth of England; but could you face the militant suffragette? If even in your time the empire of woman was monstriferous, what amplitude of speech could express your wrath as you beheld 'phrenetike' females smashing

windows on the Strand, burning the King's mail, and crushing orchids in the gardens at Kew?

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FROM THE BATTLEFIELD

[THE following paragraphs are translated with literalness from the letter of a Greek soldier, wounded in battle, to his wife whom he left in the United States when he followed the patriotic call to arms.—THE EDITORS.]

EVERY year, my dear Christine, even in our greatest poverty,—the beautiful poverty we have so long shared together,—I was wont to make you a present. Very often this gift had to be simply a bunch of lilies. But always have you received it as if it were the most precious jewel, a thing which set great value on the poor lilies and showed your infinite kindness.

Here where I am this year, there are not even lilies together with which I might send you my best wishes and my New Year's kiss. Here spring only mountain poppies, dyed with the blood of men. Their color does not fit our peaceful love, and I fear the color of the blood is not love's fitting symbol. But I must keep my custom.

I send you with the bearer another small gift, an ornament of a very cheap metal, which, nevertheless has cost me very dear, since I have almost paid for it with my life. I send you a beautiful shining Mauser bullet, a pretty work of art.

This bullet has pierced my breast, and the other day the surgeon made me a present of it, after a long struggle he had to extract it from within me. The bullet is an heroic gift, is it not? But, I beg of you not to receive it in its heroic meaning. I would not like that very much; and would not have you believe that I send it to you as a wit-

ness of any heroism of mine. I am not sending you this bullet, either as a title or as a medal I have acquired, nor am I sending it that it might speak before you of any sacrifices. And, it is not for this reason that I want you to admire it or to be proud of it. It is a bullet that was washed in my blood. It passed very near my heart and heard its throbs, which were all for you, my beloved. It is, you see, a bullet which has lost all its heroism, and has become mild, peaceful, passive,—just like a flower.

Keep it, hang it on your necklace, wear it next your heart,—give it a sympathetic friendship in your life. It was a good kind bullet to me. It did not wish to separate us forever, my beloved Christine, although it could have done so very well.

I am going to be out of the hospital in a few days. Perhaps another bullet will not be as kind as this one has been. Perhaps you will not see me again. Who knows? But this small gift which I send to you, this worthless little thing, which passed so near my heart as if it wished to know my innermost secrets, will always tell you how I loved you, even up to the last moment of my life in this world. Perhaps this will help you not to be jealous of my other lover, for whose sake I am now sacrificing myself. For in dying for the fatherland, you will understand that I die for you, for within our love for fatherland lie hidden all other loves, longings, and anxieties.

But all these things will be told you much better by my little gift, which I send you together with my sweetest kisses.

THE SONG OF DEBORAH

THERE comes one day in every year, when for me the drowsy peace of a Sunday afternoon is abruptly shat-

tered; when I straighten up in my pew, all my pulses leaping with delighted excitement, and cease to be a Christian of the Twentieth Century and become a passionate Israelite delivered by one marvelous stroke from the hand of Jabin, King of Canaan, the captain of whose hosts was Sisera.

I know that this occurs some time in the late summer or early autumn, but as a rule I am taken unaware. I forget that anything out of the ordinary is about to happen. Outside are the usual whispered sounds of afternoon; and then suddenly the clergyman begins: 'Then sang Deborah and Barak the son of Abinoam on that day, saying, Praise ye the Lord for the avenging of Israel,' and that astonishing, passionate, magnificent song is upon us. My imagination leaps through the gate of the opening words, and instantly, breathlessly, I forget the time and place, and I see into the past. I see that jubilant return, and Deborah, the prophetess, and Barak, the son of Abinoam, singing together. 'Hear, O ye kings, give ear, O ye princes; I, even I, will sing unto the Lord.'

What intoxication of inspiration! The spirit fairly lashes them into expression. 'Awake, awake Deborah; awake, awake; utter a song; arise, Barak, and lead thy captivity captive.'

Like a torrent the song tumbles over itself, holding certain words up in the glory and delight of repetition.

'The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon.'

Then the song rises to its climax in that magnificent tribute — the tribute which one woman's genius pays to another's achievement. 'Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent.'

In her savage irony, Deborah conceives the picture of the waiting mother

of the dead man: 'The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariots?'

But in the end her religious fervor stems the savagery of her triumph, and the singer remembers that she is paying tribute to the Lord, and concludes: 'So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.'

It is amusing to note how different clergymen read this song of Deborah and of Barak. Some — those, no doubt, with the most imagination — abandon themselves at once to the splendor of the music, and read the words with an echo of the passion that they must have had when they were first flung forth. Others begin with the determination to give it the religious rendering suitable to the rest of the service, and manage this tone well enough until they come to the words, 'Awake, awake, Deborah: awake, awake, utter a song'; when, in spite of themselves, they are swept off their feet by the poet's emotion and are carried gloriously away, until the concluding words of the lesson, 'And the land had rest forty years,' restore them once more to the accustomed religious atmosphere. Others, again, imply by their tone that though there is a certain deplorable impression of barbaric exultation in the words, Deborah was in reality a very meek and pious woman.

I think these last are glad to come to the end of that song, particularly if they chance to be married — and turn with relief to the second lesson, which begins, amusingly enough, 'Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; . . . whose adorning . . . let it be . . . even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. . . . For after this manner in the old time the holy

women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves,' — no doubt devoutly hoping that their wives will not ask them any searching questions as to the meek and quiet spirits enjoyed by those two holy women of old, Deborah and Jael. They must find Jael extremely hard to explain, particularly when they remember that there was peace between 'Jabin the king of Hazor and the house of Heber the Kenite.' And difficult also for them to explain Deborah's laudation of her, for certainly the climax of the poem is its tribute to Jael. Others are mentioned with curses or blessings according as they had given their help or refused it, but Jael is the heroine, the great protagonist of Deborah's song, and the singer brings all the treasure of her genius and lays it in tribute at the feet of the woman of the tents. I do not know any other great poem that has this peculiarity — the passionate celebration by one woman of another woman's achievement. Will this modern awakening of women bring us great women poets to sing inspired songs about their sisters?

Would it might be so! And would, too, that all our poets, both men and women, might inform their songs with some of Deborah's passionate fire.

The spirit of the age appears to be tolerance. No doubt a very good spirit for an everyday, jog-trot life, but not so good for the making of poetry. It keeps us, to be sure, from burning at the stake those whose opinions differ from our own, but it also keeps us from burning ourselves at the stake of poetic fire. To write a big poem we must be able to 'see red.' We have nowadays that paralyzing attitude of mind that makes us think that, after all, our opponents may be as nearly right as ourselves. We are too much like the tribe of Reuben — 'For the divisions of Reuben there were great thoughts of

heart. Why abodest thou among the sheep-folds, to hear the bleating of the flocks?'

This hesitancy and mistrust, these searchings of heart, and particularly this haste to laugh at our own ideals before others can do it, has kept Pegasus in the sheep-fold, and a Pegasus so stabled will result in songs whose technique grows ever more perfect, and their passion more faint.

In his tribute to Shelley, Francis Thompson says, 'In poetry as well as in the kingdom of God we should not take thought too greatly wherewith we should be clothed, but seek first the spirit and all these things shall be added unto us.'

How much do you suppose Deborah paused to find the best word? And yet here is her song as fresh and as pulsing with emotion as when she flung it triumphantly forth so many hundreds of years ago. Words were the servants of her emotion; not things to be wooed and cajoled, but things to be imperiously commanded.

She had found her Kingdom of Heaven, and the right words delighted to add themselves to it. If we cannot approve of Jael's method of disposing of Sisera, we may at least learn something from Deborah's method of making poetry.

I believe it is Mr. Chesterton who points out that we have no longer any great satirists because we have no longer any passionate beliefs about anything. And if this is true of satire it is much more true of poetry.

But is there not already a rekindling of spirit through the land? And are there not already the voices of new singers heard at the threshold, or those of old singers, singing with a new, more passionate note? Singers who are finding their kingdom of Heaven, and are imperiously able to command the right word? This new century, so

packed with emotion and new ideals, must it not break down the walls of artificiality? Must it not create at least a few great poets of both sexes — Deborahs as well as Baraks — to voice its passion?

Well, 'and the land had rest forty years.' The lesson comes to an end and we return to the present. We remember the time and place, but for a few breathless, golden moments a Mother in Israel has shown us what abiding stuff words may become when played upon by tremendous emotion.

LITERATURE AND THE WORLD-STATE

'LIFE is greater than literature, no doubt,' remarked somebody in those old days of the nineties, when few doubted (few, at least, of those who read the *Yellow Book*) that life went on so that Art might be made out of it; 'but without literature, what were life?' Well, what with foreign travel, and the Peace Movement, and a dawning consciousness of the selfishness of patriotism, it becomes conceivable that we are going to find out. It is true that, thanks to 'Caxton, or the Phœnicians, or whoever it was that invented books,' no Alexandrian disaster could ever again sweep away what we have; but are we as sure as we once were that there is always going to be more? It seems to have been ever the small, sequestered, self-centred district which produced the great literary tradition,— England, Tuscany, Judæa, Greece,— and the forces at work to level national walls and create a 'world-state,' will tend to prevent forevermore the little intensive, oblivious centre of culture that Athens was.

This rather sorrowful notion has come to mind in pondering the question why this Middle West of mine has not produced a Middle-Western literature.

Writers we have, of distinction, but it is not, after all, the heart of the Middle West that speaks in them; it is the brain of the admirable observer presenting his results. There are several kinds of Middle-Western literature possible, although only one would be worth having. It might be written, for example, in the manner of the Classical Convention, which speaks of everything in terms of something else. Just as to our eighteenth-century classicists the sun was always Phœbus, the dawn Aurora, and poetry the Orphean lyre or the Pierian spring according to taste, so our familiar Middle West might be translated for us into the idiom of English literature. Like the 'Step-Daughter of the Prairie,' we might be taught to think of the near-by 'creek' as a 'rill' or a 'burn'; to call the far, low hills 'the downs,' and our limitless prairies 'steppes' or 'moors.' Such translation was in fact unconsciously practiced by a little girl I knew, who, while growing up in a Middle-Western city (the city growing up the while with her) and fed upon English fiction, vaguely assumed that some day she would turn up her hair and lengthen her skirts, and step out through a French window upon a beautiful English lawn, covered with curates and afternoon tea. Although, as she looked about her upon her world, she beheld none of these things.

But the difficulty with the Classical Convention is that it always comes to an end. The Romantic Movement quenched the Pierian spring; the Step-Daughter of the Prairie — and the little girl — have grown up. There is a more sophisticated literary method, however, of a character possibly less perishable, which consists in trading upon our deprivations. We are aware, now, that we have no mountains, no rocks, no brook-watered glens, no traditional society like those in the past

of Louisiana and Carolina, no London drawing-rooms, no Pyramids, no Grand Canal; but we can make something out of our knowledge of this melancholy fact, and record the adventures of our souls when face to face with these things, or when sitting at home and regretting them. Yet this, after all, is but another convention, and has been worked as well as it could be, and as much, perhaps, as it ought to be, by Mr. Howells for the Middle-Westerner seen against a background of New York, and by Mr. James for the American-at-large silhouetted upon the map of Europe.

The third way, and the hardest, is to strike the ground beneath our feet with a divining-rod of love and feeling, and see whether literature will not gush forth. There would seem to be plenty to write of, in those early French comers and the poetic people they found here; yet we lack, in dealing with them, something that is fundamental to literature, the unbroken tradition. We are not the children of those French explorers, neither does the red man's blood flow in our veins. We are New Englanders, most of us, and our imagination turns soonest to the rocky uplands and the heroic story of the Northeast states. Neither, then, is it ours to write from the heart, from the deeps, of those later arrivals, the foreign northern folk who are naturalizing their customs within our borders.

Still, there is the soil. We can feed or starve the world in this Mississippi Valley. Fertility and drought, times and seasons and weather, are our affair. We are an agricultural folk, though it is not often that we remember it. We have almost the same things to sing of that the Psalmist had — 'the mountains that are round about Jerusalem,' 'the east wind and the south wind,' 'the snow like wool and the hoar-frost like ashes,' 'rain upon the mown grass

and showers that water the earth,' 'the pastures clothed with flocks and the valleys covered with corn.' Save for the mountains that are round about Jerusalem, there are as many strings to our harp as to David's. Only, alas! we cannot now forget what David never knew — how much there is outside. Those mountains shut the Psalmist in, but nothing but the zone of respirable air that wraps our globe, can shut the Middle-Westerner in!

As you go out from Florence to the Certosa's battlemented height, and cross the little Ema, you remember that Dante wished that Buondelmonte had been drowned in it before ever he had entered Florence to call upon her head the bloody Guelf and Ghibelline; and you wonder whether the thin thread of water would even have wet the feet of that splendid, faithless, white-clad young cavalier. Yet six hundred years ago it had already a name and a fame, to be recognized of any Tuscan when set into a poem. What Middle-Westerner could place an allusion to a stream so small, supposing it to lie in the next state, or even in the next county? Our Middle West is too large for literature — *voilà le grand mot lancé!* Then America will be too large for literature, then surely the whole world will be too large for literature!

Shall we go on, then, extending the boundaries of our literary estate, until we shall have developed a 'world literature' which a Martian might find characteristic of Earth as distinguished from Mars; or shall we admit that in this gradual internationalizing process which we believe to be so good for man, there is something bad for literature, and therefore try here in America to be as local as we can? But when every state, and the Negro, and the Indian, and every kind of naturalized newcomer shall have evolved his own highly idiomatic form of expression, we may

find such deliberate nurture of local literary tradition associating itself, as it has done in Ireland, with a separate political consciousness. Can it be that what seems to be the best social ideal is going to prove unpropitious for literature, and that we shall ever be called upon to make a choice?

GRATITUDE

THE Minister preached this morning on the Duty of Gratitude. I have forgotten what the pliable text was, but the lesson drawn from it was addressed, rather obviously, to the children from the 'Home,' who filled the front pews with bobbing, close-cropped heads and prim Sunday bonnets. I was pleased to observe that the sermon did not weigh upon their spirits: they were as full of tricks as any normal children when they got out into the good fresh air, and gave the usual trouble to the matron on their way back to the 'Home.'

And why should it have disturbed them, or older sinners, for that matter? Is Gratitude a living virtue like Truth or Courage, lacking which a human soul is incomplete? Or is it an invention of the people who confer benefits? All real virtues, I take it, will be found springing naturally in the heart of an unspoiled human being. The seed is there if we seek it. But we cannot invent a virtue any more than we can invent the smallest flower that blows. Gratitude, at its best, is a blossom grafted upon love; at its worst, a parasite that kills the parent plant.

A child, or any natural soul, loves those who show it kindness, but it ignores, and, if the point is urged, resents, the idea of gratitude as the proper return. It feels instinctively that love must prompt kind deeds, and love — if possible — is the reward. This is the natural attitude; we can see it any day

and in any family. Just as the wise old man, Montaigne, saw it and recognized its justice in the days when children were still weighed down with the burden of unending gratitude to the parents who had, most often quite casually, brought them into the world.

Not that a stiff-necked incapability of giving thanks where thanks are due is to be commended — least of all in a community where New England ancestors prevailed. Rather it is to be pitied as a sign of unhappy self-consciousness. Let us hope that the little orphans in the 'Home' are taught to chirrup, 'Thank you,' as naturally as the birds that come fluttering to a feast of crumbs. Still it remains that Gratitude, so called, must be indulged in with the greatest moderation. It is not like Mercy which 'blesseth him that gives and him that takes.' Gratitude may be very bad for the giver, since it lessens his merit in giving if he requires or even expects it. And, on the other hand, if he has a sensitive spirit, it wounds him, as the attitude of servant to master may wound and humiliate the master. And in case the gift is prompted by a sense of duty to himself, or to an ideal held by the giver, the recipient is not concerned in the act, though he profits by it, and should not be required to give thanks. It was not done for his sake, even though pity prompted the deed. In fact, his need or suffering has helped the benefactor to accomplish his end, for the act of charity may easily be only a means of relief for a wounded sensibility.

And to the recipient of favors Gratitude is a burden which only the freest affection can enable him to bear with dignity. Let the burden gall and it may create a secret core of resentment, the more debasing because it is ashamed, or a callous ignominy which justifies the airy cynicism of La Rochefoucauld's 'Gratitude is a lively sense of benefits

to come,' or Edward Gibbon's sledge-hammer dictum, 'Revenge is profitable, gratitude is expensive.'

Is it then dangerous to do too much for a friend? Must we hold our hand for fear of introducing a third between us, the sinister figure of Gratitude? No; a thousand times, no! For Gratitude, like Fear, can be cast out by perfect Love. But don't let us preach too ponderously the duty of Gratitude, above all to the children.

A GREAT AMERICAN POET

A GREAT American poet! I had at last found him. It mattered not that I was an obscure student in a famous graduate school; it mattered not that great poets in their day had bowed down to Denham and to Bowles. Here was a real poet, alive, American, great,—

Who yet should be a trump, of mighty call
Blown in the gates of evil kings
To make them fall;
Who yet should be a sword of flame before
The soul's inviolate door
To beat away the clang of hellish wings;
Who yet should be a lyre
Of high unquenchable desire
In the day of little things.

His lines burned in my veins as I sang or shouted them. I must share the intoxication with my friends.

The first victim was, of course, a young woman. To her I entrusted the precious little volume. 'Read "The Daguerreotype,"' I urged, 'and tell me if it is not the heart's blood of a true poet.' She told me. It seemed to her a commonplace treatment of a commonplace theme.

Abashed but not discouraged, I turned to my good friend the German doctor. '*Nomen est omen*,' was his first comment, as he glanced at the poet's name; but he was anxious to widen his knowledge of English verse, and took kindly to whatever was philosophical,

impressionistic, or sonorous. I can still hear his deep voice rumbling out,—

Within my blood my ancient kindred spoke,—
Grotesque and monstrous voices, heard afar
Down ocean caves when behemoth awoke,
Or through fern forests roared the pleiosaur
Locked with the giant bat in ghastly war.

The German doctor, however, was insensitive to subtle shades of meaning in English words. For full appreciation I must go to my own professor of English.

Yes, to be sure, he had heard of my poet. We were all young once; he had once turned a verse or two himself. Whereupon he dug out a batch of dusty manuscript and read to me with reminiscent relish a number of his own *puerilia*. I left him moist-eyed and tender, with my little book unopened, unread, in his hand. Then if ever was the happy hour for him to chant,—

We have felt the ancient swaying
Of the earth before the sun,
On the darkened marge of midnight heard
Sidereal rivers playing;
Rash it was to bathe our souls there, but we
Plunged, and all was done.
That is lives and lives behind us — lo, our
Journey is begun!

But he buried the volume five German dissertations deep on a side shelf, and I was not to see it again for three years.

Ten years have passed since my young enthusiasm invaded the sanctum of a great professor to proclaim the merits of a living poet. My poet is dead, tragically cut off at the summit of his powers; a single volume of less than five hundred pages lies before me, containing all the poetry he gave to the world, mere 'drippings of the wine-press of his days.' As I turn the pages now, do the scales fall from my eyes? Have the years that bring the philosophic mind tempered my enthusiasm? Can I now, with the old ardor, thrust this volume in the faces of my friends?

A severe test, truly, for any but the

highest. Can we return to Byron, to Shelley, to Swinburne, to Tennyson, him even, without feeling that something of the old charm has departed? Stephen Phillips captivated all of us with his beautiful *Paolo and Francesca*; yet we sometimes feel for his work the repugnance we have for lilies. But Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, Chaucer, Browning, and Keats, at their best, never disappoint us; our knowledge of life and art never outruns them. Has my poet a modest place in this high company?

I believe that he has. The poems that ten years ago made the blood leap in my veins still seem to me fresh and strong and beautiful. And I am confirmed in my belief by the admirable introduction which Professor Manly has written for this new and complete edition of his works. The poem that my young friend found commonplace, Professor Manly finds 'so deep of thought, so full of poignant feeling and clairvoyant vision, so wrought of pas-

sionate beauty that I know not where to look for another tribute from any poet to his mother that equals it.' The little volume that for three years lay buried five German dissertations deep, contained much of the best work of a man who 'brought the richest intellectual and emotional endowment possessed by any American poet,' and whose poetry 'was growing into fuller and fuller kinship with that of the elder and most authentic poets of our tongue, while retaining its own unmistakable individuality.'

If these things are indeed true, my long devotion has not been misplaced; I may still urge all my friends—mothers and maids and German doctors, even professors in their sanctums—to get and read and read again the poems and poetic dramas of William Vaughn Moody.¹

¹ *The Poems and Plays of William Vaughn Moody.* With an Introduction by JOHN M. MANLY. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1912.

